

The background is an abstract composition of thick, textured brushstrokes. A prominent, vibrant blue stroke winds across the upper and middle sections. To the left, there are soft, blended strokes of pink and light blue. In the lower right corner, there are distinct strokes of green and pink. The overall texture is grainy and layered, suggesting a physical medium like paint on canvas or paper.

Resolutely Inclusive

School of Design and Art

Resolutely Inclusive: Merz Art Practice and Einfühlung

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**This thesis is presented for the Degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
of
Curtin University**

June 2017

Declaration

To the best of my knowledge and belief this thesis contains no material previously published by any other person except where due acknowledgment has been made.

This thesis contains no material which has been accepted for the award of any other degree or diploma in any university.

The research presented and reported in this thesis was conducted in accordance with the National Health and Medical Research Council National Statement on Ethical Conduct in Human Research (2007) – updated March 2014. The proposed research study received human research ethics approval from the Curtin University Human Research Ethics Committee (EC00262), Approval Number **ART230712b**

Joanne Richardson

June 2017



The thesis package provided for examination included two rare unpublished catalogues, one of which can transform into a sculptural object.

It was my intention that the thesis-reading experience could happen alongside the sculptural object and that the thesis could be an equally tangible object.

The experience of reading a text on an electronic device can be deceptive as one text may seem similar to other texts, despite differences in length and subject matter. The device feels the same. By contrast, the experience of comprehending discrete printed matter allows the reader a spatial experience of each text as each has additional physical properties that distinguish it from others.

In reading any printed and bound document, during the reading process, the reader is focused on opening one leaf at a time and thus seeing a two page layout. This facilitates the experience of attentively focusing on the immediate subject presented but also allows a reader to appreciate the presence of the rest of the text by using senses other than vision. I consider reading the printed and bound document as an activity of aesthetic appreciation that demands a particular method of paying attention that requires using, for example; touch and spatial memory. This type of paying attention is described at length in the thesis.

To work best, I believe this thesis needs to be read as a printed and bound document. But that costs hundreds of dollars, which maybe you and I don't have to spare right now. Here's a pdf.

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Scott Northcott: meow.

Abstract

RESOLUTELY INCLUSIVE

Through creative practice and exegetical writing, this project seeks to understand consistencies between art appreciation and creative projection. Merz, invented by artist Kurt Schwitters, is a type of accumulative art practice that could include any material or method. Viewing and producing this type of varied, multi-faceted artwork are both complex activities.

To explore the complexities of viewing Merz work, this thesis assesses four aesthetic experiences: visiting artist Jason Rhoades' immersive installations in Philadelphia, USA, producing drawings to contribute to a Do-It-Yourself Star Wars themed project and two exhibitions, *21cm Underground* and *Five Forts* that challenge visitors' statuses as spectators. Visitors attempting to engage in aesthetic appreciation risked damaging objects in The Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society's *21cm Underground*, which was an exhibition of objects buried in a field, while in the exhibition *Five Forts*, visitors were encouraged to build a series of evolving installations of makeshift structures that allowed for two weeks of continual art production at an artist run initiative.

The experiences of viewing and producing aesthetic work are critically analysed via a theory of appreciation called *Einfühlung*, a study of spectators embodied aesthetic experiences.

Einfühlung allows for a consideration of the process of immersion in any aesthetic work and the capacity for simultaneous criticality. This thesis is an exploration of how the state of immersion and criticality can be creatively productive. Merz art practice and *Einfühlung* allow for consideration of affinities between diverse ideas such as Jianghu and *Dérive* and the capacity to realise creative potential in otherwise unsympathetic environs from alleyways to museums, from New York to Perth city.

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Introduction

In the present exhibition [Allan Kaprow: An Exhibition, Hansa Gallery, New York] we do not come to look at things. We simply enter, are surrounded, and become part of what surrounds us, passively or actively according to our talents for ‘engagement’, in much the same way that we have moved out of the totality of the street or our home where we also played a part.

(Kaprow 2003f, 11)

Allan Kaprow, artist and academic, sought to eliminate the audience for his work by building immersive environments and arranging circumstances that frustrated their attempts to “come to look at things” (ibid). He worked at finding ways to prompt spectators into heightened engagement with his artwork. The above quotation is from Kaprow’s “Notes on the Creation of a Total Work” (1958). He continues by adding that the work entered “places a much greater responsibility on visitors than they have had before” (ibid). I interpret the term “before” as indicating a time prior to the prevalence of Conceptual Art in the United States from the 1950s as developed in response to popular painting movements. Kaprow’s principal essay “The Legacy of Jackson Pollock” (1958) critiques the work of this famous painter, and questions why Pollock’s artistic attitudes, actions and gestures ended at the edge of his canvases (Kaprow 2003e, 6).

Kaprow's immersive forms of artwork can be described as a kind of Conceptual Art, a term applicable to many other forms of art. Lucy Lippard describes these works in terms of an increased focus on the idea rather than the materials from which the art was made (Lippard 1973, vii). The conceptual artwork may involve the use or misuse of any type of material, manipulated by any sort of process, and may address any subject. The focus on the idea of the artwork led Tony Godfrey to write in *Conceptual Art*: "it could be argued that the Conceptual work of art only truly exists in the viewer's mental participation" (Godfrey 1998, 4). I agree with Godfrey that once art can no longer be identified by the use of specific materials, processes or subjects, it requires spectators' "talents for 'engagement'" (Kaprow 2003f, 11) to be recognized. This is a large responsibility.

If we (visitors to art installations) did not come to look at things, then what are we doing? What are talents for engagement? How can we actively become a part of what surrounds us? Why is it that this is a text you are reading without a specific accompanying conceptual artwork or immersive experience?

This thesis document is a work of creative practice examining a particular way of looking as an active engagement that requires consideration of complex factors including but not limited to the artist, art, physical materials, creative processes, conceptual ideas, and embodied experiences. It is as straightforward as attempting to hit a moving target whilst travelling at high speed. Blindfolded. This document is organized into four parts. Parts 2, 3 and 4 focus on creative works; they are chronologically ordered and include a number of artists and collaborators. Part 1 is a travel journal woven with a background discussion that provides a context for considering spectator engagement.

This work features images. The images included are not a secondary consideration. Many images were generated in anticipation of producing an accompanying text. In his seminal volume *Assemblages, Environments Happenings*, Kaprow introduces an extensive photographic record of immersive works with "Notes on Photographs";

... They refer to their models, but strangely, as would a movie taken of a dream, stopped at unexpected intervals. A movie of a dream cannot be the dream, and a frame, here and there

pulled from it, must leave the viewer guessing even more. Yet guessing is dreaming too, and if we can never know another man's [sic] dream as he knows it, we can come close to the spirit of his activity by engaging in a similar process.

(Kaprow 1966, 21)

All the images I have included in this document refer to some incident beyond the text, and I intend for them to evoke reverie as textual elements in their own right displayed concurrently with the words. These words come from the images included but do not describe them or refer to each specifically as in: "See Figure X".

The images are generated as part of a version of a Merz art practice. Like a conceptual artwork, Merz is unrestricted by a set of particular materials, processes or subjects. It is the invention of artist Kurt Schwitters. By way of providing an example for the inclusive qualities of Merz art practice, Schwitters once composed a sound poem as a report on sneezes he heard while riding on the bus (Steinitz 1975, 212). Schwitters stated that Merz can be defined by anyone who chooses to work with the term (Motherwell 1951, 59). What I know of Merz comes not through reading about it, but through practice. It could be considered a variation on methodologies of collage and assemblage; to cut, tear and glue things together in new configurations. It is a practice of active engagement, not just looking at things, but constantly playing a part. There is an immediacy and intensity to this type of creative production. All matter at all times in all places has potential to be considered for inclusion. It doesn't end, not even while on holiday or on the bus, or at the end of an exhibition. It is continual production.

I began to draw as a way to include images I did not have permission to use. Some were digital photographs of exhibitions where photography was not permitted. Some were copyrighted images I did not have permission to reproduce: film stills and images I found on the Internet of artists' prints and paintings. I thought it was a pragmatic solution to include my drawn versions of these images so I could share them freely. As I began to draw, I started to notice detailed aspects of the artworks and film stills. My motivation for drawing changed to an activity of careful observation. I photographed many of my drawings in the situation

in which they were made. Fragments of my working environment slipped into the edges of the digital image frames. The tone of light reflected off the blank areas in the drawings on white pages gave away clues about the blazing sun outside or cool electric light at night. They account for the meditative process of reviewing hundreds of stills to draw just one frame.

The part of this exegetical text made from words weaves links between popular culture, art history and creative work. I first noticed the possibility of a scholarly consideration presented in narrative form in Steven Shaviro's *Doom Patrols: A Theoretical Fiction about Postmodernism*. He describes this approach as "theoretical fiction" in that he treats "discursive ideas and arguments in a way analogous to how a novelist treats characters and events" (Shaviro 1997, vii). This form allows leeway to address any topic, consider any nuance as informally important. Shaviro cavorts between lived experience, philosophical thought, music appreciation, cultural theory, art and popular entertainment. This type of writing resonates with Merz as both approaches retain the potential to include anything, even the crude and unruly parts of lived experience like sneezing. It also works well with the idea of being influenced by multiple effects at any one time, evoking a sense of being surrounded.

I determined that *Resolutely Inclusive* could stand in the place of a set embodied experience or experiences after reading Stephen King's *On Writing*. In his estimation: "Writing Is | Telepathy of course" (King 2010, 103). The word written and a word read can cross time and space via the book like "a uniquely portable magic" (ibid, 104). By producing a text I am able to share multiple experiences spread over time and space, saving the reader the trouble of visiting the incidents addressed in each Part. Journal writing is included unaltered in the Parts where it was available. These account for experience, just as each drawing accounts for time spent in deep consideration of an image, arranged as a transmission, indented to prompt guessing.

I added necessary information to each image. I found, as I skimmed through Part 1 looking at the image captions, the first words I read were my name. I changed the order of the captions so that the first words are about the image. Arranged in both the conventional

way and in the way I choose, the captions seem awkward to me. In an ideal version, this document would completely lack didactic information alongside images. I think it shuts down an imaginative reading so, by the time I discuss Part 4, the captions become intermittent.

This text uses explicit language, not ordinarily part of academic language unless quoting. To explain why I use such language, let me begin by quoting art critic Jerry Saltz. Swearing is a part of lived experience. I include it in keeping with an adage of fiction writer Stephen King who advises against saying ‘excrement’ when you mean *shit* (King 2010, 110). Significant moments in this document happen in toilets, back alleys, shallow graves and hard waste rubbish collections. Removing certain words appeared to me to be accumulating a veneer of conviviality for its own sake. Suppression seemed to erase a sense of excitement and impulsive immediacy necessary for engaging in continual art practice. So the words appear abruptly. In fact, in this thesis, many concepts appear. They do so in the way fleeting moments of encounter can be followed by longer, more thoughtful contemplations.

There is renewed interest in rogue scholar Vernon Lee who in the late 1800s to early 1900s published multiple texts contemplating the German theory of *Einfühlung* or “feeling into”. This concept entered into the English language in 1909 as “empathy” (Greiner 2015). Empathy died from use as an aesthetic term, after psychology and aesthetics diverged as disciplines. Lee and artist partner Clementina Anstruther-Thomson kept journals of their aesthetic experiences and conducted empathic experiments exploring the potential to enhance their awareness. Through analysis of lived experiments with empathy, Lee asserted that aesthetic experiences were more than a type of mental participation. Proximity to physical material *and* ideas such as memories of previous spatial and aesthetic experiences are important to an active engagement with art. In other words, they researched what Kaprow might call the *talents for active engagement*.

In a contemporary consideration of Lee’s work, Benjamin Morgan wrote “Critical Empathy: Vernon Lee’s Aesthetics and the Origins of Close Reading”, an essay exploring Lee’s theory of *Einfühlung*. Morgan wrote that Lee regards reading as an embodied experience, an imaginative immersion, and insists that art and writing have the same evocative

designs on a spectator: “art and literature are related by their shared project of affecting bodies” (Morgan 2012, 42). It is with this understanding of reading texts as a potentially immersive experience that I am using notions of Merz art practice and Shaviro’s theoretical fiction to weave a narrative between art appreciation, art history and contemporary creative practice. This is an invitation to enter, become surrounded, be a part of what surrounds, and not just come to look at things, but instead to be aware of a capacity to engage actively in various ways.

This project includes participants and collaborative work. I have included anecdotes, photographs and images of other artists and their work. Working collaboratively and with participants is activity consistent with what London based art critic Claire Bishop called “The Social Turn” (2006), a tendency predicted by artist, author and critic Suzi Gablik in the 1992 essay “Connective Aesthetics”. Gablik foresaw a trend in which artists turn away from the idea of an isolated, neutral, autonomous practitioner, and work together in collaboration and participation. Gablik described: “The relational self knows that it is embedded in larger systems and tends toward integration” (6). Recognizing the contributions and influence of participants and collaborators is also consistent with my idea of Merz as an accumulative type of contemporary art practice.

Stockholm curator, writer and educator Maria Lind writes in “Complications: On Collaboration, Agency and Contemporary Art” that artists and their practices are dependent on “invisible support” (Lind 2009, 53). Art is not a solo activity; it is pursued with the support of partners and networks of peers. An attempt to include a surrounding context, the work of others, is an acknowledgment of what might have otherwise been cropped out. In this thesis the inclusion of representations of participants and collaborators reflects the practice of *Einfühlung* and Merz as embodied experiences, of often being physically surrounded by fellow artists and art appreciators.

The inclusion of representations of other artists’ works creates a tension outlined by academic and writer Anthony Downey in “An Ethics of Engagement: Collaborative Art Practices and the Return of the Ethnographer” (2009). On the one hand, by including photographs, anecdotes and the work of others, I can create a rich and multi-faceted rep-

resentation of events that took place. On the other, this representation affirms my status as a cultural authority. This situation allows the possibility of manipulation and exploitation, as addressed by San Diego Professor of art history Grant Kester in *Conversation Pieces: Community and Communication in Modern Art* (2009): “Empathy is subject to its own kind of ethical abuse – the arrogance of speaking for others” (115). There is not a simple solution to navigating between the arrogances of pretending the world around me does not influence my practice or ideas and creating a misrepresentation of it. In good faith I am trying to produce an account that appreciates and acknowledges a rich and generous network of artists, art practices and art appreciators who supported this project.

In *Conversation Pieces* Kester writes about dialogical collaboration (via critiques of Russian literary critic Mikhail Bakhtin), and suggests the notion that collaborative interactions might be of mutual benefit: “the dialogical artist will find his or her identity “enriched” or expanded through collaborative interaction, but so, arguably, will his or her collaborators” (2009,122). It is important in Merz inclusive practice to recognize surrounding influences and the creative potential in appreciating those.

Resolutely Inclusive began and was developed by interactions with artists and art appreciators. Some instances were unplanned and had to be retroactively accounted for. Where I could, I consulted contributors and discussed including anecdotes in *Resolutely Inclusive*. In response to discussions, some people generously offered written contributions that have been included as appendixes. Some discussions offered additional input that helped shape the written representation.

Some of the most important and powerful contributions came about by chance meetings with participants and passers by. Those people came and went. I was often unable to gauge the impact of any situation until later and had no choice but to make these contributors anonymous and remove identifying details from the text.

The Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society (MKAS) is an artist run initiative, a collaboration between some named and some anonymous artists. This collaboration benefits from shared resources, shared interests and kinship, motivations similar to those dis-

cussed by Paul O'Neill in 'Beyond Group Practice' (2010). It also fits with the descriptions of collaborations bound by reciprocity discussed by Lind (2009, 67). I met with MKAS and discussed Part 3: 21cm Underground at length. By offering drafts and making redactions I was able to negotiate writing an appropriate representation.

I have attained permission to use photographs from all contributing photographers, who are acknowledged accordingly. I approached individuals who participated in activities whose identities are evident in photographs. I also approached people whose work is evident in photographs. Where consent was not attained or anonymity was requested, those photographs showing the identity of individuals were eliminated or censored. In some cases artists agreed to the inclusion of photographs of their work but chose to remain unnamed. I have provided the named or photographed collaborators with drafts of *Resolutely Inclusive* prior to submission for examination and publication, in order to confirm their continued approval. While the ethics of collaboration is not the focus of this work, for further reading see also Teresa L. Roberts' dissertation: "Collaboration in Contemporary Artmaking: Practice and Pedagogy" (2009).

Part 1: *The Creation Myth* describes spectatorial activities on a trip to New York and Philadelphia in 2013. My experiences influenced the idea for an exhibition called Five Forts, which I discuss in Part 4. The title phrase for the exhibition Five Forts is not italicized to distinguish it from individual artworks in the exhibition. The first Part is named after Jason Rhoades' *The Creation Myth* (1998), a work my partner Scott Northcott and I visited as part of Ingrid Schaffner's exhibition *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads*. We spent time in Rhoades' immersive sculptural works that form narratives embracing popular culture, art history, biology and autobiography. We also engaged in a search for works by UK street artist Banksy during his self-appointed New York residency *Better Out Than In*. During this time I kept gallery notes, journals and photographic documentation that I later used to write about those experiences. This Part includes an introduction to *Einfühlung* and aesthetic appreciation. It is arranged in a loose chronology from research prior to travel, to the aftermath arriving back in Perth. It is a description of travelling partners moving

through and appreciating in different ways on the streets and in galleries and then in my imagination as an after-effect.

Part 2: Practice for *The Death of Starwars* describes the production of my contribution to artist Oliver Hull's publication *The Death of Starwars*. While producing the drawings, I also conducted an exercise in self-observation, documenting the influences that led to the production of these drawings. This Part is a description of a particular way of noticing, and the process of incorporating details and peculiar actions to produce not only drawings but also a world to create in. In writing about my practice I noticed more and more intricate links between my production and scenes from the narrative of the *Star Wars* films, so these seeped into the fabric of the text and interject at various points. I contemplate *Einfühlung* in relation to one of Kaprow's self-observations and also the notion of art practice running between the gaps, underground. This Part weaves between my home, Moana studio, the streets of Perth, writings by Kaprow and Lee, and incidents, planets, ships and raids of *Star Wars*. This project is, for the most part, a contemplation of *Einfühlung* and the Merz creative process on my own when coming up with content for Oliver Hull's *The Death of Starwars*.

Part 3: 21cm Underground describes my part in a one night event in February 2014 presented by the Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society (MKAS), a Perth-based Artist Run Initiative (ARI) that describes itself as a secret society with a public Facebook group. Perth artist Kieron Broadhurst and I installed artworks donated to MKAS for the purpose of being buried underground. If exhibition visitors desired to see artwork they had to dig it up, risk not retrieving anything and/or risk damaging the work in the process. The Part is arranged chronologically; spanning my experiences when presenting the idea to MKAS, through to the exhibition and its aftermath. During this process I wrote reflections at each stage, usually listening to the playlist compiled by MKAS members for the exhibition. A lyric or two from the list of 199 songs heads each part of the Part. The burial of the artworks resonated with the idea of the death of art and evoked notions of equating artworks to bodies, the museum to a mausoleum. The spectators' reactions evoked a set of more

material concerns about pilgrimage and souvenirs. This project focused on two artists representing MKAS and about 30 or so visitors who engaged with the event.

Part 4: Five Forts describes an exhibition held in June 2014 at another ARI, Paper Mountain, that featured five artists: Kieron Broadhurst, James Cooper, Amy Hickman, Ashley Ramsey and I, as well as over 275 visitors including photographers, artist friends, family, art appreciators, music appreciators and studio artists. The exhibition involved building five evolving makeshift fortifications intended to take a stand for art or particular art practices. Visitors were allowed to occupy, add to, enhance or attack. The result was a sprawling creative production; an immersive ‘anarchy’ of drawings, sculptural, social and architectural forms. This Part begins with the aftermath of the exhibition when I spent some time overwhelmed by the vast quantity of imagery generated. I used three themed introductions to the exhibition: the Shelf, the Katamari and the World. These themes were invented as a part of the collaborative process in Five Forts. In order to include some of the nuances of the creative production that took place, in this section there are elaborate descriptions of a guiding line through the exhibition called *The Green Line* and the development of my fort, the *Total Fort of Art*, which was named after a Gesamtkunstwerk; a total work of art. The final contemplation of Five Forts narrows to a discussion of two distinct problems with spectatorship in immersive work: the visitors’ anxiety about becoming overwhelmed, and the artists’ anxiety about their work being contaminated by visitors. Through these two concerns, I review our efforts and failures to relinquish control or inspire conflict between artists and visitors. Five Forts produced many interesting situations evoking multiple points for contemplating what we were doing beyond merely looking at things and our (everybody’s) responsibilities as spectators.

Merz creative practice, a type of continual aesthetic engagement, is an immersive process. Both the theory of *Einfühlung* and the process of immersion in Merz creative practice puts a spectator, a beating heart, at the centre of considering aesthetic experience. It creates a place for the spectator’s body, their bias, their hunger, their skills and failings. In Part 1: *The Creation Myth*, I am the spectator.



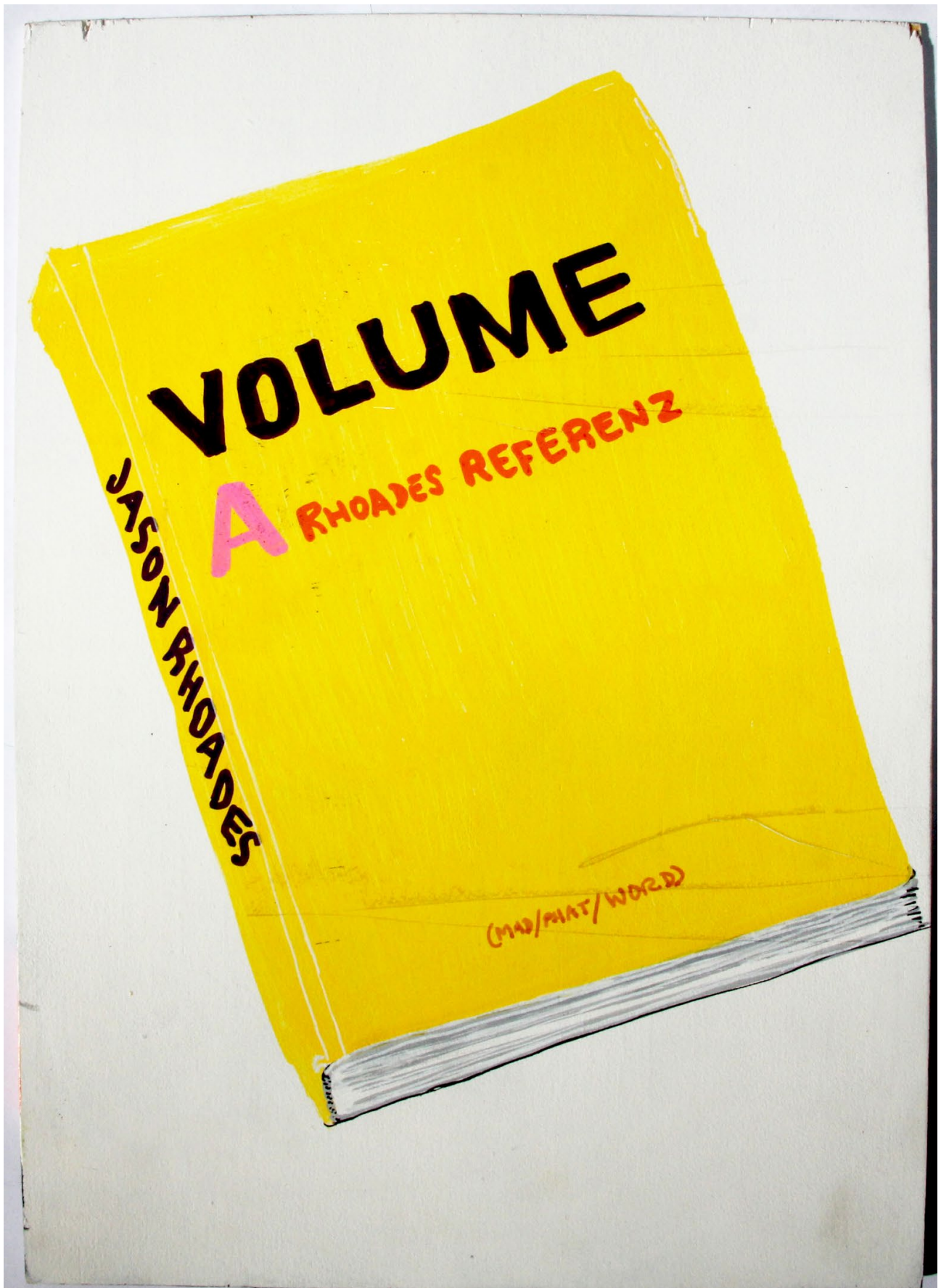
Part 1

*The
Creation
Myth*

Smoke Breaks Over The Lower Intestine

Philadelphia Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA): I carefully watched a ring of smoke moving across the gallery. It sailed over *The Shit*, past the spine, spreading as it went. It was still a ring – just – as it hit the bright orange tube of the lower intestine. It broke up on impact. Wispy fragments streaked over the round form of the intestine then dispersed completely. I was standing in the middle of a large scale installation named *The Creation Myth* (1998) by American artist Jason Rhoades (1965-2006), a work included in *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads*, an exhibition curated by Ingrid Schaffner in 2013.

The Creation Myth is simultaneously a giant machine for creating, a diagram demonstrating the process of creation and a drawing of memory as it is processed, stored, recalled and/or rejected by the human body. It was reassembled by ICA curator Schaffner using archival images, interviews and reviews. In the exhibition publication Schaffner describes *The Creation Myth* as a psychobiological diagram in an architectural space, a narrative laid out so the artist (Rhoades) or a spectator could walk through it to read it (Schaffner 2014, 56). The body of the spectator is surrounded when navigating the artwork, moving through it. Watching the smoke reminded me of lines I had read: “In the form of a SMOKE ring, THE SPIRIT of the sculpture escapes through its ASS-HOLE. It roams through the installation and finally disperses (EPHEMERAL)” (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 48).



Drawing of Jason Rhoades' *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

A Piece About The Mind, The Body, The Spirit

Long before I had any hope of seeing *The Creation Myth*, I read about it in *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*, edited by artist and writer Eva Meyer-Hermann. I borrowed a copy from the Curtin University Robertson Library, then bought a near mint condition second hand copy of my own. *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz* takes the form of a dictionary. It was published in connection with an exhibition of Rhoades' work named *Jason Rhoades. The Purple Penis and the Venus (Installed in the Seven Stomachs of Nürnberg) As Part of The Creation Myth* at Kunsthalle Nürnberg, Nuremberg in 1998. Each page of *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz* is split in two columns: English and German. Each word or phrase defined elsewhere appears in capital letters.

The entry for *The Creation Myth* begins: "Work of art by Jason Rhoades. First installation at GALERIE HAUSER & WIRTH 2, Zurich, 1998. Part of THE PURPLE PENIS AND THE VENUS. A piece about THE MIND, THE BODY, and THE SPIRIT (ACCUMULATION)" (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 47).



Abandoned drawing after pages 36-37 of *The Creation Myth* in *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Black and white photographs, sketches and drawn diagrams are interspersed through the columns of text, which are occasionally interrupted by double page spreads of full colour images documenting art works. *The Creation Myth* spread (pages 36-37) includes four long thin panorama-type photographs and seventeen small snapshots capturing details within, such as the hair-splitter, large polystyrene vertebra of the spine, deck chairs, bucket lamps, the Shit, the snake on the Train of Thought, stacks of uncut wood and the Prick gouging the gallery wall.

In 2009, *The Creation Myth* was included with several other large scale installations in an exhibition named *Walking in My Mind* at the Hayward Gallery in London. Gallery Director Ralph Rugoff wrote the Preface to the exhibition catalogue;

All art, of course, offer [sic] us the opportunity to see things through the eyes of its creator. But the works in this show go a step further: they lay out mental landscapes that we can inspect and reflect on as if we were walking around inside the artist's mind. The use of the word 'walking' in the exhibition title draws attention to the importance of our physical exploration of these works, as well as to the intimate link between bodily experience and creative thinking.

(Rugoff 2009, 6)

Rugoff's introductory passage resonates with the description of *The Creation Myth* in *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*: "Parts of the human body, together with their functions, are reconstructed in a large spatial sculpture, using a variety of materials and equipment. The BRAIN, with its assorted levels of consciousness, occupies the greater part of the installation" (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 47). Schaffner describes *The Creation Myth* as a Memory Palace realized in three dimensions (Schaffner 2014, 56). A Memory Palace is an ancient mnemonic device attributed to the poet Simonides that was used to train the memory (by Cicero in 55 BCE, for example) for detailed retention and fast recollection. To keep a detailed memory, concepts are combined with images then organized in an "abode" (ibid). Recollection is achieved by a process of imaginatively walking through the abode where information is organized in an orderly fashion: "the arrangement of the localities will pre-

serve the order of the facts, and the images of the facts will designate the facts themselves, and we shall employ the localities and images respectively” (ibid). *The Creation Myth* is a material memory palace.

Thinking about *The Creation Myth*, I created an imaginative version of my own.

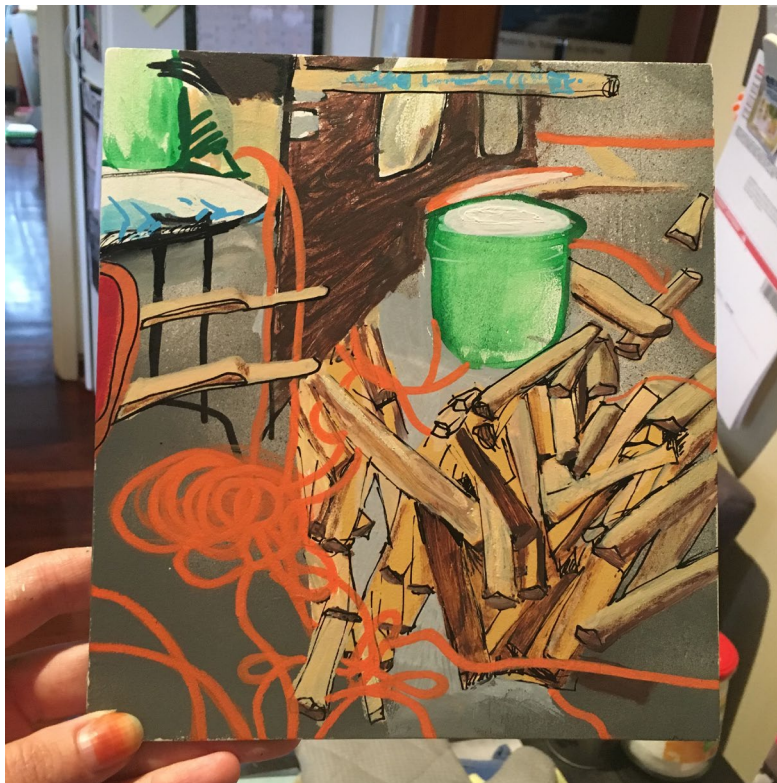
I had no expectation of ever being able to visit *The Creation Myth*. I read descriptions and carefully examined photographs of it in books like *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*, *Walking in My Mind* and online.

In the images, I noted the power extension cords were all bright orange and many times longer than they needed to be to function. They were hung in great loops, heaped in

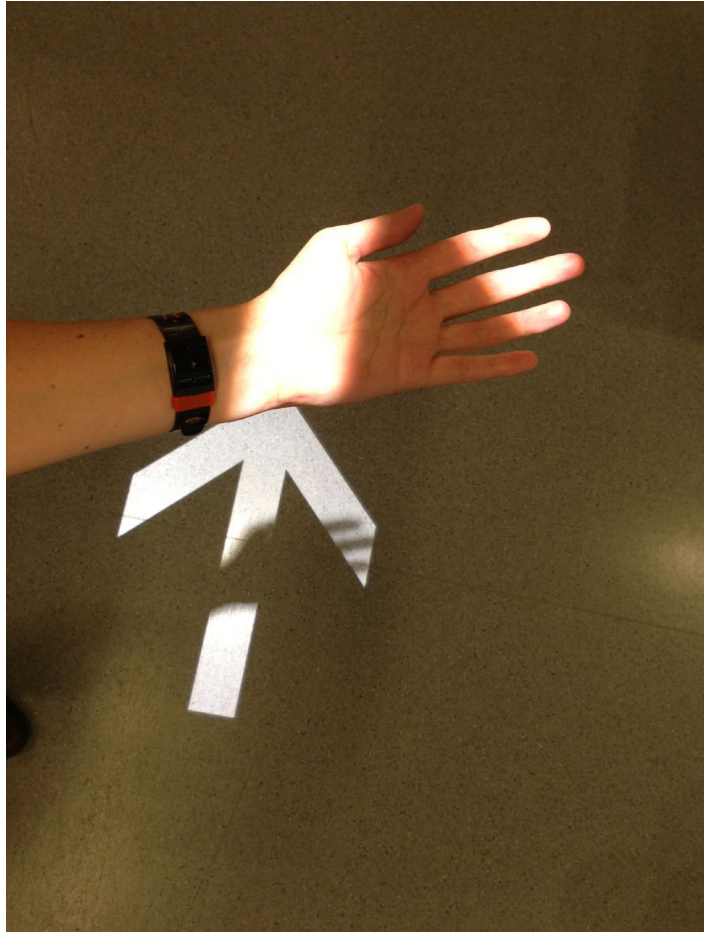


Drawing after detail of cords, shredded paper in buckets, photograph of *The Creation Myth* on page 37 in *Volume A Rhoades Referenz*, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

large coils or sprawled out in animistic twisted masses. I noticed, in other situations, power cords and extensions are often coloured in muted tones or stark white; they are the correct lengths, stretched straight, or tucked away. Placed among other identifiable objects like buckets in *The Creation Myth*, the extension cords seemed like a standardized object, like Andy Warhol's idea of Coke: "A Coke is a Coke and no amount of money can get you a better Coke than the one the bum on the corner is drinking. All the Cokes are the same and all the Cokes are good" (Warhol 1975, 101). An extension cord is something that is necessarily standard and familiar. An extension cord is an extension cord. All extension cords run the same power. But Rhoades repeated and exaggerated their presence until they became highly visible, arterial. An aesthetic material repeated in his way.

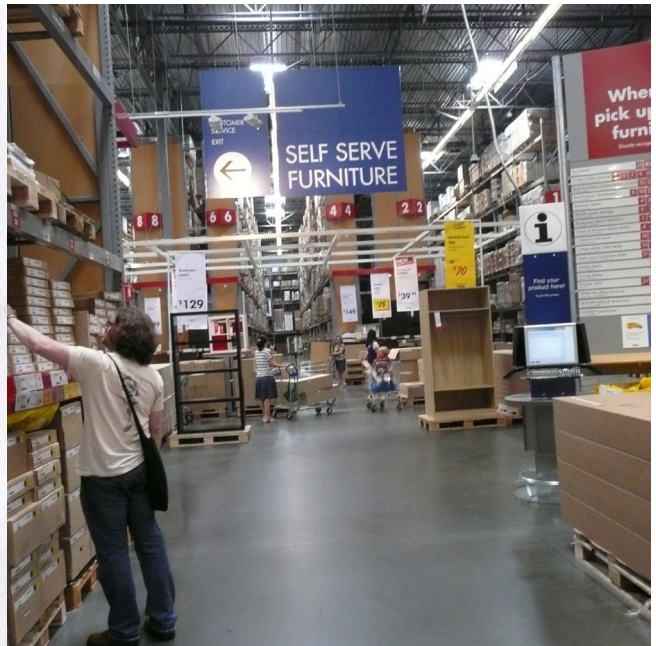


Drawing after detail of pile of wood and bucket lamp in photograph of The Creation Myth on page 37 in Volume: A Rhoades Referenz, 2016, Joanne Richardson.



Hand in directional projected arrow Ikea Warrington Cheshire UK 14th July, 2013, Joanne Richardson

I looked at how The Creation Myth was laid out and described. *Volume: A Rhoades Reference* states that Rhoades was interested in Swedish furniture giant IKEA. In the entry for IKEA it says he embraced phrases such as: “good results with modest means” and “making daily life better for many people”. He named one of his artworks *The Future Is Filled With Opportunities* in reference to an internal training manual from the 1980s (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 85). Rhoades constructed installation works “echoing the “meandering” basic pattern of the route laid out for customers in the showrooms” (ibid).



Sketch for Ikea pathways, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Ikea Warrington, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

Ikea Brooklyn, New York, USA, 2009, Scott Northcott.

Making Daily Life Better For Many People

I took an active interest in IKEA. First, my local IKEA in Innaloo, then any IKEAs I could visit on trips to distant cities. I followed the showroom paths and noted the repetitions of excess quantities of standardized brightly coloured items and affirmative sayings like “love where you live”. The visits became not merely a trip to the shops but an attempt to appreciate the work of Jason Rhoades.

IKEA became interesting to me, not because it looks like Jason Rhoades’ work, but because there are aspects of how it works that resonate with aspects of how Rhoades’ works work.

When I made my own installations, this meandering pattern influenced how I laid them out.

In the *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads* catalogue, Schaffner writes about how Rhoades was relatively unknown in the USA despite being widely exhibited in Europe and especially Germany. Schaffner argues there was “a tradition that made Germany so open to Rhoades’ art, namely, the *gesamtkunstwerk*” (Schaffner 2014, 31). *Gesamtkunstwerk* is a concept originating in the Romantic period in the late nineteenth century. Roughly translated from German as ‘total work of art’, though it can also be interpreted as denoting a gathering of the arts or “an uneven cluster of aesthetic elements” as Finger and Follett (2011, 2) write in the introduction to *The Aesthetics of the Total Artwork: On Borders and Fragments* (2011), a collation of essays by artists, curators and scholars on contemporary understandings of the subject. *Utopia Gesamtkunstwerk*, a survey exhibition held in 21er Haus, Vienna, included Rhoades’ work (Husslein-Arco, Krejci and Steinbrugge 2012). There are many, many definitions for this term (Finger and Follett 2011, 2).

Gesamtkunstwerk is immediately associated with Richard Wagner and his two seminal texts *The Art Work of the Future* and *Art and Revolution*, both written in 1849. Wagner’s outline of *Gesamtkunstwerk* in those 1849 texts continue to be referenced as departure points in contemporary scholarship on the subject (egs. Groys 2013, Koss 2006, Smith



Detail floor arrows Honors Studio, Honors Ghetto 4 Lyfe, Building 212 Curtin University, 2009, Joanne Richardson.

2007). Wagner's Gesamtkunstwerk was intended to bring about a unity between the arts (music, poetry and so forth), between art and life, and form a communion between individuals and ultimately establish an aesthetic state. Gesamtkunstwerk has persisted into the 21st century as an influence on architecture, dramatic theatre, mass culture, cinema, festivals and immersive conceptual artworks (Smith 2007, 188). As Schaffner describes it: "Today the term speaks literally of 'opera', which means 'work' or 'labor', as the *gesamtkunstwerk* has come to refer to any ambitious attempt to merge art and life into one synthetic chronicle" (Schaffner 2014, 31).

Merzgesamtkunstwerk: Resolutely Inclusive

My understanding of *Gesamtkunstwerk* was mediated by an understanding of Kurt Schwitters' *Merz* and the Merz total work of art. It was for the most part developed through creative practice. I first came across the term gesamtkunstwerk reading a passage about the Merzbau in Kurt Schwitters' *Merzbau: The Cathedral of Erotic Misery* by author Elizabeth Gamard:

My aim is the total work of art (*Gesamtkunstwerk*), which combines all branches of art into an artistic work...

(Schwitters quoted in Gamard 2000, 25)

The untranslated German statement published in the *Utopia Gesamtkunstwerk* catalogue reads:

Mein Ziel ist das Merzgesamtkunstwerk, das alle Kunstarten zusammenfasst zur künstlerischen Einheit.

(Husslein-Arco, Krejci and Steinbrugge 2012, 10)

Scholar Matthew Mindrup translates this statement into English:

My aim is the *Merzgesamtkunstwerk* [Merz total work of art], that *zusammenfasst* [embraces] all branches of art in an artistic unit.

(Mindrup 2008, 60)

The two translations differ: Gamard jettisoned the word "Merz" from the first sentence. For a time, I laboured under the misapprehension that Merz and Gesamtkunstwerk were the exact same thing! What I had really invested in and practiced was Merzgesamtkunstwerk without distinguishing Gesamtkunstwerk as something different. After researching Gesamtkunstwerk, I found the concept was applicable to many practices that differed greatly

from what interested me about Schwitters' art practice. Contemplating Merz is more useful to me than the vast Gesamtkunstwerk.

To interpret the placement of Merz with Gesamtkunstwerk, Mindrup chose to include "Merz" in the English translation in order "to follow Schwitters' typical attitude of adding the word 'Merz' in front of the name of an activity or object in order to designate it as belonging to his Merz use of found objects" (Mindrup 2008, 61, Note 30).

Schwitters constructed three Merzbau (Merz house) using firstly his family home in Hannover Germany, then a portable version in Norway, and finally an abandoned barn in Ambleside, Britain. The Merzbau were assemblages modifying and incorporating their native architecture. In *Kurt Schwitters' Merzbau: The Cathedral of Erotic Misery*, Gamard described the Hannover *Merzbau* as "one of the most compelling artworks of the twentieth-century" (Gamard 2000, 1). In the process of researching historical documents, images and various writings on this *Merzbau*, Gamard estimated there were at least forty different grottoes, rooms and caves dedicated to other artists or subjects (ibid). It was immersive and made up of many intricate parts inspired by aspects of Schwitters' life and the artists he knew.

Schwitters could add the word "Merz" to any idea he chose. "To Merz" therefore could be loosely described as a kind of creative approach in and of itself. In regard to Schwitters' Merz approach as a creative production technique, Gamard argues:

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of Schwitters' approach to his art was the fact that the work was both developmental and incorporative. He did not operate according to a fixed stratagem, but rather forged his material from events and circumstances as they presented themselves. Accordingly, there is no obvious fixed point or referent from which his overall approach might be apprehended. Rather, Schwitters' approach required a seamless interplay between his life and his art. To this end, he was not exclusive, but resolutely inclusive, preferring the accumulation of affects and effects.

(Gamard 2000, 4)

It is Gamard's description of Schwitters' art practices as "resolutely inclusive" which I have borrowed for the title of this document. The phrase is mutually applicable to a kind of philosophical and a kind of material approach to art making involved in this thesis. It also has resonance with the notion of a Katamari; a magic sticky ball that collects anything smaller than it. Katamari is discussed in more detail in Part 4. This resolutely inclusive idea also resonates with navigating through the imaginative, metaphorical and physical space of Rhoades' *The Creation Myth*. The work denies a singular point of apprehension; this loss of an overall view possibly prompts art critic Jerry Saltz to consider such installations 'fucked'. More on Saltz soon.

In the search for a clearer definition of Merz to use as a starting point I found this enigmatic passage, which only serves to complicate things further. In a publication entitled *Merz (1920)*, Schwitters wrote:

The word 'Merz' had no meaning when I formed it. Now it has the meaning which I gave it. The meaning of the concept of 'Merz' changes with the change in the insight of those who continue to work with it.

Merz stands for freedom from all fetters, for the sake of artistic creation. Freedom is not lack of restraint, but the product of strict artistic discipline. Merz also means tolerance toward any artistically motivated limitation. Every artist must be allowed to mould a picture out of nothing but blotting paper for example, provided he is capable of moulding a picture.

(quoted in Motherwell 1951, 59)

That Merz changes along with the change in those who work with the term implies it still may be changing now. As I practice, as you read. My interest is in its potential for a state of perpetual art engagement. Rhoades did not describe himself as a Merz artist but seemed enthusiastic about incorporating any material as a readymade, an interplay between his life and his art. In the introduction to a 1998 interview with Rhoades published in *Dazed and Confused* magazine, Elsmere and Sanders wrote: "he 'inhabits' his life in an ever increasing

state of mental anarchy. Nothing is safe from his clutches” (Rhoades 1998, 68). This implies a willingness to use any and all his experiences as part of his artwork. Just like Schwitters!

The British art critic William Feaver wrote the following description of Schwitters’ practice in Britain:

He browsed along the shoreline of Lake Windermere looking for driftwood and litter, clambered round the riverbeds in search of lumps and slithers of Greenstone slate ripe for development into sculpture. Nothing went disregarded. He evolved little rituals: he would pick snails off the path for their safety’s sake, swish his stick in the waters of Tarn Hows, hum contentedly as he collected ox-eye daisies. But just as each picnic was a foraging expedition, every journey was an errand.

(Feaver 1974)

In my apprehension of Merz as a type of creative art practice I anticipate that cathedral bells, popular songs, video games, movies, a spelling mistake, a slight injury... could all be claimed as part of the aesthetic experience. To Merz is to operate immediately in a mode of continual creative production.

Clusterfuck Aesthetics

Art critic Jerry Saltz wrote a 2005 article entitled “Clusterfuck Aesthetics” that defined a particular type of immersive art installation by the likes of artists including Jason Rhoades, Paul McCarthy, Jeremy Deller, Dieter Roth and Martin Kippenberger:

Whether you call it the New Cacophony or the Old Cacophony, Agglomerationism, Disorientationalism, the Anti Dia or just a raging bile duct, the practice of mounting sprawling, often infinitely organized, jam-packed carnivalesque installations is making more and more galleries and museums feel like department stores, junkyards, and disaster films. It is an architecture of no architecture, a Gesamtkunstwerk or ‘total artwork’ whose roots are in opera, Dada, the Merzbau and the madhouse. Whatever the subject – be it bodily fluids, pop culture, or politics – terms that describe this sculptural strategy include *grandiose* and *testosterone-driven*.

(Saltz 2005, original italics)

‘Clusterfuck’, particularly the ‘fuck’ part, is unmistakably abrasive; the term evokes the idea of a visceral reaction of shock, an aesthetic assault that is related to suddenly being brutally deprived of what critic Boris Groys characterizes as the traditional art spectator’s traditional sovereign gaze (Groys 2013, 11).

Clusterfuck has etymological roots as a military term. As do terms such as *avant garde* and *installation*. Clusterfuck is a military profanity with lineage comparable to *snafu* (situation normal, all fouled/fucked up) and *fubar* (fucked up beyond all recognition). These three terms all describe a situation where authorities enact an organizational failure at the expense of troops on the ground. In other words, these are insults directed upwards from the ground toward whoever is – or is supposed to be – in charge. It is interesting to contemplate the phrase ‘beyond all recognition’ as it strongly resonates with the denial of a single point of apprehending an entire situation.

There is no immediate grasping of a whole.



'Uni Space Project' Building 212 Curtin University, 2007, Joanne Richardson.

I think of *The Creation Myth* as a merzgesamtkunstwerk. This type of work creates interesting problems for spectator and artist alike. The work never stops. It can include any material, it offers no single vantage point and it looks fucked.

What Was You Smokin J Rhoades

In the 1971 essay "The Education of the Un-Artist Part 1" Kaprow wrote about an idea of the future that seemed to anticipate image sharing on social media websites. He described TV arcades with hundreds of monitors people could see themselves in and "send images to all other arcades at the same time, or after a programmed delay" (Kaprow 2003c, 106). Kaprow

said communication would be possible between people in different arcades and they could adjust dials to choose and control what they saw. Images would multiply as they dispersed across hundreds of arcades, then “[t]he world would make up its own social relations as it went along. Everybody in and out of touch all at once!” (Kaprow 2003c, 107).

Contemporary experience of viewing shared images does not involve visiting a physical site, as in TV arcades, but a virtual site on the Internet. The dispersion of multiplied images is a topic artist Seth Price contemplates in *Dispersion* (2002-), an online document he periodically updates. The social sharing of images on Internet sites Price describes as a “mass archive”, a public archive (Price 2016). Images encountered in this virtual place can be received as a gift, discussed further in Part 2: Practice for *The Death of Starwars*.

Price discusses the Readymade, specifically, Duchamp’s *Fountain*. The object *Fountain* was destroyed and superseded by Alfred Steiglitz’s photograph and an article published in *The Blindman* magazine. People can (and continue to) engage in discourse on that artwork without engaging in a corporeal experience with that object. No one needs to make a pilgrimage to visit the *Fountain*. Price asks: “Does anyone have an obligation to view the work first hand?” and “can one’s art experience derive from magazines, the Internet, books and conversation?” (ibid) Price’s argument seems to advocate appreciation for the creation and distribution of documentation. These are each different spectatorial experiences: reading a book, looking at images online, visiting an art installation or discussing a work, which will be discussed further in *The Te Deum* Tune.

On the Internet, social media image-sharing sites are like collages of interests curated and shared. It is also possible to access other people’s collages of interests. Instagram is an example of image-sharing social media. Artists can document their work, their food, or yoga poses and share these images instantly with their followers. One Instagram account I follow is Chicago artist Jayson Musson. On September 23, 2013 Musson posted a photograph of large red forms snaked between stacked tables, buckets of shredded paper, piles of wood and glowing lights. I recognized the installation as Jason Rhoades’ *The Creation Myth*. I was so fucking excited when I realized the Philadelphia ICA exhibition would still be on when my partner Scott Northcott and I would be in New York City. And we would

be able to take a train to see it! In the case of *The Creation Myth*, I can see value in each experience of it and wanted to do them all.

This research project *Resolutely Inclusive* was moved forward by me seeing Musson's image of Rhoades' work online and ends with five artists sharing images of Five Forts to encourage visitors to come to the exhibition. This is a loop of sharing images, inspiring more spectatorship, producing documentation of corporeal experiences of appreciation, and back again.

Musson commented on his Instagram image: "what was you smoking j rhoades". This comment could be interpreted as dismissive or it could be interpreted as aligned to the understanding of *The Creation Myth* as both a physical and mental space, comparable to Jerry Saltz's mention of the 'madhouse' in "Clusterfuck Aesthetics".

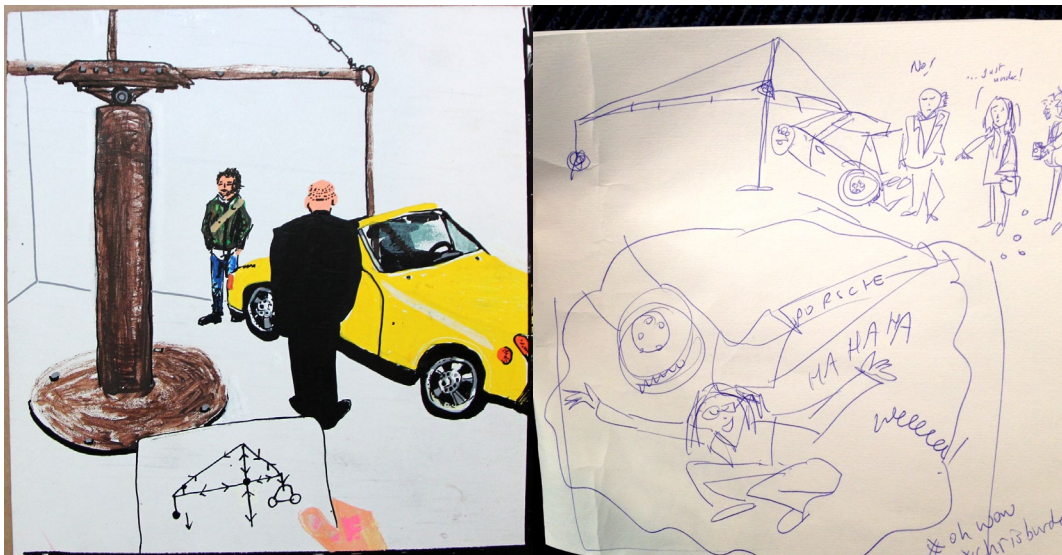


*Drawing after Jayson Musson Instagram photograph of Jason Rhoades
The Creation Myth at Philadelphia ICA 2013, 2016, Joanne Richardson.*

Extreme Measures

Before Scott and I got to Philadelphia, we spent time in New York City visiting art galleries and looking for street art by Banksy. We visited the New Museum to see Chris Burden's exhibition *Extreme Measures*. One of the works we saw was *Beehive Bunker* (2006): a tower of cement set in its bags. This work could have been the germ that led to Five Forts. It was a kind of fort we could not go inside.

Extreme Measures was an impressive exhibition. When we entered, the invigilators suggested we join a tour guided by invigilation staff. We declined. We had a great time exploring the New Museum and looking at all the works. *Porsche with Meteorite* (2013) was a steel structure balancing a restored 1974 Porsche 914 on one end and a 390 pound (176.9 kg) meteorite on the other. I asked politely, but the security guard stationed next to this work would not let me put my hand under the Porsche. Scott used his engineering



Drawing after photograph of Scott explaining the engineering of Chris Burden's *Porsche with Meteorite* New Museum 2013, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Journal sketch of intention to crawl under the Porsche, 2013, Joanne Richardson

knowledge to draw a diagram of the sculpture demonstrating how the forces were transferred in either compression or tension.

We pressed the lift button to move to a different floor, and waited. When the doors opened, the lift was too full for us to enter. A smiling invigilator and a group of spectators were there. Waiting for the door to close, the invigilator announced loudly that we (Scott and I) were viewing the works in the WRONG order. The door closed. We pushed the same button again. I can't remember if *Extreme Measures* was arranged in the New Museum top down or start on the first floor then work your way up – I only remember that the invigilator and their spectators were doing it correctly and we were wrong.

Trying to get too close to the Porsche, taking the elevator up or down instead of down or up; we were engaged in some really freaky shit – extreme spectatorial insanity! Looking at the street art by Banksy had spoilt us. We had been set free on the street to explore OR NOT in any order or disorder we desired. The IKEA paths, too, operate only as suggestions. Though strange, you can follow your desire, go off the paths and work through the couches and desks on your own adventure. This practice in the New Museum was met with the answer: “You’re doing it wrong!” We couldn’t get too carried away.

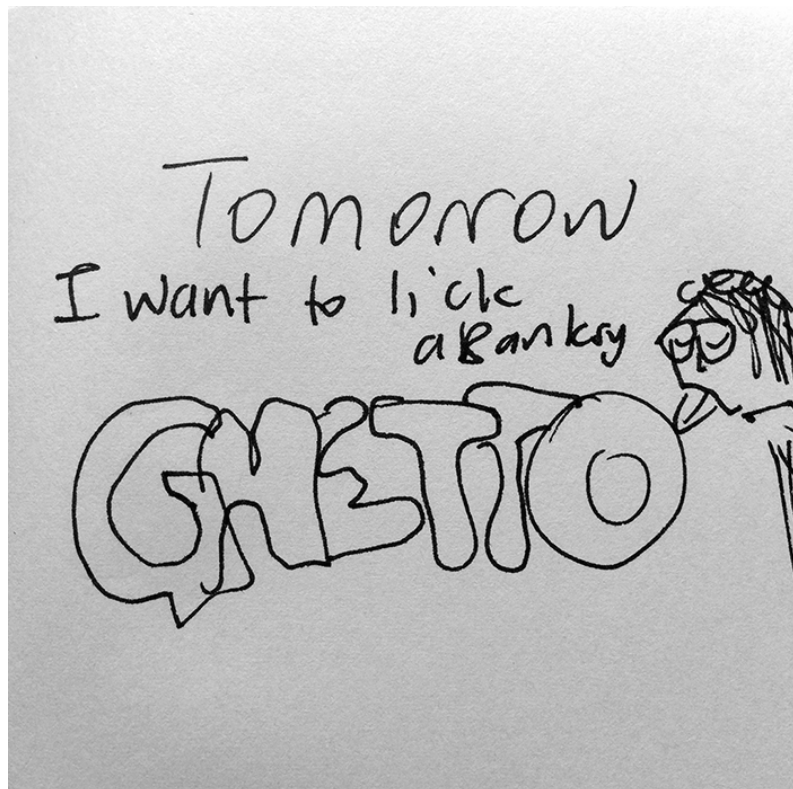
City Wide Full Contact Game

In October 2013 the elusive English street artist known as Banksy visited New York for a self-appointed residency *Better Out Than In*. Each day, the artist posted information on his/her website: an image of a work, an audio guide and the borough. Each day, enthusiasts scrambled to find the work and share critique, additional photographs, street numbers and intersections (Brooks 2013; TFL 2013). Scott and I used Banksy’s website to view an image of the work, and a map by photographer and photo editor Lenyon Whitaker (2013) for the exact addresses.

The experience of viewing the artwork was not a straightforward search for an image, but a fragment of a larger complex narrative with high drama. There were local and international politics at play, which were very aptly surmised in the 2014 film *Banksy Does New York* (Moukarbel 2014). This film was not produced by Banksy. It was a User Generated film edited from portions of the tens of thousands of shared videos, still images, self-portraits, news articles and press conferences. Promotional material for the film included the introductory statement:

Although the show took place entirely on the street the show found its true resonance online, becoming less an art show than a city wide full contact game of hide and seek.

(Banksy 2014)



Visual journal sketch of intention "Tomorrow I want to lick a Banksy GHETTO", 2013, Joanne Richardson.

During our time in New York, Scott and I became engrossed in the hide and seek process: using online maps of the streets and New York Subway to navigate to foreign neighbourhoods, and take our victory photographs that proclaimed we had done so.

In the 2010 Banksy film *Exit Through the Gift Shop*, the artist stated: “street art has a short life span so it needed documenting” (Banksy 2010). Like smoke travelling through Rhoades’ sculpture, it is:

EPHEMERAL | Phenomenon. The intangible, the fleeting, the evanescent, the unshowable. Also religious experience (of light). Usually represented by SMOKE in the work of Jason Rhoades. [in one work] the ephemeral is represented by the colored strobe light from the lighting system. The artist describes the ephemeral as a feeling of having missed something and as something volatile and fugitive.

(Meyer-Hermann 1998, 61)

For example: on the first day of *Better Out Than In*, Banksy’s work lasted four hours before being buffed (painted over). On Day 4, Banksy added a stencilled phrase “The Musical!” to a set of found works: “Playground Mob”, “Dirty Underwear” and “Occupy!” in Bushwick, Brooklyn. These works were buffed in two hours. All the works were subject to the realm of the street where they could be covered over or cut out.

We visited a stencil work in Midtown of an image of a dog urinating on a fire hydrant with a thought bubble originally reading “You complete me”. In a later journal entry (dated 1st November 2013) I wrote:

We visit a work in Chelsea which is being slowly absorbed back into the other street art in the street. This one feels the most ‘correct’. The work on the street is falling back into the street. Other works were buffed out completely. This one had been slightly restored which is interesting too. Like the holy images that get repainted ceremoniously to preserve as if they were a living icon. I put my mouth really close to the wall but there was no way I would lick it. It was way too gritty. Only a couple of people were there to take photos. Everyone else was just walking down the street.



Victory photo at Banksy's Day 3: All I Ever Wanted was a Shoulder to Crayon aka You Complete Me Midtown: Chelsea West 24th Street and Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Avenue), 2013, Joanne Richardson.

We mostly visited works that had survived a week or so. We did not see any of the stunts: the Mobile Waterfall truck, the Sirens of the Lambs truck driving around in the Meatpacking district, the McDonald's shoeshine in South Bronx, the Art Show under the High Line, or the Reaper in the bumper car in the Bowery. In the film, Banksy enthusiasts said, "It was like a happening", "It's just this momentary thing – either you were there, you found out about it or you missed it" (Moukarbel 2014). Banksy missed the whole thing.



Victory photo at Banksy's Day 3: All I Ever Wanted was a Shoulder to Crayon aka You Complete Me Midtown: Chelsea West 24th Street and Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Avenue), 2013, Scott Northcott.

Sometimes we were too late and the piece had already gone, for example: “War Horses” also known as the “Night Vision Horses”. We found the place where it was and a large pasted poster half torn off the footpath. This was consolatory proof; a critiqued critique. It was a fragment of mysterious street art culture at play – it was an echo of a type of call and response.



Pavement poster half torn off near the site of Banksy's Day 9: Crazy Horse Night Vision Goggles with Wikileaks soundtrack, Lower East Side: 159 Ludlow between Rivington & Stanton, 2013, Joanne Richardson.



Failure photo near the site of Banksy's Day 9: Crazy Horse Night Vision Goggles with Wikileaks soundtrack, Lower East Side: 159 Ludlow between Rivington & Stanton, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

In the Upper West Side, we found #20 “Hammer Boy”: a black stencil of a boy playing the carnival game high striker, strength tester or strongman with a fire hydrant. We found queues of people having their photo taken and asking us to take photos of them. People wanted to insert themselves into the schema of the work, into the story of Banksy, and into New York. The grocer adjacent to one of the works is quoted in the film saying the street was crowded with “people full of joy”, all kinds of people (Moukarbel 2014). On the street there aren’t applicable gallery rules about seeing things in a particular sequence, or moving too close, or carrying paint pens, or touching things, or taking photos. This was a very different spectatorial experience to our time in the New Museum.

“Ghetto 4 Life” in the Bronx was the newest piece we visited. As we arrived, several large security types were guarding it while a small work crew installed a giant roller door apparatus over the work, presumably so they could lock it up. Without getting in their way, I posed, Scott took a photo. Then we moved aside. People gathered around us while the work crew continued installing the door. Cars slowed down to see what the fuss was about. The pedestrians and motorists seemed more curious than the people in Chelsea.



Victory photo near Banksy's Day 20: Boy and Hammer aka Hammer Boy
Upper West Side: West 79th Street and Broadway, 2013, Joanne Richardson.



Victory photo near Banksy's Day 21: Ghetto 4 Life South Bronx 465 East and 153rd Street, 2013, Scott Northcott

A man passing by said:

“People never came on this street before!

Who is this guy?” pointing toward the wall.

“Banksy,” I mumbled in Australian drawl.

“Wank See?”

“Bank, like Money: Bank. ‘Bæŋk-si’”

“Who is this guy?”

“He’s very famous... in the UK, England: where he’s from.”

“This used to be an ordinary street. Now look!” he said, motioning at the gathering crowd and crawling cars. Scott continued to take photographs. I imagined the roller door



Gathering crowd near Banksy's Day 21: Ghetto 4 Life South Bronx 465 East and 153rd Street, 2013, Scott Northcott



Roller Door over Banksy's Day 21: Ghetto 4 Life South Bronx 465 East and 153rd Street, 2013, Scott Northcott.

coming down. It would cause part of the street to recede into the privacy of the building. We witnessed art changing hands before our eyes.

An interviewee in *Banksy Does New York* mentions that during the residency, despite the plethora of press, there was not one mention of it in *Art Forum*. The film interviews Andrew Russeth, art critic for the New York Observer, who reported “almost nothing” on the residency. Russeth described Banksy’s work as:

just so kitschy, so silly, so – in a way – just *dumb* [...] I’m at least interested in stuff that has some nuance, some subtlety. Like makes you feel weird and think weird things and Banksy is just the worst, lowest common denominator art.

(Moukarbel 2014, original emphasis)

I want to talk about the residency as a very interesting spectatorship experience. In *Exit Through the Gift Shop* Banksy made a comment foreshadowing the production of the 2014 film *Banksy Does New York* regarding events following the installation of his/her street art: “I realized that the reaction to the stuff was, you know, one of the most interesting things about it” (Banksy 2010). Maxine Donnatt noted in an article on the residency: “His works in themselves are art, as are the reactions of the people who encounter them” (Donnatt 2013). We might consider the scope of Banksy’s New York residency as not limited to the production of a series of ‘kitschy’ images, sculptures and stunts but as one whole work including the ‘full contact game of hide and seek’ and the 2014 film. This expands the form of the work.

Though Kaprow was not writing about Banksy or street art in his 1958 essay “Notes on the Creation of a Total Work”, it seems fitting to consider Kaprow’s notion of incorporating multiple elements and effects in an immersive environment sometimes created in a gallery. It resonates in describing a form of work that differs from viewing a discrete object in isolation:

What has been worked out instead is as open and fluid as the shapes or our everyday experience but does not simply imitate them. I believe that this form places a much greater responsibility on visitors than they have had before. The ‘success’ of a work depends on them as well as on the artist. If we admit the work succeeds on some days and fails on other days, we may seem to disregard the enduring and stable and to place emphasis upon the fragile and impermanent.

(Kaprow 2003f, 12)

For convenience, I’m going to use the phrase ‘open form’ to describe the particular types of artwork this passage describes. The open forms of Kaprow’s work and Banksy’s residency share an impermanent, ephemeral quality, which requires documenting and a heightened responsibility of the visitor. Both also imply a corporeal engagement. Kaprow describes how visitors ‘enter’ the work. The promotional material for the *Banksy Does New York* film uses the term ‘full contact’, meaning “engage in combat without restraint” (Mandirigma 2006). Both engage in ideas of corporeal engagement and of full contact, and evoke a consideration of the human body as the site where the aesthetic work is experienced.

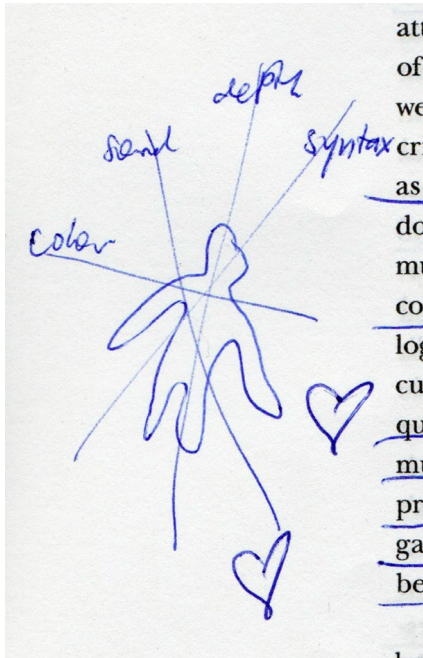
Everything seems so important

But actually you are important too!!!

The *Te Deum* Tune

Vernon Lee (1856-1935), also known as Violet Paget, was a writer of independent means who wrote over 40 texts (Lanzoni 2009, 331). As mentioned in the Introduction, in the late 1800s to early 1900s Lee published works contemplating the German theory of *Einfühlung*, a concept that entered into the English language in 1909 as “empathy” (Greiner 2015, 1). *Einfühlung* can be translated from German to English not only as ‘empathy’, but also as “feeling into” (Koss 2006, 139).

Author Juliet Koss wrote the comprehensive article “On the Limits of Empathy” as an introduction to the concept of *Einfühlung*. Koss’s article covers the work of many key scholars, kicking off with Robert Vischer’s seminal 1873 thesis *Über das optische Formgefühl: Ein Beitrag zur Aesthetik* (On the Optical Sense of Form: A Contribution to Aesthetics). Koss discusses many theories of *Einfühlung*, including: mimetic reactions, mystical shivers, the gesture of filling up the (empty) observed object of appreciation with life, the mechanics of recognizing formal properties such as shape and colour, and *Einfühlung*’s association with paralysis and passivity on the part of a spectator. The association with passivity, along with a yearning for (unobtainable) objectivity and neutrality, led *Einfühlung* to fall out of favour for nearly a century (ibid 139).



Marginalia from article by Benjamin Morgan: The Body is a Node for Understanding, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

I think the observed cannot assist us with our previous experience of similar forms. The spectator brings this to the observed. The observed is only itself. I think, contrary to the idea that the spectator breathes life into an inanimate artefact, the object is not sentient or capable of becoming so from careful observation. However, entertaining the notion that it's possible to relate to an artwork as adversary or friend could be interesting creative spectatorship!

Scholarship on *Einfühlung* – an intersection of aesthetics, human biology, philosophy and psychology – lasted into the early 1900s. Koss describes that recently empathy has returned to aesthetic discourse, “rearing its comforting head” (Koss 2006, 139). My interest in the theory is that “the process of *Einfühlung* placed the spectator at the centre of aesthetic discourse” (ibid).

As Kaprow wrote in the essay “The Education of the Un-Artist, Part II”, there is a special understanding in the minds of art appreciators that allows spectators to recognize art:

The conservative practitioner extends Duchamp’s gesture of displacing the object or action to the art context, which brackets it as art, whereas the sophisticate needs only art-conscious allies who carry the art bracket ready-made in their heads for instant application anywhere.

(Kaprow 2003d, 110)

According to Kaprow, recognition in the artists and their allies *makes* a thing art. Art doesn’t need the frame of a gallery or written criticism or robots; it is a direct experience. This corporeal experience is transportable. The art bracket in our heads allows graffiti on the street to be understood as part of Banksy’s residency: as a fragment of a larger work with an open form. We could develop talents for engagement by experiencing more art and building up a library of experiences that can be recalled to understand what we see. We can understand *Einfühlung* as an active process, an accumulative process that can be continually developed.

In *Laurus Nobilis: Chapters on Art and Life* (1909), Vernon Lee weaves between personal anecdotes, aesthetic theory and appreciation. The text was named after the Bay Laurel, a plant equally charged with practical and poetic use. Lee used it as “a symbol of all art, all poetry” to argue for an equivalent consideration of the use and beauty of art: “an attempt to trace the influence which art should have on life” (Lee 1909, 9).

One anecdote describes an intoxicating experience. Lee noted a change in the body as it became engrossed with distant music:

I was seated working by my window, depressed by the London outlook of narrow grey sky, endless grey roofs, and rusty elm tops, when I became conscious of a certain increase in vitality, almost as if I had drunk a glass of wine, because a band somewhere outside had begun to play. After various indifferent pieces, it became a tune by Handel or in Handel’s style, of which I have never known the name, calling it for myself the *Te Deum* Tune. And

then it seemed as if my soul, and according to the sensations, in a certain degree my body even, were caught up on those notes, and were striking out as if swimming in a great breezy sea; or as if it had put forth wings and risen into a great free space of air. And, noticing my feelings, I seemed to be conscious that those notes were being played on me, my fibres becoming the strings; so that as the notes moved and soared and swelled and radiated like suns, I also, being identified with the sound, having become apparently the sound itself, must need move and soar with them.

(Lee 1909, 14-15)

In this description, which I'll call the *Te Deum* Tune from here on, Lee begins by describing a sensation in the body, specifically, of becoming aware of an "increase in vitality". 'Vitality' can be understood as simultaneously somatic and imaginative suggesting an absence of a mind/body divide. Lee and artist Clementina Anstruther-Thomson wrote in *Beauty and Ugliness: and other Studies in Psychological Aesthetics* (1912): "'We fear because we tremble' not the other way around" (quoted in Greiner 2015, 4). Experiences are felt in the body and thoughts follow on from that. For Lee, accounting for somatic effects is central to scholarship on *Einfühlung*, along with a sense of becoming immersed in an aesthetic experience. Benjamin Morgan, a scholar in Victorian Studies, wrote *Critical Empathy: Vernon Lee's Aesthetics and the Origins of Close Reading*. Morgan describes Lee's theory of *Einfühlung* as articulating: "The body is a node where the formal properties of any art – color, sound, depth, syntax – intersect" (Morgan 2012, 47).

Under the "Empathy" entry in *The Handbook of Phenomenology*, Andrea Pinotti considered *Einfühlung* as a process of two movements; "the movement from subject toward other" and "the cancellation of such alterity" (Pinotti 2010, 93). A movement toward unity with the object of appreciation seems plausible but I feel, literally and figuratively, there are problems with the idea of a total absorption into art, a total fusion with the art idea. This is addressed more fully in the final section of Part 4: Five Forts. In *The Complicated History of Einfühlung* (2011) academic and curator Magdalena Anna Nowak makes a more satisfying proposition. She suggests that the movement toward the art object is always

tempered by the choices of the spectator. For Nowak, *Einfühlung* is a state of being engaged in two conflicting senses in dialectical relation: immersion and criticality;

you can see *Einfühlung* more dialectically, as a clash between two opposing forces: on the one hand, a human need for immersion and oblivion, on the other, a distrust of the object and the desire to study it critically.

(Nowak 2011, 323)

There is a resonance between elements of Nowak's and elements of Pinotti's ideas of *Einfühlung*, which is associated with the idea of immersion.

Pinotti's description of *Einfühlung* as 'a move toward' the observed object also resonates with a line from Kaprow's 1958 essay "Notes on the Creation of a Total Art": "We enter, are surrounded, and become a part of what surrounds us" (Kaprow 2003f, 11). We can consider *Einfühlung* in terms of becoming engrossed in aesthetic appreciation of many kinds: being surrounded by an art installation, being engrossed in a fascinating book, or losing track of time watching a great film. Kaprow was concerned with what gestures might create a blur between art and life. In *Laurus Nobilis: Chapters on Art and Life* Lee contemplated how aesthetic appreciation could be put to use to engage in the beauty and aesthetics of what surrounds us, in all parts of ordinary life, to allow appreciation of forms such as chairs or cutlery (Lee 1909, 209), not only in the presence of a confirmed art-object.

In the *Te Deum* Tune Lee identified with the notes of music and became engrossed in "a great breezy sea" of the experience, and became a part of the music that surrounded. In a 1997 description of an embodied experience listening to a live music performance, Steven Shaviro writes about a similar feeling of immersion:

You can't quite map out this space, you can't locate yourself precisely, and you can't even distinguish one object from another. Everything is just too close to your eyes to be brought into sharp focus. The noise-laden air is suffocating; it presses down on your lungs, and

scarcely gives you enough space to breathe. Yet you're trembling with excitement, or maybe with anticipation. Your flesh is all aflutter. The sound cradles and embraces you, inviting – even demanding – a sensuous, tactile response.

(Shaviro 1997, 28)

It could seem these identifications with what surrounds support Pinotti's idea of *Einfühlung* in two movements; first toward, and then a cancellation of, alterity. It is interesting to note Lee and Shaviro describe a paradoxical state of both getting carried away by the sound and remaining deeply attached to their corporeal sensations. They are able to recall and describe their sensations; they are able to reflect on and study their experiences.

In *Beauty and Ugliness* Lee argues for special training to enhance an aptitude for aesthetic appreciation via a process of self-observation (Lee and Anstruther-Thomson 1912, 25). In *Laurus Nobilis* Lee states: "Beauty is born of attention" for "beauty of no kind whatever, nor in any art, can really exist for the inattentive" (Lee 1909, 250). According to Lee's theory of *Einfühlung*, it is possible to improve or neglect a faculty of paying a particular kind of directed attention that is necessary for aesthetic appreciation. Using cues from Allan Kaprow, I explore the practice of training to improve the faculty of paying a particular kind of attention in Part 2: Practice for *The Death of Starwars*.

In the introduction to Allan Kaprow's *Essays on the Blurring of Art and Life*, editor Jeff Kelley begins by describing his experience of reading Kaprow's marks and marginalia in a copy of John Dewey's 1934 *Art As Experience* (Kelley 1992, xi). Kaprow was influenced by Dewey, a pragmatic philosopher who argued aesthetics should not be divorced from civic life. Dewey briefly mentions Vernon Lee's theory of *Einfühlung* and quotes from page 7 of *Beauty and Ugliness* where Lee argues that art intensifies a state from normal life. Dewey adds that neither exists independently:

The moments when a creature is both most alive and most composed and concentrated are those of fullest intercourse with the environment, in which sensuous and material relations are most completely merged.

(Dewey 1934, 107)

Dewey's ideas seem congruent with Lee's ideas in *Laurus Nobilis*. The idea of merging into things observed is associated with the idea that *Einfühlung* is a passive process: these mergers suppress the spectator's sense of self (Koss 2006, 140). The observed trumps and overwhelms. This is Nowak's point of difference; that the spectator is immersed and not subsumed. There is a second opposing force at play in *Einfühlung*; a desire to study critically.

Kaprow wrote that the spectator entering an immersive work participates "passively or actively according to our talents for engagement" (Kaprow 2003f, 11). There are distinct aspects a spectator brings to *Einfühlung*. They're not paralyzed, passive or empty. In the *Te Deum* Tune Lee chose to listen to the music intently, chose to record the experience. *Einfühlung* is directed; it is intentional not involuntary. The capacity for the spectator to make decisions and direct their attention is overlooked by writers like Pinotti, who focus on the movement toward unity, devoid of a simultaneous critical faculty Nowak characterises as "distrust" (2011, 323)

An aspect a spectator brings to appreciation is their memory. Lee recognized the style of music the band played and invented a name for the tune. This implies Lee was familiar enough with music to recognize a band, Handel's style and to distinguish different tunes. A series of determinations were used to attribute meaning to the observed. This is not a passive experience.

A specific type of recollection used in *Einfühlung* is spatial memory. While completely immersed, feeling into the music, Lee also had an awareness of the architectural features of the experience – "endless grey roofs" and relative proximity, while the band played "somewhere outside". Writing the *Te Deum* Tune passage for *Laurus Nobilis* involved not only prior experiences with music, but also prior experience with buildings, with London. In *Einfühlung and Abstraction in the Moving Image: Historical and Contemporary Reflections*, Robin Curtis argues that in the spectator's mind "a library of spatial experiences is retained and is always brought to bear on present spatial experience" (Curtis 2012, 443). Points of recognition in their spatial memory allow a viewer to immerse imaginatively in two and three dimensional representations of events and architectural spaces on screen: their

own previous experiences feeding into the aesthetic experience (Curtis 2012, 433). Using previous experiences of three-dimensional spaces, the viewer imaginatively navigates their filmic representations. Lee used spatial memory to guess at where the music was coming from without actually seeing it.

Historical *Einfühlung* scholars also contemplated a version of spatial memory. Artist and writer Adolph von Hildebrand's 1893 text "Das Problem der Form in Der Bildenden Kunst" (The Problem of Form in the Visual Arts) proposed that:

We live and weave a spatial consciousness into the nature that surrounds us, even when the appearance before us offers scarcely any point of reference for the idea of space. We do not ask how this awareness comes into being or on what impressions and perceptions it is based. Nor do we demand that space constancy be exemplified in the appearances before us: we remain aware of it even when we close our eyes.

(Hildebrand 1994, 239)

The ability to weave meaning into an aesthetic experience comes from accumulating a set of spatial experiences that are usually un-examined and unacknowledged. While vision is an important part of aesthetic experience, Koss wrote that studies of *Einfühlung* often engaged senses other than vision and resisted settling on vision as a primary focus (Koss 2006, 141).

As discussed earlier in this section, Seth Price's question of the value privileging the practice of gaining art experiences from books and the Internet could be answered in the affirmative only if a complimentary set of corporeal experiences can be used to enhance appreciation of those documents. Something like visiting IKEA and thinking about *The Creation Myth* as a type of corporeal aesthetic training.

The experience of tracking down a work on the street asks us to anticipate it is art we are going to 'see'. Before we get there we imagine that is what we will 'see'. In *Entry of Empathy in English Language*, English scholar of Victorian Studies Rae Greiner quotes Edward Titchener from 1909: "Not only do I see' abstract concepts such as gravity or

stateliness: ‘I feel or act them in the mind’s muscles’” (Greiner 2015, 4). We can add to the list of abstract concepts: an art bracket for encountering the work of art with an open form. The brain muscles feel the art before we are anywhere near it.

From a careful accumulation of aesthetic experience, Lee created a written passage documenting the experience. Lee recognized and named the *Te Deum* Tune from scattered fragments. Nothing joins these elements together except Lee’s corporeal experience. Nothing allows us access to that experience except Lee’s creation: the book *Laurus Nobilis*. In the passage, each fragment is separate but together; buildings, band, grey sky are joined to make meaning.

Lee focuses on how the body is not a mute receptor for formal stimuli; rather, the somatic reception of form provokes articulation – unconsciously as metaphor, or consciously as a gallery diary or lecture. Empathic critical response works across and between the arts without erasing the differences among them.

(Morgan 2012, 47)

Reading about Lee’s experience is not the same as experiencing found music ourselves. Yet any time we may have moved, sat, swum, drunk a glass of wine or listened to a distant band would help us appreciate Lee’s writing. Chasing Banksy works across New York is not the same kind of activity as watching the film *Banksy Does New York* and imagining a sense of traveling through representational space in a film or a two-dimensional image. In all cases – reading a book, watching a film, looking for art, hearing a band – the body is the locus of experiencing and understanding these activities as aesthetic. We are never confused about which we are doing, only looking for ways to appreciate each as part of a larger work.

Kaprow’s “Notes on the Creation of a Total Art” essay allows us to contemplate our part in the success or failure in looking at an open form of art work, to contemplate the body as a node of empathetic appreciation. This type of appreciation lets us consider the aspects of Banksy’s New York residency: website, street stunts, spectator’s images... all at once. The open form also necessarily includes somatic responses to each of their aspects:

words, images, in books and online, sculptures, moving images, moving sculptures, film, the street, the art gallery. In the body these are all grasped as part of a total work without collapsing distinctions between them.

Einfühlung enables us to consider a reaction to the work as part of the work. Felt in the skin. The thousands and thousands of images created by Banksy's residency, the film and news are not *about* the work but extending its form – the spectator's experience is part of the form. I think of Einfühlung as a process of paradoxical states of appreciative immersion and critical distrust. These generate understanding *and* inspire creative production. The following is a contemplation of the fictional exploits of Batman's arch enemy The Joker, specifically, Joker's forays into the city of Gotham's art world. I consider this as a fictional example of a type of empathic appreciation that expands the work appreciated to produce new creative work.

This Horribility Must Be Destroyed

As a further example of *Einfühlung* in practice, particularly the capacity for the appreciator to be creative, the following investigates the creative/destructive gestures of two versions of the Joker, a fictional villain from the mythology of Batman.

In Season 2 Episode 57 of *Batman: Pop Goes the Joker* (1967) (waGGner 1967b), Joker (Cesar Romero) enters Bernie Park's Artistic Procurers, also known as Park's Gallery, where fictional artist Oliver Muzzy has an exhibition. Works include paintings of rural landscapes, homesteads, and what looks to be small renditions of James Abbott McNeill Whistler's *Arrangement in Grey and Black No. 1* (1871) and Grant Wood's *American Gothic* (1930). Joker begins to inspect the exhibition with a passionate criticism:

This is an outrage! An outrage against art! An insult I say!

Ho ho ho, Ugliness! Monstrosity! Horribility! Ho. Oh!

And look at that! You call that Art?! And this thing: pah! Disgusting! Ho ho! And this! Worse! And WORSE! Oh, this ugliness must be destroyed! Ah ha!

(waGGner 1967b)



For Ashley: content from Cream of Evil zine August, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Taking two paint filled guns from his goons:

“Down with ugliness! Away with dullness!” Squealing with laughter he shoots the offending works with green and purple paint:

“Take that! And that! And that!”

Batman intervenes, disarming Joker and tackling him to the ground. But, to Batman’s horror, the artist Muzzy announces:

“Mr. Joker, let me congratulate you, your work is magnificent!” (The Joker smiles):

“Excuse my appearance Mr. Muzzy but yes, these uncultured boobs have no appreciation for Fine Art.”

“Obviously.”

Joker and Muzzy begin to negotiate terms for their collaboration. This proves helpful in the development of Joker's plot to win an art prize, open his own 'millionaires only' art school (to extort ransom from the families of his students) then exhibit his works in the Gotham Museum in Episode 58 *Flop Goes the Joker* (waGGner 1967a). In a *Hyperallergic* article titled "When the Joker was a Contemporary Artist", artist Kyle Petreycik notes this is "an act very similar to a prank infamous street artist Banksy pulled off in no less than four New York art museums years ago (perhaps a number of artists have been watching this episode in search of ideas?)" (Petreycik 2013). Artist and writer Alistair Gentry came to a similar conclusion: Joker's artistic exploits "obviously having a profound influence on the young Banksy" (Gentry 2013).

The 1967 Joker's hijinks in Park's Gallery were reprised in Tim Burton's 1989 film *Batman* (Burton 1989). Joker (Jack Nicholson) takes over the fictitious Flugelheim Museum by gassing the staff and visitors. Though possibly dead, one visitor clings to an open catalogue. No doubt the slain visitor had been diligently viewing the Flugelheim collection in the correct order, exactly as instructed.



Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: slain visitor clutching open catalogue, 2016, Joanne Richardson.



*Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film:
Joker performs a Grand Arabesque alongside Degas' Grand Arabesque Second Time, 2016, Joanne Richardson.*

Bursting through the door with his goons, Joker extends his arms and cries:

“Gentlemen! Let’s broaden our minds!”

Switching on a ghetto blaster to play Prince’s *Partyman* (1989), the goons dance around, painting bright marks, adding handprints, spraying and throwing whole cans of paint on works by Edgar Degas, Rembrandt, Johannes Vermeer and Thomas Gainsborough. Joker bounces on one foot in an approximation of a Grand Arabesque alongside what looks to be an Edgar Degas *Grand Arabesque Second Time* Bronze circa 1885-90.



*Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film:
Joker knocks Degas, Grand Arabesque off its plinth and dances on 2016, Joanne Richardson.*

As mentioned previously, one aspect of *Einfühlung* was mimetic gestures either in the mind's muscle or the body. *Einfühlung* scholar Thomas Lipps wrote in 1903: "when we look at a line, we 'create' the line with our bodies by following it from point to point with our eyes. Our body thus contributes to the existence of the line by more or less performing it" (Lipps quoted in Morgan 2012, 35). Expanding on Lipps' ideas, Vernon Lee considered the *Einfühlung* of a Doric column. It is not that we become a column or consider it sentient but that we recognize or:

‘put ourselves in the place’ or more vulgarly ‘in the skin’ of a fellow creature, we are, in fact attributing to him [sic] the feelings we should have in similar circumstances, so, in looking at the Doric column... we are attributing to the lines and surfaces, to the spatial forms, those dynamic experiences which we should have were we to put our bodies into similar conditions.

(Lee quoted in Greiner 2015, 434)

Joker performing a Grand Arabesque demonstrates an aspect of *Einfühlung* that may be simplified to physical mimicry. Joker puts his body in similar conditions, physically creating the line of Degas’ model. This is only one part of *Einfühlung* and only one part of Joker’s appreciation, because he does not stay there, he dances on. The mimicking gesture is very interesting in relation to the idea that the success or failure of an open form of art work depends on the activities of the viewer. The idea of a more physically engaged viewer, mimicking the form of an artwork in order to appreciate it, has its appeal.

In the appreciation of an artwork with an open form, we call on spatial memory to recognize what we see. Lee argues: “The Doric column’s valiant effort to defy gravity revives in us a sense of the human condition. Its [sic] is ‘a little drama we have experienced millions of times’” (quoted in Greiner 2015, 434). We can appreciate the uprightness of a column by knowing our own ability to be upright. Joker appreciates *Grand Arabesque* by performing one himself. It becomes a specifically critical gesture as he opens his arms to hit the bronze off its plinth and then continues to dance throughout the museum. His appreciation of Degas was a starting point for him to dance with his own moves: a creative gesture.

Scholar Wendy Birt writes about this scene in the essay “The Unconscious Art Critic Dances with the World’s First Fully Functioning Homicidal Artist in Tim Burton’s ‘Batman’”. Birt contemplates the viewer’s position in watching the film. The camera follows the goons through the museum so we experience being involved in Joker’s jaunt as we watch the work unfold. “Being positioned with Joker – almost a participant in his activities – facilitates an opportunity for the film viewer to critique and analyse the work Joker and members of his gang create” (Birt 2009). This is consistent with the idea of a spectator being immersed and

critical; Nowak's twin states in dialogue that I have discussed previously. The film viewer is able to gleefully go along indulging in the spontaneous paint party and also decide whether or not the new works are an improvement.

Joker stops his dance momentarily and raises his cane to stop a goon taking a bowie knife to Francis Bacon's *Figure With Meat* (1954).

"I kind of like this one, Bob. Leave it."



*Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film:
Joker saves the Bacon – Francis Bacon's Figure with Meat, 2016, Joanne Richardson.*



Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: Goons handprint Rembrandt's Self Portrait aged 63, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Brit notes the film viewer may be reflected in Bacon's figure, as both are "doomed to sit passively in a darkened theatre as a witness with no agency" (Birt 2009). The figure brings the film spectator an awareness of their alleged passive position. Perhaps watching the film is to go along uncritically with the plot, accepting a shared fate with the gassed gallery goer. Incapacitated, yet still clutching at the correct viewing instructions.

The idea of a passive film goer is discussed by many film scholars including Steven Shaviro. In a contemporary article critiquing his work, he surmised arguments in his earlier work *The Cinematic Body* (1993) that cinematic bodies are paralyzed (Shaviro 2008). This

is in contrast to previously discussed ideas of *Einfühlung* and the embodied way Joker as an artist/critic (in both 1967 and 1989) forms judgments that become physical gestures of destructive creativity. Joker is inviting an alternate mode of spectatorship and, in the 1989 film, a critique on his work. Film viewers decide if what Joker creates in this new work is interesting, the way Muzzy does in 1967. There is also an invitation to ponder what Joker appreciates about ‘this one’ (Bacon’s *Figure with Meat*). The real insanity of his rampage is this careful exception to his anarchic rule.

Brush poised, Joker hops toward Edward Hopper’s *Approaching a City* (1946). In a large space representing a wall beside railway tracks he scrawls: *Joker was here!* Writer Gerri Mann is quoted in a blog article commenting on this part of the scene: “It’s pretty funny that what the Joker graffitied on the tunnel wall of the painting made it more realistic if you think about it. When have you ever seen train tracks that clean?” (quoted in Mateja 2013).

Mann’s statement supports Birt’s argument that the camera following Joker and his goons invites the audience to critique the gang’s new work. In Mann’s case, the judgement echoes that of the fictional Muzzy. Joker’s amendment to Hopper’s painting is seen as an improvement. Because this occurs in a fictional context, it is ok to contemplate the possibility of improvement since Hopper’s original work remains unharmed.

Joker’s appreciation in 1967 and 1989 are both wrong approaches to *Einfühlung* in a gallery. Dramatically much worse than Scott and I in the New Museum exhibition, *Extreme Measures*, with our trifles of taking the lift in the wrong direction. Vladimir Umanets spent a year and a half in prison while the Tate Modern spent 18 months removing ink from the “deep wound” he inflicted on Mark Rothko’s Seagram Mural *Black on Maroon* (1958) by writing “a potential piece of yellowism” (Brown 2014). Scott asked me if there was any talk of *not* restoring the mural since that mark is now a part of its lived history. I said NO before he finished the sentence. No, absolutely not, galleries and museums and Batman are all about the conservation and preservation of the art artefact. Leaving the Yellowism inscription on the Rothko is against everything they stand for. So: No. No. **No.**



Digital collage Skele sculpture proposal: Joker 1967 with no place that it would be ok to do that, no suitable surface to point the gun at May, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

The experience of seeing Banksy's residency work was inseparable from also seeing immediate physical responses to it based on critical aesthetic judgments. The work generated reactions including more creative work, other street marks, documentation and an awareness of one's own critical stance. Joker observed the *Grand Arabesque* – a still dancer – as the impetus for more dancing. "Banksy's work and the reactions surrounding it draw attention to the fact that we have deemed one mark on the wall to be more valuable than another one" (Donnatt 2013). Every visitor is forced to actively examine both the work and their place in the street.

If criticism can be defined as taking a stand, then everyone took a stand in response to Banksy's residency. The Mayor of New York condemned the activity proclaiming it "should

not be permitted” (Brady 2013). Several works acquired a layer of local graffiti writer’s work (Sider 2013), while Perry Levy established the Banksy Restoration Society (Ismail 2013) and Justin Crawford, Ron Ulip and Malcolm Wilson formed the Wet Wipe Gang (Moukarbel 2014).

Portable as a body, *Einfühlung* is a way to take responsibility for the success or failure in looking at a work with an open form.

Two Security Guards Dancing

Part way through our experiences seeking Banksy works, we took a train from New York to Philadelphia to see *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads*.

Ingrid Schaffner created an exhibition pamphlet for *Four Roads*. There were four essays outlining the four roads, which were intended to serve as an introduction to Rhoades’s oeuvre, “something between a map and a manual” (Schaffner 2014, 14). These helpful guides provided spectators with specific strategies for approaching the immersive artworks, offering points of recognition, both physically and imaginatively.

The title of each ‘road’ was aligned with one of the four larger works:

Taboo – *Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)*, 2004/2013

Systems – *The Creation Myth*, 1998

Jason Rhoades American Artist – *Garage Renovation New York (CHERRY Makita)*, 1993

Jason The Mason – *Sutters Mill*, 2000

Schaffner’s work on the roads emphasized the point that Jason Rhoades had not been exhibited in the USA. Although Rhoades was considered by European art appreciators as a quintessential “American Artist” (Schaffner 2014, 14), in the USA he was not only unknown, Schaffner also sensed the lack of a domestic critical framework for his work to be

understood. Schaffner's roads were ways in, around and through the works. Roads evoke notions of transport and portability. Unlike rail with its set paths, or the detachment of high-in-the-sky air travel, roads imply pedestrians and small vehicles, multiple possible routes and choices between them: the possibility of entering the same work four times and experiencing it in four different ways. Like Rugoff's *Walking in My Mind*, the roads draw attention to the moving body of the visitor.

The first exhibition room featured works including *Garage Renovation New York* (Cherry Makitah) (1993) and *Love Seat*.

Once I couldn't resist anymore, I moved to the second room, *The Creation Myth!* I recognized the tables, cords and buckets. There were projections washing over the tables and ceiling, I could hear the Train of Thought whirring, music on repeat from a videogame home screen and the car radio. I could smell the smoke. Everything was in place, I happily spent hours inspecting it. I could peer closely at everything. I could read the labels on the different parts and could see the individual porn images on the raw wood. I felt so close, I felt as if he might come back soon to ride the Rebellious Part and rip a few more holes in the wall with the Prick.



Philadelphia city advertisements for *Four Roads* at Philadelphia Institute of Contemporary Art, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

I felt conscious of my own body in the larger body. It was very different to the experience of standing apart from a sculpture such as Chris Burden's *Porsche with Meteorite*. In the New Museum where we saw the *Porsche*, we were subject to being specifically directed to move around, rather than being given a road map and left to wander, and to discover more and more from our own further inspections.

We spent two shifts, intersected by lunch, looking at the works in *Four Roads*.



Orange (lunch break in the café across from Philadelphia ICA), 2013, Scott Northcott.



Lunch break, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

The Creation Myth was set out to suggest a path. It was leading us around as IKEA leads you around. I found myself wistfully staring at a large chair at an impenetrable depth of the installation, a place even the most lax invigilators would never let me go. It seemed like a space for the artist and the artist alone. While I was staring at it, I imagined it as The Controls for a space ship, a seat from which I could possibly take *The Creation Myth* out for a drive. I was wrong. I later read that it was a massage chair, a place for relaxation where the Inner Child could play video games (Schaffner 2014, 57). This mistaken interpretation is something I consider in Part 4: Five Forts.

I thought of the 1967 and 1989 Jokers and their violent attacks/aesthetic gestures as I stared at *The Prick* and the holes in the gallery wall made by it. The attack on the wall

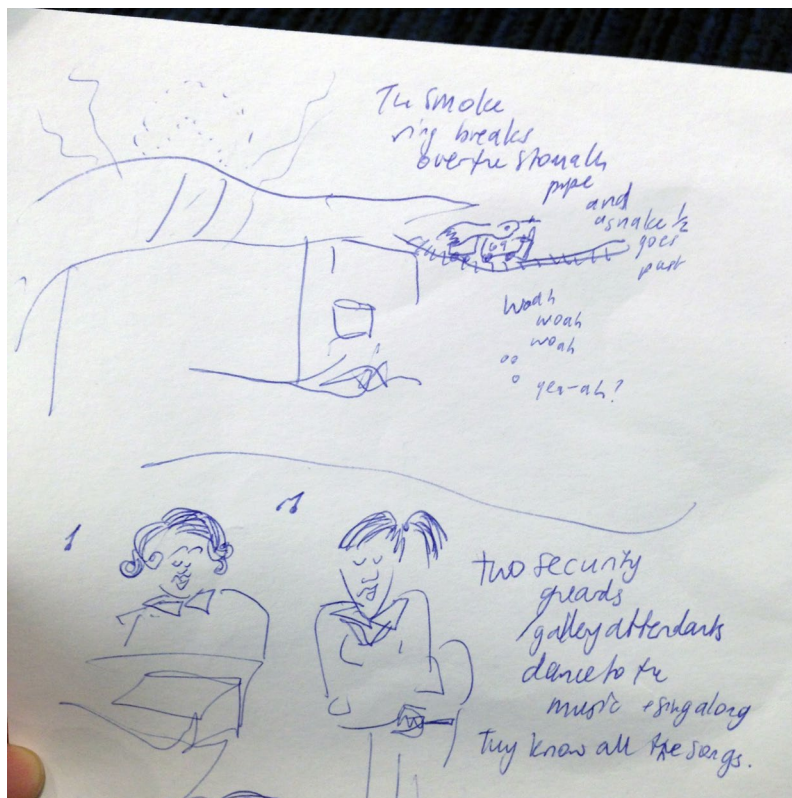
was an attack on the object that formed a boundary separating *The Creation Myth* from other works. From Rhoades' works, from the cars out on the street, from life and the work of other artists. The holes pulled the architecture of the ICA into *The Creation Myth* in a similar way Schwitters' Merzbau busted through the ceiling of his Hannover apartment.

We were meandering in *The Creation Myth* so long the second time that the invigilators ignored us. They stood by the car radio and began to sing and dance. They knew all the songs. I did not know if this is because they had listened to them so many times invigilating, or if the songs were more popular in the USA than in Australia, or if I wasn't really listening to this kind of music in 1998.



Drawing after detail of The Prick in photograph of The Creation Myth on page 37 in Volume: A Rhoades Referenz, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

With a twinkle in her eye, the less strict invigilator told us about The Shit. When her colleague left briefly, she fired off a quick secession of smoke rings from the ASS-HOLE and let us take photographs. I had heard the machine go off before and glimpsed smoke rings in the corner of my eye, but when the invigilator operated the machine for us I could focus on it. Our time spent was deeply rewarded. I watched as one of the smoke rings broke over the stomach at the same moment when the Train of Thought went by.



Journal sketch of The Creation Myth; The Smoke ring breaks over the stomach pipe and a snake half goes past. Woah woah woah oo a yea-ah! Two security guards/gallery attendants dance to the music and sing along. They know all the words, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

Essential Rhoades Reading

Behind the ASS-HOLE (smoke machine) was a staircase leading to an upper level where some other art handlers/invigilators were working on *Sutters Mill*. They were working according to a schedule, assembling and disassembling the *Mill* every few days. I looked at *Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)* (to be discussed in more detail later). From inside *Untitled* I could approach a half wall that allowed a view of the lower level. I stood in the place where Jayson Musson must have been to take the photo of *The Creation Myth* he shared on Instagram. I thought ‘thank fuck I saw it!’ On the other side of the upper level was a staircase that led down to a reading room.

The reading room included a comprehensive array of research material; monographs, exhibition catalogues and compilations where Rhoades was mentioned. These titles are published in a formidable list titled “Essential Rhoades Reading” and compiled by Katherine Rochester in the back of the 2014 catalogue *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads* (Schaffner 2014, 182-191). The reading room books included the children’s book from which Jason acquired the nickname Jason the Mason: Richard Scarry’s *What Do People Do All Day?* (1968). Some of the books are rare, out of print, or inaccessible, for example, the internal training manual from IKEA by Leon Nordin: *The Future is Filled with Opportunities* (1984).

Nestled among the books was a copy of *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*. I leafed through it because it felt like home.

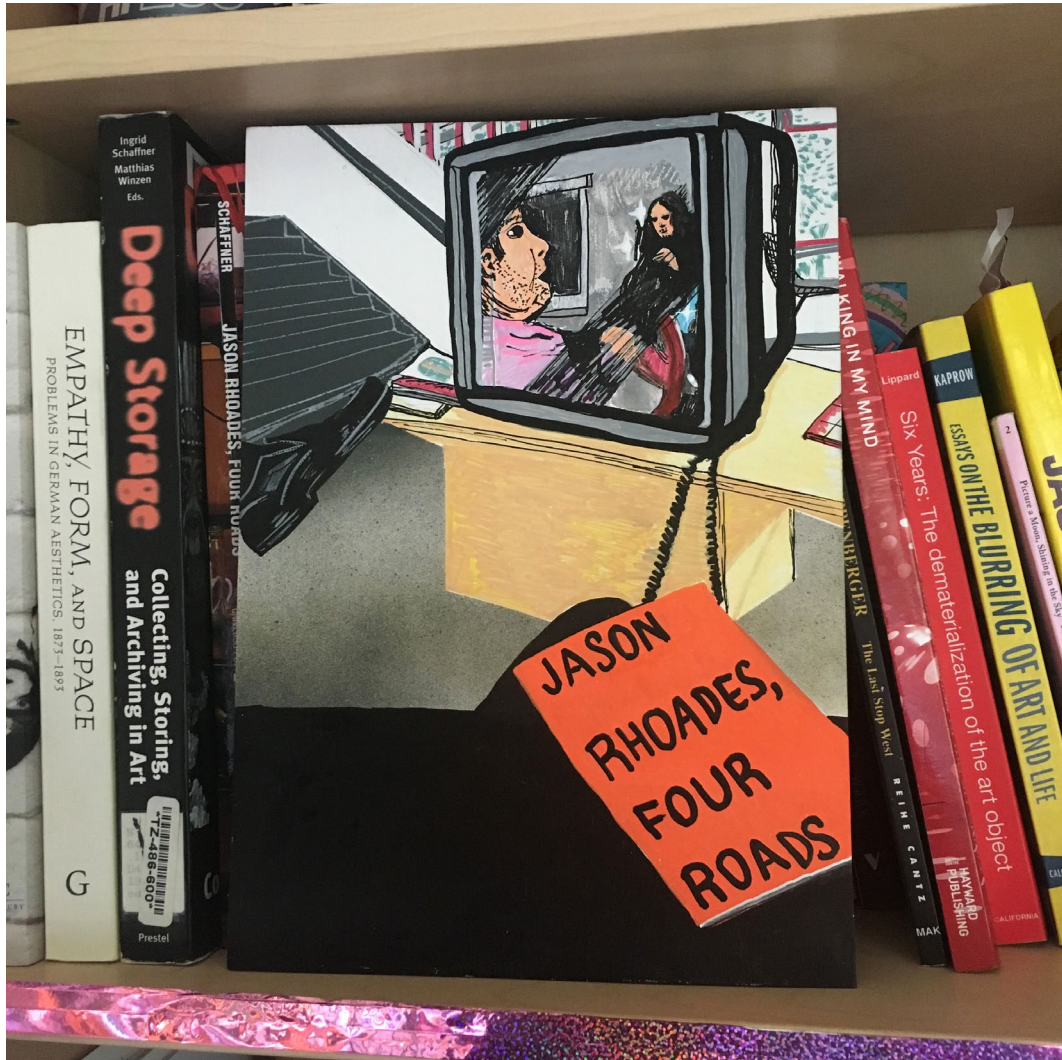
It felt like the familiar experience of sitting among books reading about art. Up until this time, it had been one of few ways to find out about Jason Rhoades. I presumed this method of appreciation was somehow tied to Perth; a place too far away from short trips to exciting international locations to see important artworks. It seemed a gentle surprise that it was not just me who saw value in the dictionary, but that Schaffner did too. Rhoades, in an interview with Michele Robecchi, said that the objects of his installations don’t matter so much as the manuals describing how to put them together (Rhoades 2006). As long as

the manual survives, it's ok if objects are lost. The written, photographed records are more important.

Stephen King asserts writing is “Telepathy, of course” (King 2010, 103). The words can be laid down to be read at a later time; imaginatively evoking ideas that make books “a uniquely portable magic” (104). Only by this magic could I have a book about Jason Rhoades, the same book that was used to meticulously reconstruct the works.

The books aren't just valuable after the fact. Ideas from books drove the works too. In *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz* the entry for DICTIONARY describes those texts as a “Departure point and basis of sculptures” (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 53). “Dictionaries are present and to varying degrees, visible – in almost all of the artist's installations” (ibid). In the reading room and in *The Creation Myth*, text does not function as a supplement or after-thought to the work, various volumes are used to *make* it. In the practice of being resolutely inclusive, the dictionary plays as important a part as the overlong extension cords, buckets, projections and rings of smoke. The experience of reading *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz* is a meandering experience too. Parts are connected to other parts and you could immerse yourself in a circular reading from *THE CREATION MYTH* to *SMOKE*, to *EPHEMERAL*, to *THE SPIRIT* to the *ASS-HOLE* (ibid). It is an engrossing experience. Being engrossed and meandering are motifs in common between the dictionary and the artworks it describes. Both evoke a sense of having designs on affecting the bodies of the reader or spectator respectively.

There was a sense of intimacy in the reading room because Schaffner read those documents as invitations, instruction manuals to assemble the exhibition. It felt like being privy to Ingrid Schaffner's research process and subsequent séance in the archive that bought the *Four Roads* into being. I felt so close, I felt as if Schaffner might come back soon to check the page number for a quote. Or that as I turned the next page, a note might fall out: a list of phone numbers or a receipt from IKEA.



Drawing after photograph in the reading room Philadelphia ICA 2013 photographed in situ, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

I read as Scott watched a television playing interviews with Rhoades driving the freeways of Los Angeles and explaining how car time is both a key to understanding living in Los Angeles and an important creative space.

Always and Forever Fort Building

One night back in New York City I could not get back to sleep. I may have dreamed of scaling Paper Mountain, trekking toward the summit on an aesthetic adventure. Paper Mountain is an Artist Run Initiative (ARI) in Perth that had put out a call for exhibition proposals in 2014. Rather than wake Scott, I sat in the hotel bathroom, on the vanity with my feet in the basin. In an interview for *Dazed and Confused* magazine, Jason Rhoades was asked:

D&C: Do you think of your work as a self-perpetuating machine?

JR: Yeah, when it runs perfectly. My work has to have information to feed on. It doesn't feed on itself. It doesn't feed into some bathtub conception of art. I never sit in a bathtub and come up with ideas.

(Rhoades 1998, 70)

It was 3:00 a.m. I started to write about what came to me as I woke: BUILD FIVE FORTS; the battlefield on which we take an artistic stance and fight.

Like Allan Kaprow, we would not come to look at the forts, we would come to be immersed in them. Banksy, Kurt Schwitters, Jason Rhoades all aimed to be immersed in art. The closing statement for the film includes samples from Banksy's last audio guide for the residency: "Don't we want to live in a world made of art, not just decorated by it?" (Moukarbel 2014).

Though the title of Banksy's New York residency, *Better Out Than In*, could refer to the health benefits of vomiting out poison, it resonates equally with Banksy's argument that art is better outdoors than indoors: "On his last audio recording, Banky [sic] makes this explicit, proudly claiming that 'Outside is where art should live, amongst us'" (Donnatt 2013). The art amongst us and a world made of art fits Merz continual art production. I thought we could engage in fort building for the duration of the exhibition, without aiming to finish the forts, but being in continual Merz production instead.

I thought the forts exhibition might explore the idea of Merz art practice with an open form and we could use the open form to experiment with *Einfühlung*. Jason Rhoades, The Banksy Restoration Society, the Joker and Wet Wipe Gang might be our mascots for articulating critical aesthetic gestures.

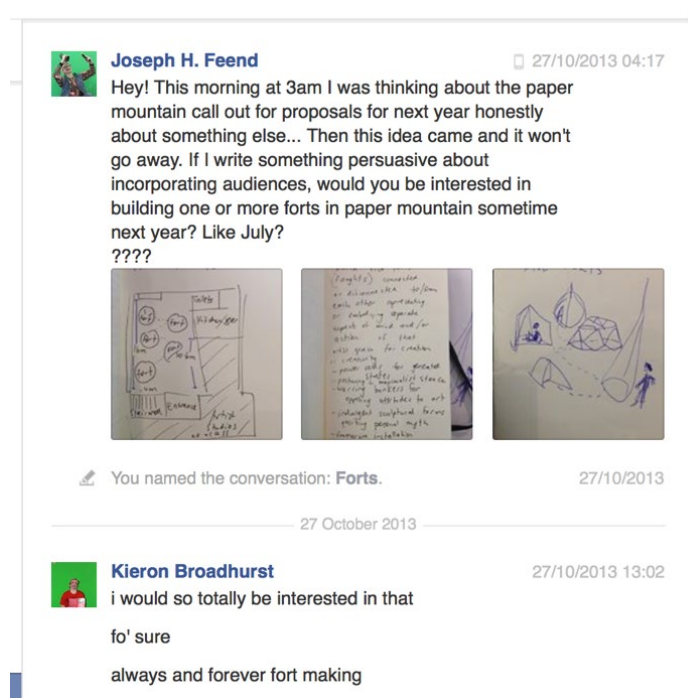
As Banksy wrote in the 2006 monograph *Wall and Piece*:

Imagine a city where graffiti wasn't illegal, a city where everybody could draw whatever they liked. Where every street was awash with a million colours and little phrases. Where standing at a bus stop was never boring. A city that felt like a party where everyone was invited, not just the estate agents and barons of big business. Imagine a city like that and stop leaning against the wall – it's wet.

(Banksy 2006, 97)

I imagined the forts made of art, wet and the visitors and artists moving amongst them.

I waited for the idea to recede, but after writing the words, drawing a series of differently shaped forts and a map of Paper Mountain with five forts in it, I only felt more convinced Five Forts needed to be realized. I sent a message to Kieron Broadhurst using the Facebook pseudonym Joseph H. Feend:



Screen grab of Facebook messenger conversation with Kieron Broadhurst, *Fort idea*, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

In different ways and to different degrees, the art practices of Kieron Broadhurst, James Cooper, Amy Hickman and Ashley Ramsey shared an element of continual production, creative destruction and engaging in environs around the images they generated. I could easily imagine these artists drawing whatever they liked and allowing everyone to be invited to do the same. I discuss in Part 4: Five Forts an exhibition that allows for these types of spectatorial practice.

Open the windows to land
Look out across the farmland
Approaching the escarpment
Perth is *My Madinah*

The pilot announced the time in Perth. I checked my wristwatch and it matched. I'd left it unadjusted through my travels because the time difference between New York and Perth, in October, is 12 hours: a complete inversion of day and night. In the moment of arrival, the universe is upside down from how it was the day before, which did not exist for us. There are many destinations that are complete inversions from Perth but this particular one is very neat. It entails journeying across 12 time zones on a series of planes for around 24 hours. A day is lost crossing the dateline and so there are 12 hours and 12 non-hours. Half our time pushing forward reveals how far we are behind. Our rhythms are torn apart from one reality and forced into another. We are sent into a process of being unformed and reformed. Schwitters had a phrase for a certain part of the Merz process: *Formung* and *Entformung*, which is "created through a process of tearing, clipping and pasting, and assembling materials and words extracted from their original context, reconstituting them and redeeming them simultaneously" (Gamard 2000, 28). We had been torn apart from travelling. What happens next would be our reconstitution.

As instructed, I opened the plane window shade. This is not an ordinary daily occurrence, but it is usually a forgettable part of travelling home. At first glance I noticed some smoke from back burning. It formed a hazy separation between the ridiculous blue of Perth sky above and the green pastures in neat rectangles all lined by trees below. The grid-like land mass stretched out into, but was indistinguishable from, the haze of smoke that ran up into the heavens. We were on our plane nestled evenly between the two. Equal parts earth and heaven with a hazy middle space in between. There and then I recognized Jason Rhoades' *Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)* in the view of the landscape out of the plane window. In a moment of clarity, I sensed an immense under-

standing and appreciation for the artwork I had visited several days earlier. The intensity of understanding was only partially felt in the moment of visiting the work. But like *World Sick* – in Five Forts – some strange timing led to a full appreciation of it being felt in a different moment.

In *Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)* (2004/2013), there was an invitation enter the work. I was not especially drawn to it, but the recent feeling of longing to sit in Rhoades' massage chair in *The Creation Myth* drove me in. From outside I could see the floor was covered in rectangular pastel coloured forms. As I took my shoes off, I noticed they were towels. They felt soft underfoot, then cold and smooth. I looked down and noticed the smooth parts were an intricate sea of dried glue and there were also many semi sacred artefacts; crystals, incense... on nearly every towel. There was no place to stand and avoid these. I accidentally kicked a cluster of quartz crystal with my socked foot. It righted itself but I still felt terrible until I saw a few crystals had been completely dislodged by others. Ha! I wasn't THAT guy! It was as though Rhoades had playfully set a series of sacred traps to catch the visitors causing damage while experiencing the work. He created a gaze that was damaging.

The neon above made barely any noise. From viewing images of this work, I expected to hear buzzing and feel overwhelmed by both the presence of the lights and the words. Some visitors were "downright offended" (Grablutz 2013). Instead it felt quiet. The neons glowed like stained glass church windows illuminating the parishioners gathering to worship below. In trying to read the words I had to move around. But to move around was to risk kicking an artefact. My gaze was split between establishing a correct standpoint for reading the backward or oblique text and navigating the sacred ground. Each individual word became an exercise in manoeuvring to read. It was easy to forget which neon shape I was stalking. This process of viewing the artwork had an effect: objects seemed to be appearing and disappearing.



Drawing after photograph taken from inside Untitled (My Madinah), with a view to Sutter's Mill Jason Rhoades Four Roads Philadelphia ICA 2013, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

The words I was struggling to read were all synonyms for female genitalia. Rhoades compiled the words as part of his “Pussy Trilogy”. In 2006, Rhoades invited visitors to the *Black Pussy Cabaret Soiree Macramé* to participate in a gathering at his secret Los Angeles studio. They were asked to wear bright white and contribute a ‘pussy word’ to the collection of thousands (Lipsky-Karasz 2007, 14). Adjacent to *Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)* at the ICA, under a glass vitrine on a shelf, sat *1724 Birth of the Cunt*, a large pink artist book containing 1724 embossed ‘pussy words’. In there and in *My Madinah*, the words and phrases ranged from the benign to profanities, from established terms to those possibly invented specifically for the purpose of yelling out at a soiree. Rhoades allowed the spontaneous phrases to sit alongside those of lore. The words may describe the same thing but “have radically different meanings” (Lunn 2004, 235).

Words I had read dissolved into a series of coloured lines glowing above. They seemed to release me from offense by collapsing back into nonsense. There was no standpoint from which I could observe the whole work. The “viewer circulates through the piece”, which is how Paul McCarthy described one of Rhoades’ installations (Rugoff and McCarthy 2012, 19). It could be aligned to a realization of what Guy Debord described as a “confused totality” where one has to “imagine the full complexity of a moment that is not resolved into a work, a moment whose development contains interrelated facts and values whose meaning is not yet apparent” (Debord 1959b). The dynamics of the Merz process of *Formung* and *Entformung* happening in real time incite a state of flux “a dynamic metamorphoses of becoming rather than a static end” (Gamard 2000). This process felt subtle, so much so as to not be fully appreciated in the moment, but later. Several reviewers reacted to Rhoades’ work with a sense of ambivalence when the work was first exhibited in the United States (Lunn 2004, 235).

In that moment of looking out the plane window, *Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)* was reflected in my indefinite position: the circling motion of trying and failing to read words and avoid artefacts underfoot, and a hazy middle space between the horizon and the land mass of outer Perth. The middles both seem at a point of unresolving themselves. Seeing the sun high in the sky at 3:00 a.m., seeing a solid unchang-

At the ICA I read a few more words, let my eyes go out of focus a bit, surveyed the crystals and snuck a few photos of Scott wandering through. My position inside the work and the security guard's position outside made it easy to take sneak photos. That was interesting. I put my shoes back on and left to look at other things.

On the plane, in a split second, looking out the window, inverted in space and time, I felt completely overwhelmed by the moment of seeing both the work of art and the landscape as one and the same experience.

Untitled (from My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...) is a world to contain the viewer. In the presence of the work, the viewer is wholly engaged with negotiating a suitable standpoint, generating equal parts sense and nonsense. Rhoades made a profane heavenly constant above and a sacred earthly surface below with no bible, no preacher, no walls, in order to host a circulating viewer. This is so subtle an action it risks rendering the artwork forgettable. The subtlety of my experience revealed itself in another worldly experience later. Not in the words but in the world; the sculpture becomes a way of life. There is a fantastical quality to a work that could extend as an experience far beyond the initial encounter out into the 'real' world. Far beyond the physical limits of one gallery or the temporal limits of one afternoon, Rhoades made the escarpment outside Perth *My Madinah*.

Fo' Sure

The five artists met to plan Five Forts and all decisions after this should be considered a collaborative effort between myself, Kieron Broadhurst, James Cooper, Amy Hickman, and Ashley Ramsey. The use of the word 'we' pertains to ideas that were negotiated or came from conversations.

In December 2013 Oliver Hull sent an email out asking for contributions to *The Death of Starwars*.

The Creation Myth

This Part began with a kind of longing for aesthetic experience by imaginative transport, gathering spatial experiences to build an understanding of Jason Rhoades' art installations. I documented aesthetic experiences in a variety of situations: viewing images online, reading books, searching in the street, visiting art galleries, and looking out the window on airplanes. I appreciated the work of other artists, which establishes a context for my work.

The experience of that counterpoint in *Porsche with Meteorite* and Banksy's open form of work on the streets informed the need to not just look at things but to play a part. *Einfühlung* is a way of considering how we play a part in Merz work.

I applied my interpretation of Merz to Rhoades' art practice. I considered *Einfühlung*, a kind of embodied appreciation, as the capacity to develop a portable art bracket that makes it possible to apply aesthetic consideration to aspects of daily life, or at least outside a museum or gallery setting, the pages of a book or the running time of a movie.

The next three Parts include contemplation of appreciating other artist's work and self-observation of my own art practice as I form the titular creative work.



Part 2

Practice for ***The Death*** ***of Starwars***

Please note the following Part is conversational. Artist Carla Adams has not watched any of the *Star Wars* films. I'm writing this as if Carla Adams were the audience, explaining plot developments in enough detail for any person who hasn't watched any *Star Wars* to understand. I will refer to the greater collective of films, TV shows, games, Wookieepedia, and branded toys, clothing and equipment as *Star Wars*. I will refer to Hull's zine as *The Death of Starwars*. The 1977 film released as *Star Wars* later acquired a longer name as other episodes followed. The first film can be referred to as both *Star Wars* (1977) and *Star Wars: Episode IV - A New Hope*. I will refer to each film by the last part of its name; the fourth column in this list:

1999	Star Wars	Episode I:	The Phantom Menace
2002	Star Wars	Episode II:	Attack of the Clones
2005	Star Wars	Episode III:	Revenge of the Sith
1977	Star Wars		
also known as	Star Wars	Episode IV:	A New Hope
1980	Star Wars	Episode V:	The Empire Strikes Back
1983	Star Wars	Episode VI:	Return of the Jedi
2015	Star Wars	Episode VII:	The Force Awakens
2017	Star Wars	Episode VIII:	TBA

The Death Hope

Star Wars doesn't have opening credits. It just starts.

On 22 December 2013, Oliver Hull sent a group Facebook message to a few artists asking for contributions to his project, *The Death of Starwars* (Appendix 1: Oliver Hull's Invitation) (Hull 2014). This zine would be a part of a three-volume feature on *Star Wars* by Institute of Jamais Vu (IJV) as part of their residency in Basic Space, Dublin (TheInstituteofJamaisVu 2015).

I had already made plans to visit my family from 23 to 27 December. This meant I only had from 27 December to 5 January to make the work. I decided to do it as a kind of Christmas break from doctoral writing, a tiny dense Merz project. I thought it had clear (ish) temporal boundaries and I would be able to use it as an exercise in self-observation of the creative process. I kept a journal; I took notes and photographs and engaged in intense production. By 5 January, I had made and distributed many drawings of *Star Wars* characters, sent comics to Hull for *The Death of Starwars* zine, and smashed as many Sex Pistols and Ash lyrics as possible into a dense manic essay I called *The Death Hope*.

After the initial furious creative production, I continued to develop Part 2: Practice for *The Death of Starwars* using *The Death Hope* essay as a starting point. I had found ways to incorporate aspects of my daily life practices into the project and achieved a sense I could 'see *Star Wars*' everywhere. Almost immediately I noticed my Merz practice for *The Death of Starwars* was not as discrete and straightforward as I had hoped. The more I wrote, the more I expanded on the coded ideas in *The Death Hope*, the more I found each tactic, method, theme or habit spiralled out of control with infinite possibility. Each time I revised this Part, I made more creative work. I found the concepts repeated in my art practices. They began before this project and continued afterward in other projects. It became difficult to isolate the project or tourniquet the leaks that allowed it to become a part of daily life in perpetuity; a project forever, not just for Christmas!

The Death Hope

I stood in front of the pole where I decided Darth Vader should die. Someone put a sticker on that pole saying: "I GOT THE TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT BLUES." I saw it yesterday when I was putting up other stickers; killing other characters. The pole with the BLUES was not the kind I prefer. At the traffic signal poles I can disguise the gesture of sticking a sticker while waiting to cross the street. At this pole – where I was standing – I was all exposed and completely obvious. Tense hesitation even in this moment of being completely immersed in this Star Wars world I created to create deaths in. The person who put the BLUES sticker there had nerve I don't. I turned the volume up two notches and peeled the back off my Darth Vader sticker. I quickly smoothed it out under the BLUES, turned and let it go.



I rewatched a New Hope just before I went to visit my parents farm for Christmas. I was full of Star Wars ideas and hope when I got there but after a couple of ordinary days I felt like Luke at Aunt Beru and Uncle Owen's farm. He is just not a farmer and neither am I. He sighs at the twin sunsets. Luke is trapped and separated from his destiny. Morose feeling small mind. I am separated from my studio and one million light years from home and the people who understand how to speak art. I feel like Luke but I know better. He cant see beauty or a future taking his place near the Bright Center of the Universe. He doesn't know he IS the New Hope for a Rebel Alliance speaking a different language holding different values to both those who farm and those of the Galactic Empire.



There's something that I understand: I merely get up early on Boxing Day to leave, Luke has to see the smoldering skeletons. The grosse overkill in the dead dead death to be convinced "there's nothing left for me here".



The Force is what gives a Jedi his power. It's an energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us and penetrates us; it binds the galaxy together.

ObiWan "Ben" Kenobi



My Vader who died near the TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT BLUES – it is in truth only one certain point of view. I blew on the breakfast espresso and a triangular shape appeared in the crema. I showed Scott exclaiming: "Look! An Imperial Destroyer in my crema!" "I think you might be seeing Star Wars everywhere," he replied. In my eyes, the pattern of Star Wars, interesting! Today, in the world, in the air, on my tongue: Star Wars! At the train station I heard the Imperial March (Darth Vader's Theme). For a second I doubted my ears. Scott said the pattern of Star Wars was in my mind, but as I looked around other people did too. Star Wars must be in the world outside my thoughts! The only person holding a phone was wearing a Yoda t-shirt. I texted Scott. "It's a sign" he replied.

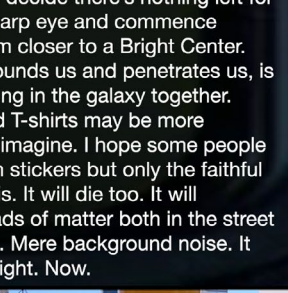
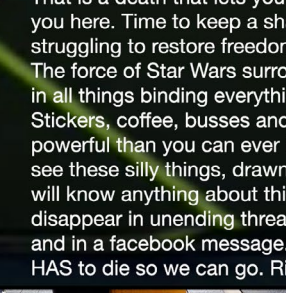
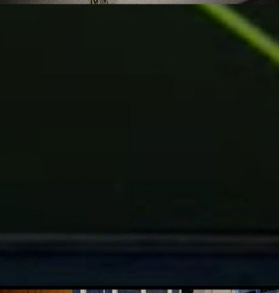
Star Wars surrounds us and penetrates us. Star Wars belongs to all people. And dead things too. I'm going to drop off these heavy books then go to Northbridge to take photos of the stickers I left for dead yesterday. I might play 1977 while I do it. That album was going to be called Young Dumb and Full of Cum. I cant listen to it and not be swayed by its visceral naïve exuberance, imagining reckless epic adventures.



When I got back to Perth I spent days drawing stickers of Leia, Luke, Han, Jaja, R2, C3Po, Lando, Yoda, Vader, ObiWan... all those who died a long time ago, far, far away. I drew them in full form to evoke their ghosts. For someone else the sticker is a sign. A future dream of something other than a shopping scheme. Against the Empire and restrictions on who owns what where and when. I handed the stickers out to everyone I knew who was around in the city. I stuck them up in the malls, in Hay Street, William Street. Collecting and building an Alliance speaking a different language to the CCTV, the MRA, the CPP, the IRA, the MPLA, the UDA... The characters all dead, die again in the street as stickers. Their deaths lead us to our freedom. Lets kill them all so we can go.



The piercing roar of incoming TIE Fighters fills my ears. I put on sunglasses and march forward. The next sound is Lose Control, the first track off 1977. Its named 1977 because it's the year of punk and the year of Star Wars aka Episode 4: A New Hope. Under the right conditions, an accelerating Transperth bus can also make the same noise as a roaring TIE Fighter. So many ways to die. The hope comes from things that die. You might die of boredom on the farm or be shot down in a TIE fighter either way you'll sometime see the smoldering skeletons. That is a death that lets you decide there's nothing left for you here. Time to keep a sharp eye and commence struggling to restore freedom closer to a Bright Center. The force of Star Wars surrounds us and penetrates us, is in all things binding everything in the galaxy together. Stickers, coffee, busses and T-shirts may be more powerful than you can ever imagine. I hope some people see these silly things, drawn stickers but only the faithful will know anything about this. It will die too. It will disappear in unending threads of matter both in the street and in a facebook message. Mere background noise. It HAS to die so we can go. Right. Now.



The Beach Beneath the Street

This Part addresses some properties of Merz creative practices including noticing, merging art and life, and the street.

Merz is a flexible and adaptive type of practice. When Kurt Schwitters fled Germany, he made pocket-sized carvings (Luke 2013, 43). He kept making art all the time. In an internment camp on the Isle of Mann, Schwitters worked in an attic studio where he made sculptures out of porridge (Powell 2013, 33). The Merzbau was a resolutely inclusive artwork that included influences from his fellow artists and friends, and “Every journey was an errand” (Feaver 1974). Kurt Schwitters did not stop making art for any reason.

In his Merz practice, Kurt Schwitters used collage to form his artwork from fragments. He argued that so long as an artist is capable of making a picture, they should be able to use any material whatsoever (Motherwell 1951). In this project we were using *Star Wars*: a series of films built from other influences. Author Jonathan Lethem wrote in his influential essay “The Ecstasy of Influence” that each moment is composed of old and new material (Lethem 2007, 68). Like the scrambling of song lyrics standing for sentences in *The Death Hope*, in *Star Wars* ideas are composed of fragments copied, torn and pasted together as a kind of collage. I looked at a few of these influences on *Star Wars*.

Artist and academic Lesley Duxbury wrote an article on creative research called “If We Knew What We Were Doing...”. In it she argues artists use idiosyncratic methods to create fortunate situations, then exercise a capacity to notice an incident that might assist in the development of the project (Duxbury 2009, 97). These are kinds of special noticing skills mentioned by Vernon Lee and Allan Kaprow as practices of spectatorship in creative production. Like Kurt Schwitters noticing different types of sneezes on a bus and using that observation to pen a poetic composition.

Merz’s creative practice is adaptable and can change. It is a process that reflects the shifting boundaries in daily life. I found it matched a kind of slipperiness that can be identified in notions like “the street” or the Chinese terms “Kung Fu” and “jianghu”, which I discuss later in this Part. In terms of creative production, shifting boundaries can be productive. Entertaining a fanciful idea often leads to more valuable places than a precise definition or explanation. New ideas are more likely to come from being wrong or finding an interesting inconsistency.

Author McKenzie Wark wrote *The Beach Beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International* about the Situationist International (S.I.), a group of artists and philosophers in the 1950s. The S.I. made efforts to rupture the utility of urban existence by using many tactics. One was a variant of collage they called “Détournement”; another was moving through spaces in subversive ways. According to Wark, because the Situationists thought that to stop and consent to the current state was to die, the sand beneath the pavers of the city was an imaginative ruin, a fresh resource to reassemble urban life as they saw fit:

Beneath the pavement, the beach. Wherever the boredom with given forms of art, politics, thought, everyday life jackhammers through the carapace of mindless form, the beach emerges, where form is ground down to particles, the ruin of ruins. There lies what the old mole is always busy making: the materials for the construction of situations.

(Wark 2011, 159)



The Beach Beneath Barrack Street, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

The sand is made of fragments ground down to their tiniest parts. I worked to create a situation, a world that helped with creative production. As versions reshaped and edited after the fact, I found myself returning to the productive patterns that helped form the comics drawn for *The Death of Starwars*. Some of these patterns are repeated in *21cm Underground* and *Five Forts*.

Each person writes or draws or writes and draws

In the invitation, Hull offered the artists a choice to “write and draw, or write, or draw” (Appendix 1: Oliver Hull’s Invitation). The first thing I did was draw. As Emma Dexter writes in the Introduction to *Vitamin D: New Perspectives in Drawing* (2005), drawing is the most basic approach artists use (Dexter 2005, 10). She describes drawing as traditionally

considered preparatory work done in advance of producing a painting or sculpture; “an under-regarded under-theorized backwater” (ibid, 8). Yet it is also associated with a type of primal magic: “a drawing enjoys a link with thought and with an idea itself” (ibid, 10). I use drawing because it is immediate and can be done using any tool at hand. It is conducive to operating in continual Merz production.

Within minutes of reading Hull’s message, I drew, from memory, two space ships from *Star Wars*: an X-Wing and a TIE fighter. I then drew a long line of the principal characters using an IKEA pencil on the toilet wall in my house. There they are today, their inaccuracies and oblivious smiles mocking me daily. This drawing is a thought that happened on a wall. Using basic tools, I took immediate action. The images and drawings that followed are different.



Toilet wall Star Wars characters, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

I replied to Hull's group message with three images. First, I made and photographed two paper sculptures: Han Solo's smuggling vessel, the Millennium Falcon, and Luke Skywalker's X-wing. Second, I took a handheld self-portrait. I wore a bed sheet to approximate the character Princess Leia. For the third, I searched my toy sword collection for one bearing resemblance to a lightsaber. I chose a homemade homage to a Hanzo sword from the film *Kill Bill: Volume 1* (Tarantino 2003). It was made of cardboard, wrapping paper and an old boot. I used a spare piece of black broadcloth and a Transformers mask I like to keep in the bathroom hamper to improvise a new Sith villain: Darth Bumblebee.

I sent these three images as a reply to Hull's invitation, an immediate visual confirmation of accepting the challenge. In a diagrammatic way, the images form a wordless agreement such as the *Symbolic Petition of Chippewa Chiefs* (Eastman 1851), a version of which appears on the cover of Mark Leckey's *The Universal Addressability of Dumb Things*. Lines from the eyes and hearts of a row of animal forms join up to demonstrate their corresponding Chiefs shared the same views. A line drawn from the Chief Crane's mouth indicated he was empowered to speak on behalf of the other chiefs (Leckey 2013). The image is an answer.



X-wing and Millennium Falcon, 2013, Joanne Richardson.
Self Portrait dressed as Princess Leia, 2013, Joanne Richardson.
Darth Bumblebee, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

I re-watched the film *A New Hope* (Lucas 1977). I had watched it six times by mid-January, then many more times during 2014. I watched the other films, and several episodes of the TV series, *The Clone Wars*.

In an essay accompanying the Richard Serra *Drawing* exhibition, Michelle White describes drawing as: “A trace of the artist’s body moving through time and space” (White 2011, 15). Picking up a drawing tool is an immediate response. Drawing is an activity that necessitates spending time paying attention. It exacerbates a capacity to notice details. In a 1977 interview with Lizzie Borden, the artist Richard Serra noted: “The more I draw the better I see and the more I understand” (Serra 1977, 63). Beyond the association with it being a basic, immediate tool, drawing may have the potential to demonstrate how much you may be ‘into’ what is being drawn. Berger wrote on the impulse to draw that:

There is a symbolic desire to get closer and closer, to enter the self of what is being drawn, and, simultaneously, there is an acknowledgement of immanent distance. Such drawings aspire to be both a secret rendezvous and an *au revoir*! Alternatively and *ad infinitum*.

(Berger 2011, 156)

The image is proof, a marker of intense moments of concentration. The idea of a drawing as something that brings you closer to the observed fits with a definition of the word “draw” that means “pull”, as in retrieving water from a well. Or the idea of “draw” as an invitation, to be drawn to something. Or the space known as the “drawing room” that is set aside for politely entertaining guests in a house. Drawing things pulls them closer.

I used paint pens on sticker paper to draw a homage to a 1977 poster promoting *A New Hope*. *Star Wars* Poster Style A was a reworking by Hildebrand brothers from original artwork by Tom Jung. It features the twin heroes of *Star Wars*: Luke Skywalker and Princess Leia Organa. I carefully observed the positions of the heroes’ bodies and used my memory of standing in approximately equivalent positions to draw them.



Drawing after Star Wars Poster Style A aka Jung/Hildebrand Poster designed by Tom Jung, adaptation by Hildebrand Brothers 1977, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Paul Klee's *Pedagogical Sketchbook* was translated by Sibyl Maholy-Nagy and published in 1925. Alongside two diagrams of a flexed and stretched muscle/bone combination with directional arrows is written:

One bends, the other stretches.

One bone alone achieves nothing (Klee 1953, 28).

The sketchbook includes notes about muscle as it relates to bone and the brain commanding muscle, moving bone. Klee's arrows indicating directional movement ask those forms to retain a relationship to movement associated with activity. The artist's body informs the drawing and performs the drawing I drew the poster using my corporeal past experience,

my spatial memory. In the initial photographs sent to Hull, dressed as Princess Leia and Darth Bumblebee, I made a record of the artist's body moving in space. These and my drawings of the Binary Sunset, the TaunTaun and Type A Poster are a record of time spent in *sehnsucht* (a concept outlined in the upcoming *Leitmotif* section), attempting to draw closer to *Star Wars*.

Initially, in January, I drew to get ideas. After that, I drew to re-immense myself in the creative process in order to develop ideas raised in January. By the end of 2015, I had drawn *Star Wars* Poster Style A three times.



Drawing after Star Wars Poster Style C, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Leitmotif

I spent time with my family for Christmas 2013. I was away from my studio desk at Moana Studio, only *thinking* about *The Death of Starwars*. I spent Christmas determined to do a lot of work on the project as soon as I returned to Perth. This exile from my project resonated with a scene from *A New Hope*: the Binary Sunset. The principal protagonist Luke Skywalker argues with his Aunt Beru and Uncle Owen, and leaves the farm homestead in frustration to watch twin suns setting over the desert on his home planet, Tatooine.

Peter Nickalls contemplates the significance of the score in his 2010 dissertation *Star Wars, Musical Anachronism and Audience Interpretation*. The score for this scene, *Luke's Theme*, gives way to the *Force Theme* in anticipation of meeting Jedi mentor Obi-Wan Kenobi and finding out what the Force is. A first-time viewer would only realize this in retrospect (Nickalls 2010, 17).

John Williams wrote the scores for the first seven *Star Wars* films and revived the use of *leitmotif*: a technique developed and used extensively by Richard Wagner in his operatic compositions (Brennan 2006). As Williams used it, leitmotif is a musical phrase associated with an idea or character (Paulus 2000, 156). For example: *Leia's Theme* is played when Princess Leia Organa is mentioned or taking principal action in a scene. *The Main Theme*, also named *Luke's Theme*, includes a French horn; an instrument associated with “young

male leads” (ibid). The horn is used in Romantic compositions to call the hero (Nickalls 2010, 18) from the farm to a higher purpose. In the Binary Sunset scene, the leitmotif evokes the notion Luke is in a state of longing for a mysterious and seemingly impossible utopian future.



Drawing after one of the greatest cinematic moments of all time: Binary Sunset, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Romantic artists of the late 1700s to early 1800s preferred states of upheaval and turbulent emotions, as opposed to making decisions based on logic and pure reason. *Sehnsucht* is an emotional state. It has been translated from German and defined by author and literary scholar D.G. Kehl as: “an addition of longing and to longing” (Kehl 2001, 309). It can also

be defined as a bittersweet experience of yearning intensely for a mysterious object, but not necessarily attempting to satiate the yearning. In *Romanticism and Its Discontents*, Anita Brookner characterizes *sehnsucht* as a general state of yearning, a love for “travelling but not arriving” (Brookner 2000, 1). The object of yearning may not be as important as the yearning itself. The kind of object suited to being continually yearned after was often obscure, grotesque, unrequited or irretrievable. For example, *sehnsucht* could be directed toward: an unavailable lover, God, a search for identity, a search for a more authentic identity, a loss of innocence, mourning the loss of a destroyed homeland, brooding about a dark past, or harbouring hopes for an impossible utopian future.

Sehnsucht is yearning but *Einfühlung* is a movement toward immersion, *Einfühlung* is an activity.

It is interesting to consider the Binary Sunset and its Romantic implications, evoked by the presence of the *Force Theme* in the score, in relation to Hull’s question about how ‘into’ *Star Wars* you have to be. The film narratives include many suitable objects for the character’s *sehnsucht*: searches for identity, destroyed homelands, and dark pasts. For film spectators, there can be a chance for *sehnsucht* too. Only relatively few creative people (actors, writers, animators, set builders, directors, composers...) will ever be IN *Star Wars*; every other fan is just longing to be there.

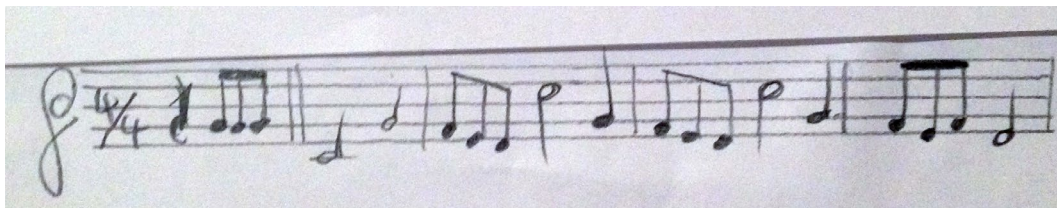
It is also interesting to note how in terms of the use of leitmotif in *A New Hope*, Binary Sunset doesn’t make sense when viewed for the first time, but is a reward for repeat viewings. I listened to the same music over and over, watched the same movie/s over and over. I listened to Ash and Sex Pistols working on *The Death of Starwars* and writing this: Part 2. I listened to a playlist curated for the exhibition 21cm Underground in Part 3, and Broken Social Scene for the exhibition Five Forts in Part 4.

1977

UK pop punk band Ash named their first album *1977*. They chose the title because it was the year band members, Tim Wheeler and Mark Hamilton, were born *and* it was the year *A New Hope* was first released (Ash 2013). It was also the year the Sex Pistols released *Never Mind the Bollocks: Here's the Sex Pistols*. I decided to play *1977* daily (in January) as my leitmotif for this project as it is possible to listen to music and walk around and/or draw at the same time. I started reading about Ash. One of the *1977* singles *Girl From Mars* included a B-side track that was a cover version of John Williams' *Cantina Band* song from *A New Hope*. Ash first engaged with *Star Wars* on the level of "nihilistic teenage rampage" (Ash 2013) as fans, but eventually contributed in an official capacity. Their band biography includes a note about playing a private show at creator of *Star Wars* and *A New Hope* director George Lucas' home, Skywalker Ranch. Ash's discography includes the 2004 song, *Clones*. This song is the first use of a licensed song based on *Star Wars* and featured in the game, *Star Wars: Republic Commando* (Culator 2015).

The first track on *1977*, *Lose Control*, uses audio of incoming TIE fighters sampled from *A New Hope*. TIE fighters are small combat spaceships used by the evil Empire to defend against attacks from our heroes, the Rebel Forces who use Y-Wings and X-Wings. I had heard this TIE fighter sound on Ash's album before but not really noticed it. *1977* includes popular tracks like *Kung Fu* and *Oh Yeah*. I read on a fan blog that the last song,

Lightside/Darkside (Wheeler 1996b), ends with Wheeler humming John Williams' *Star Wars Main Theme*. This, I had never heard, and unsuccessfully tried to find it using different speakers. Eventually I 'chased' the sound by increasing the volume as it faded out in the last 56 seconds of the recording. After the drums stop, among the trailing off of whirring loop pedal effects, is a gentle hum:



Drawing of musical notation of Star Wars Main Theme by John Williams 1977, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

The hum is not so audible in the lower notes, so it seems to fade off in the parts that sound ominous. The higher notes rise like a new hope. It was a revelation to discover a secret hiding in plain sight, igniting a sense that in things I thought I knew, there could be more. I could look again, try different ways to strengthen my talents for appreciation. I could pay closer attention and see *Star Wars*, as traces of it already exists in many things.

1977 was the year UK punk band, the Sex Pistols, went on their infamous 'jubilee boat ride' to perform songs in the general direction of London's Houses of Parliament. While some argue the boat ride was a "great party" (Savage 2012), others (Greil Marcus) would argue it was a musical strike against the Empire, a specific manoeuvre aligned with writings of Guy Debord and the Situationist International.

In *Lipstick Traces: A Secret History of the Twentieth Century*, Greil Marcus writes about S.I.'s influence over the UK punk movement. He contemplates listening to recordings of the Sex Pistols:

Today those old voices sound as touching and scary as they ever did – partly because there is an irreducible quality in their demands, partly because they are suspended in time [...] Listening, you can feel yourself respond: “This is actually happening.” But the voices remain suspended in time because you can’t look back and say, “This actually happened.” By the standards of wars and revolutions the world did not change [...] nothing changed.

(Marcus 2009, 2)

That is to say, events such as the S.I. protests in May 1968 and the Sex Pistols’ jubilee boat ride produced no change. Because things are the same, the experience of listening to the recordings or reading *The Society and the Spectacle* has an effect that This is Happening in a perpetual Now. There is a sense of urgency, immediacy, as if there was a choice to do it well or do it now, they chose Now. It is a leitmotif, to act immediately. It sums up my principal problem of addressing creative production. It is always ‘NOW’. This ‘now’ will be later discussed in the Carefully Careless section.

Creative Destruction

In 1997, in a journal for teachers of English, *College Composition and Communication*, Geoffrey Sirc wrote “Never Mind the Tagmemics, Where’s the Sex Pistols?” to address “the academy’s lack of interest in Punk” (Sirc 1997, 10). Sirc writes that the punk movement tapped into a productive idea about modern urban life, namely, its destruction: “The Sex Pistols sang about ‘no future’ as if they’d discovered the most wonderful thing in the world – its ending” (ibid 17). He describes how the punks were aiming to use it all up, to destroy it all. To create the last repetition. Sirc describes artist Marcel Duchamp as “the ‘original’ punk” whose work was often an attempt to interrupt “art as perfected repetition” (ibid, 15). The punks failed to bring about a real apocalypse but their tactics are perpetually accessible. Their tactics retain usefulness as creative methods. What exists already exists and new creative work is an interruption.

In their writings, S.I. advocated re-mastery of the everyday by movement, by walking, by protest; they aimed to reconnect to daily life. In the 1967 text *The Society of the Spectacle*, author Guy Debord articulates: “the individual’s own gestures are no longer his own, but rather those of someone else who represents them to him” (Debord 1995, 23). The Situationists yearned to be closer to their own daily lives. The spectacle had rendered people passive consumers of it. *Star Wars* is a highly successful movie franchise that can be considered a part of what Debord called the Spectacle. Asking the question “Who owns *Star*

Wars?” (Appendix 1: Oliver Hull’s Invitation) is a critical gesture when we make our own. It’s an especially vicious critique when the aim is to kill all the main characters.

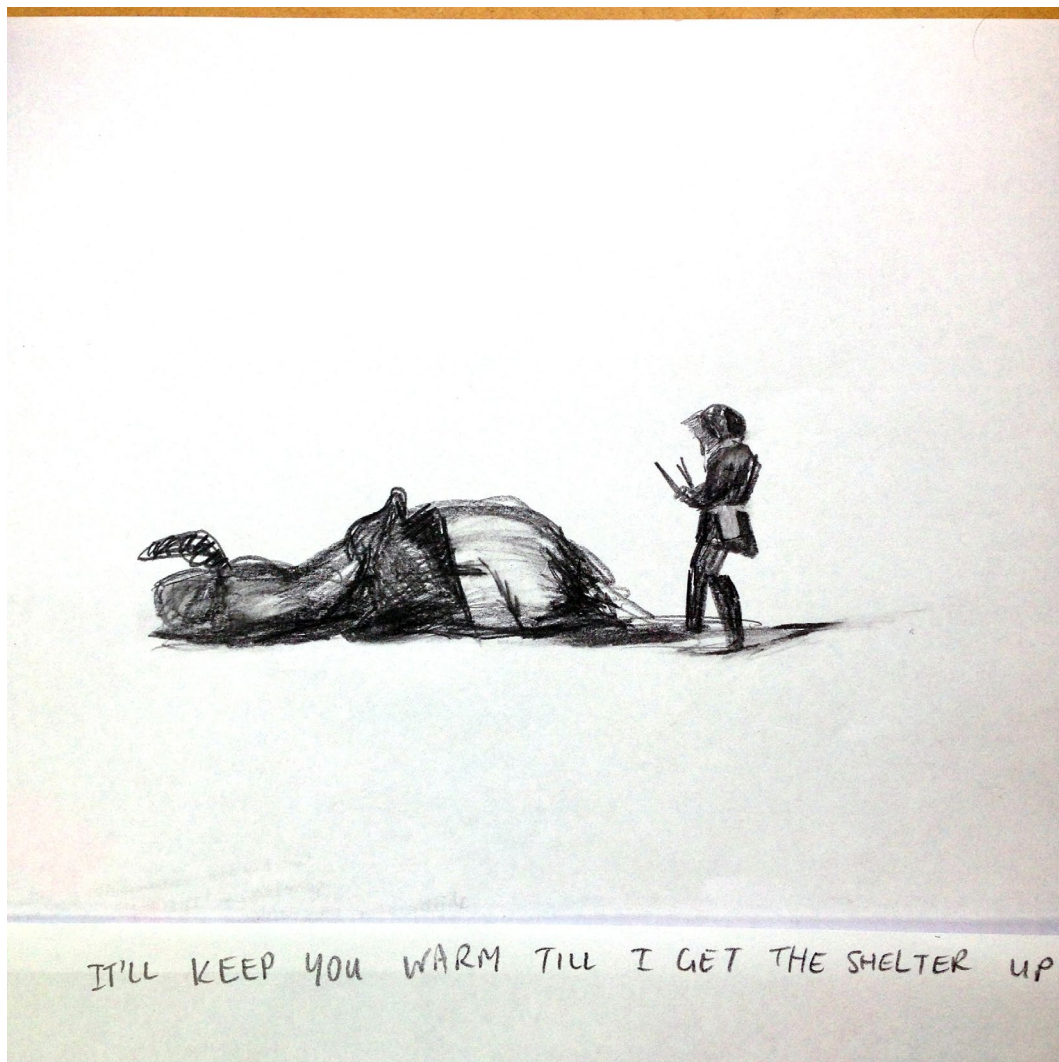
One of S.I.’s gestures was *Détournement*: to take fragments of writing, artworks, print media, maps (fragments of anything in general) and turn around their meanings for the artist’s own/new purpose. The idea is best summed up in a phrase from Debord’s 1959 Situationist film *On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Unity of Time*: “we could expect nothing from what we had not ourselves altered” (Debord 1959a). Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren and artist Jamie Reid contributed to translating S.I. writings to English. Reid designed Sex Pistols merchandise, including album covers, by using collage: a corporeal and philosophical gesture in one. As O’Riley describes in *Collage: Assembling Contemporary Art*,

Cutting or tearing, the essential verbs of collage, connotes violation and trauma, like a guttural, visceral rupture. Symbolically and literally, it speaks of intervention and vandalism, violating private and communal property, contravening copyright and scrambling identities.

(O’Riley 2008, 15)

Collage is a creative method that acknowledges a world already full of images, ideas and forms, and as Lethem puts it: it exists in an ecstasy of influence. We rearrange those forms for us, for now.

Hull’s project *The Death of Starwars* was a zine. A ‘zine’ is a fan magazine produced for a small audience and distributed for free, or for a few dollars to cover print costs (Dunnill and Kuan 2015), or in exchange for comment letters or art content (von Wayward 2004). They are often produced quickly – the day after a musical show, for example, as a ‘fast production with low circulation’ critical comment on music culture by people who were immediately present. Zines are produced using improvised techniques such as collage, drawing and co-opted photocopying. For example, ten-year-old Hull produced the original *Death of Starwars* for his niche audience: under-11s fans of *Star Wars* and ultra-violence.



Drawing after TaunTaun scene from The Empire Strikes Back, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

The zine format is consistent with the punk movement's DIY attitude: to seize daily life and manufacture one's own representations of it.

In *The Empire Strikes Back*, on the frozen planet Hoth, Han Solo rescues Luke Skywalker who is lost and suffering from early stages of hypothermia (Veronese 2012). Han cuts open his recently deceased ride, a TaunTaun, and puts Luke inside as a temporary solution. This is a desperate situation requiring immediate action. Han and the Rebel Forces are operating outside the scope of organized institutions, in some ways akin to an Artist Run Initiative (ARI). ARIs take many forms; artists notice a niche, a gap not filled by existing institutional structures, and extend the scope of their skills to build and manage small institutions addressing their needs. They have in common with zines the DIY attitude best captured in the 1977 *Sideburns* zine: "Here is a chord, Here is another Chord, here is a third. Go start a band" (von Wayward 2004).

Einführung und Adventures in Dental Health



Drawing after A New Hope still of Luke training in the Millennium Falcon, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

The majority of toothbrushes I've ever used are forgettable, except for some *Star Wars* themed toothbrushes I used when I was a kid. I remember they came with small long stickers that were the correct size to put on the toothbrush handle. Each sticker had a tiny portrait of a main character. I recall being frustrated by a closer inspection that only revealed ben-day dots. I wanted more detail. When I started searching for reference imagery for this project, I searched for images that matched my memory. Mark Newbold wrote a blog entry for starwars.com about some vintage 1970s and 1980s toothbrushes that includes the closest images I could find. According to Newbold, Oral-B sold *Return of the Jedi* dental products in 1983. Different versions of toothbrushes were released in different non-US countries, with adaptations to local languages and special offers (Newbold 2014). A lot of other *Star Wars* imagery is abundantly accessible but the toothbrush stickers are only accessible as a memory. I made my own *Star Wars* stickers as a response; visualizing more detailed versions.

My versions were mostly homages to photographs shot to promote *A New Hope* attributed to Lucasfilm Ltd. On the Internet I would search using the name of a character and '1977'. It would yield a large number of images copied and pasted across many websites. I could not find the name of the photographer/s. The images seem to exist as endless copies scattered across Seth Price's mass public archive.

Allan Kaprow wrote extensively on subtle differences between his conceptions of art, lifelike art, non-art and un-art. In a 1986 essay entitled "Art Which Can't Be Art", he



Portraits of various Star Wars Characters, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

wrote about brushing his teeth as an applied artistic consideration to a non-art activity in a non-art context. “I decided to pay attention to brushing my teeth, to watch my elbow moving. I would be alone in my bathroom, without art spectators” (Kaprow 2003a, 219). Kaprow’s interest in the non-art event in a non-art area was part of a campaign to collapse boundaries between art/audience and art/life.

While he brushed his teeth, Kaprow was unconcerned with the question of producing a work of Art or not. The thought “Now I’m making art!” (Kaprow 2003a, 221) was not part of the activity. Instead, thought was focused – on the activity, on the toothbrush and somatic sensations. My frame of mind was the same as I performed daily activities and produced drawings. I was focused on the task at hand, never thinking: “I’m making art now!”

My interest in Kaprow’s essay is concerned with how activities not usually considered as methods and/or materials for art production can be addressed as part of an expanded creative practice. The activities I undertook as part of work toward *The Death of Starwars* included paying a particular kind of attention to a series of lived experiences, which ultimately supported making a few drawings that were accepted by Hull in his artwork.

Initially, I considered my memory of *Star Wars* stickers on toothbrushes as evidence of *Star Wars* themed merchandise successfully achieving a certain level of saturation in daily life. I considered this saturation as a type of immersion in which the time to stop considering *Star Wars* never comes about. There is a parallel with Kaprow’s ideas collapsing the art/life separation that suggest, potentially, the time to stop considering art never comes about. My consideration moved from ‘saturation’ to considering the special particular way of paying attention Kaprow applied to activities like tooth-brushing. How daily life could be included in creative Merz production.

There is no evidence to suggest Kaprow (writing in 1986) was using a *Star Wars* toothbrush, or that he had read Oral-B’s *Star Wars Dental Health Adventure Book* published in 1983.

I contemplated the nature of Kaprow’s experience; brushing his teeth as a lone spectator both producing art-that-can’t-be-art and watching it being produced in reflection. I

contemplated Kaprow's notes on experience in relation to the theory of *Einfühlung*. In the Introduction, and *The Creation Myth*, *Einfühlung* is defined as a kind of 'feeling into', a process of aesthetic appreciation. Nowak argues it is two conflicting states of immersion and criticality (Nowak 2011, 323). Using the idea of *Einfühlung* in relation to the *Batman* (1989) scene where the Joker dances alongside, then knocks over, Degas' *Grand Arabesque*, I argued these conflicting states have great potential to facilitate creative production. I dress up as Princess Leia and recall my stance to draw a form, then write about that, too.

Vernon Lee's *Einfühlung* scholarship is a process of self-observation.

In "On the Limits of Empathy", Juliet Koss characterizes *Einfühlung* in opposition to Clement Greenberg's notion of a disembodied eye. Greenberg asserted that unlike representational paintings with perspectival illusions of architectural space, Modernist paintings can be "seen into; can be travelled into... only with the eye" (Koss 2006, 142). Consider *Einfühlung* in the context of Kaprow brushing his teeth: the artist had traversed through the painting into the three-dimensional world and was engaged with feeling into the experience in an embodied sensory way.

There is a scene in *A New Hope* where Chewbacca, Han Solo, Luke Skywalker and Obi-Wan Kenobi are aboard the Millennium Falcon on their way to planet Alderaan. Han watches as Obi-Wan supervises Luke practicing his swordsmanship with a lightsaber and a remote combat training automaton. Obi-Wan hands Luke a helmet and asks him to practice with a visor obscuring his vision.

Luke: With the blastshield down, I can't even see! How'm I s'posed to fight?

Obi-Wan: Your eyes can deceive you. Don't trust them.

Stretch out with your feelings.

(Lucas 1977)



Portrait of Luke Skywalker, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Luke is asked to use senses other than eyesight to perceive the situation. The translation of *Einfühlung* as ‘feeling into’ resonates with Obi-Wan’s instruction to “stretch out with your feelings”. Both could apply to Kaprow’s efforts to engage with his daily tooth-brushing activity. By carefully observing the situation, observing himself, his sensations, Kaprow stretches out his awareness of tooth-brushing:

The physicality of brushing, the aromatic taste of toothpaste, rinsing my mouth and the brush, the many small nuances such as right-handedness causing me to enter my mouth with the loaded brush from that side and then move to the left side...

(Kaprow 2003a, 221)

The particular kind of attention Kaprow pays to his activity enables the activity to be considered as a work of art-that-can't-be-art. Artist Robert Morris wrote notes on the properties of Minimalist art forms:

Art is primarily a situation in which one assumes an attitude of reacting to some of one's awareness as art.

(Morris 1984, 101)

Kaprow argues that not thinking about making art, but instead practicing the particular kind of attention or an attitude of reacting to one's own awareness is, paradoxically, art. Similarly, Vernon Lee used a process of self-observation to study, practice and enhance aesthetic appreciation. It is interesting to note that Kaprow includes notes on how the experience of focused attention had effects that extended beyond his initial self-observation:

An unremarkable picture of myself was beginning to surface, an image I'd created but never examined. It colored the images made of the world and influenced how I dealt with my images of others. I saw this little by little.

(Kaprow 2003a, 221)

The change in dealing with other images was a consequence of two weeks of ritual repetition of the particular kind of paying attention.

Teeth brushing is part of daily activity attending to corporeal body maintenance, a ritual of getting ready to start the day or end it. In 2012 I reviewed my personal daily habits in detail. I developed a form to be used in the event of leaving the house entitled: Urban Day Walk checklist (Appendix 2: Checklist for leaving the house). I was particularly interested in eliminating the frustration of 'forgetting' small items. To begin with, the notion they were 'forgotten' was problematic in that their absences were usually acutely felt. I came to understand the items that were left behind were often misplaced at a crucial juncture of packing to leave, or unpacking from a previous journey. Leaving behind sunglasses or Ventolin could be respectively annoying or near fatal. I trained myself to establish a ritual



Portrait of Obi Wan Kenobi again, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

to ensure I always had the right things, and was appropriately and convincingly READY. However, this checklist was quickly dismissed as I found excessive contemplation could lead to not leaving the house. And a temptation to repeat each detail unthinkingly, which is neither adaptive nor flexible.

I noted in *Star Wars* that Obi-Wan Kenobi only has one outfit. In his first appearance in *A New Hope*, his outfit is seemingly adapted to environmental conditions in the desert on Tatooine. The outfit has similarities with other outfits worn by the inhabitants of Tatooine – for example, Tuscan Raiders, farmers and Jawas. But then Obi-Wan is stuck wearing those clothes in different contexts where they cease to be appropriate to local conditions. The most incongruous occurs in *The Phantom Menace* as Obi-Wan and his Master, Qui-Gon Jinn, swim underwater in full cloaks.



Portrait of Mace Windu detail from *The Death of Leia Skywalker as a Jedi*, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

When Luke travels to Dagobah for Jedi training in *The Empire Strikes Back*, he meets Master Yoda who lives in a swampy jungle environment and wears the same outfit as Obi-Wan. In *The Phantom Menace*, the entire Jedi Council who meet on Coruscant, a totally urbanized planet, wear similar outfits to Obi Wan in *A New Hope*. Perhaps the outfit I wear today makes sense on this planet right now, but then never changes again if I become a ghost? I appear as a spectre in this outfit, or appear meeting with a horde of artists who all wear the same outfit as I do right now. It may be like Andy Warhol's soup. It works, for lunch; it makes so much sense there's no need to contemplate other lunch food. By repetition, a good lunch decision inspires a repeated motif in Warhol's oeuvre that, in turn, becomes so enmeshed with his character it threatens to become more his character than himself.

My portraits of Princess Leia based on promotional photographs for *A New Hope* each featured the cinnamon bun hairstyle. But at the end of *A New Hope*, as well as all through *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*, Princess Leia wore her hair in many different configurations of plait.

I plaited my hair in new ways. I plaited my hair as a habit, but somehow always thought about Princess Leia. Plaiting my hair seemed significant. I did it during the project, then continued to do so as I produced this writing. The drawings demanded concentrated study and the concentration seemed to stretch from images of hair into feeling my own hair. I manipulated daily life to immerse in *Star Wars*. These repeated manipulations formed into new habits that continued past the end of the project.



Hair 27th February, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Hair 1st March, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Hair 24th February, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

I decorated t-shirts using symbols from *Star Wars*. I studied marks on Rebel pilot's helmets to produce drawings of Luke Skywalker in his pilot outfit. I made a paper stencil to mimic part of one of the markings. I made the other part of the marking using the base of a studio coffee cup as a stamp. The coffee cup is an item used in daily ritual, which was co-opted to

serve the *Star Wars* project. As the residual paint on the base of the cup did not interfere with its function, it retains a black mark to this day. I make cups of tea in 2016 thinking of this cup as the Rebel pilot *Star Wars* cup. I made a stamp in the shape of the Rebel Alliance symbol. This stamp allowed me to repeat the Rebel symbol on a few shirts. In 2015 I made a more durable lino version.

I pledged allegiance to the Rebel Alliance via t-shirt. In 1871 a French gentleman named Xavier de Maistre penned a novel about a journey around the confines of his room whilst under house arrest. He insisted on wearing travelling clothes for the adventure: “The form and usefulness of these garments being pretty generally known, I will treat specially of their influence upon the minds of travellers” (de Maistre 1871, 132). He argued that clothing could have a powerful effect on the wearer, for example, those who dressed as officers came to believe they were that (ibid, 134). In contrast to de Maistre’s pretend officers, I imagined my *Star Wars* t-shirt admitted me to a *Star Wars* super fan club. This dream was realized a couple of times when, instead of saying goodbye to me, people ended conversations with the Jedi / Rebel blessing: “May the Force be with you.”



Jedi pilot and Rebel Alliance symbol t-shirt in neon orange and black, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Studio workshop equipment in Moana Studio, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Kaprow's tooth-brushing had a resonance that extended beyond the activity. By incorporating minor details into daily life practice, I extended Merz practice from studio to social situations, achieving an effect of having people remind me about the Force. This evokes a sense of being immersed in the project beyond the usual art making spaces of home and studio, and beyond the time limit of submitting work to Hull. I achieved a sense that I had successfully enmeshed *Star Wars* in the immediate practice of my daily life. Observing and manipulating the leitmotifs in my practice of daily life achieved a sense of immersion.



Various *Star Wars* Rebel Alliance and Mos Eisley Cantina themed t-shirts, 2016, Joanne Richardson.
Mos Eisley Cantina scarf with Rebel Alliance symbol and long giant lizard skeleton print in neon orange, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Warhol's repetition of the Campbell's soup motif established a leitmotif. During my project, the strategies for dealing with certain activities on a daily basis – namely, get dressed, drink coffee, arrange hair, catch bus or train, listen to music on headphones, walk to the studio – each became nuanced with the pursuit of feeling into *Star Wars*. I repeated the same songs, repeated drawing the same sets of figures in a similar scale over and over. I repeated

the process of putting them out in the street. I repeated the process of going to find them again. I kept looking for them after they were gone. All these activities focused on the task of achieving a kind of *Einfühlung* with *Star Wars*, reaching out toward it by immersion and critical reflection. What's different about the days spent on *Star Wars* is an attuned examination of these things being mined for the *Star Wars* project. What's different is a critical reflection, an invested looking of a particular kind.

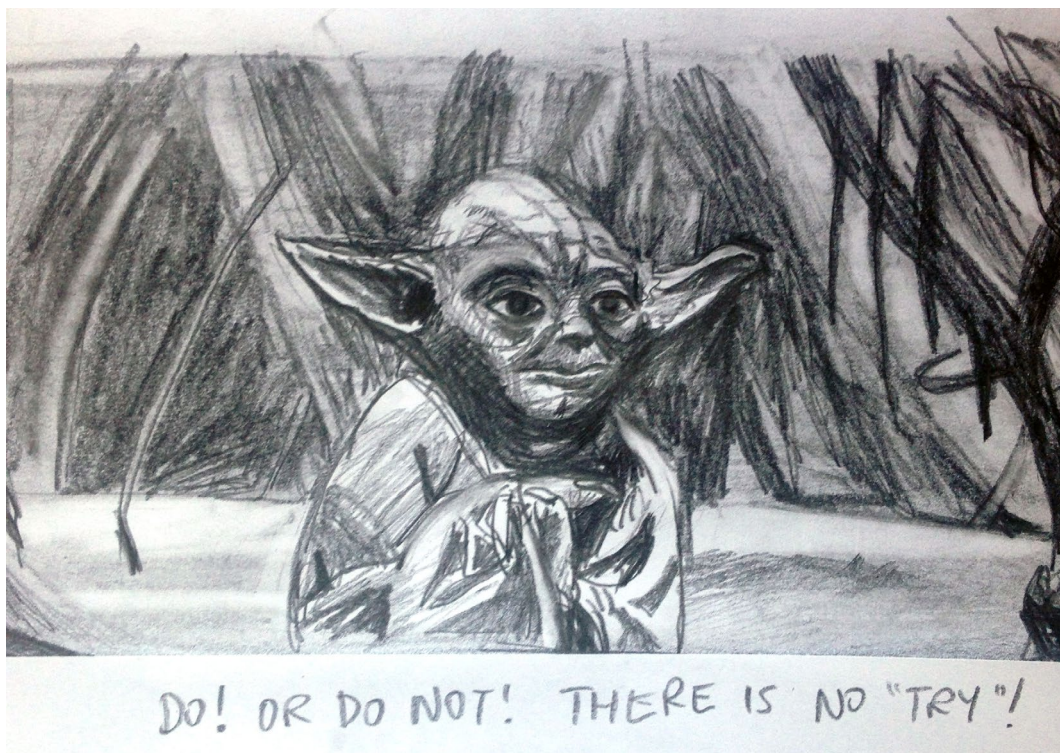
Vernon Lee writes:

It is only artists who get real pleasure out of art because it is only artists who approach art from the side of work and bring to it work's familiar attention and habitual energy.

(Lee 1909, 252-253)

The work of appreciating art and creating art have in common a sense of repetitive work, of clocking in to work on the creative project every day with this intense attention to things that are happening.

Carefully Careless



Drawing after Jedi Training scene in The Empire Strikes Back, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

I fell off my bike.

I wrote in my journal on 12 January 2014:

LIKE A NINJA!

The note was a reminder to myself. A special code. When it happened, I knew it was the best answer for a summary of Merz drawing art and practice. Action – happens. The body does a thing before you know words or what might result, before you think. I feared because I trembled! When I read Hull's invitation, the first thing that happened was a drawing of characters on the toilet wall. Everything that came before is training and everything afterwards is self-reflection, attempts at finding use and meaning.

Usually I let bruises go. They're humiliating evidence of being clumsy. Usually from forgetting I am not a ghost and walking straight into pieces of furniture. Not this time. This time I was thinking about Artists and riding my bike. Thinking about Artists and Jedi, and wondering if they have anything in common. Maybe something about practice, or training, or a particular kind of 'being ready'? I was also thinking about falling off my bike. I was riding down a hill with the brakes on, thinking how fast I was going. Thinking about the path and how it's not a dedicated bike path, but a shared footpath. Then:

Some young girls pulled out of their driveway without looking so

I fell off my bike.

LIKE A NINJA!

I was thinking about how fast I was going and about how I should be ready to fall off. I was checking all the surfaces, to see where I could swerve if I had to. No time. The girls where just suddenly THERE! I braked as hard as I could. I kept the bike straight because their car blocked the whole path. Time stopped. There was a blankness, I could only act.

I felt the full force of weight and fell somehow, but didn't make contact with the car. Afterwards, when I started to write about it, I recalled some time I spent years ago thinking about falling off a skateboard. I was planning to do a performance, *Skateboard Skele*. I bought a board and practiced on it. I read about how to ride it and how to fall. I read articles like "How Do I Fall Safely Skateboarding?" by "skateboarding expert" Steve Cave on websites like about.com (Cave 2015).



*Still from 29 Seconds of Skateboarding, 2011, Joanne Richardson.
Diamond Skeleton skateboarding plan for future performance, 2011, Joanne Richardson.*

The first option is to "run out of the trick" (ibid). The first option is to NOT FALL! The second option is to roll and avoid stretching out with your hands. Cave advises: "roll to land on your shoulder or back instead, tucking in your elbows" (ibid). My *Skateboard Skele* performance didn't happen. But, as part of the planning, I practiced for it. I must have been getting somewhere. Later, I fell walking up some steps and bruised the back of my forearm. "That's how they teach you to fall in Kung Fu," a friend told me.

I don't know anything about Kung Fu. When I was practicing on the skateboard, I had confirmed the skateboarding advice about falling with my copy of *The Worst Case Scenario Survival Handbook* (1999). The facing page inside the cover has a picture of a fist hammering down on the snout of a crocodile. The first page of the book has a warning: "DO NOT ATTEMPT TO UNDERTAKE ANY OF THE ACTIVITIES DESCRIBED IN THIS BOOK"

(Borgenicht and Piven 1999, i). Here, too, the first option is to *not fall!* In the chapter, “Leaps of Faith”, I looked up a section, “How to Jump Out of a Moving Car”. The authors consulted with two professional stuntmen: Dale Gibson who taught sword fighting (ibid, 168) and Chris Caso, a gymnast who performed high falls in Hollywood movies including *Batman Forever* (ibid, 169). To jump from a moving car, they advised, pick a soft-looking area to jump toward, “Tuck in your head and your arms and legs” and “Roll when you hit the ground” (Borgenicht and Piven 1999, 82).



Rolling Technique in Five Shaolin Masters 1974, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Planning for things that may or may not happen is part of an inexplicable logic of being ready for the unforeseen. For example, I keep a collection of toy swords, I keep a Transformers mask in the bathroom hamper and I learnt how to fall off a skateboard I don't use. To make new art work is to venture into unknown territory. Every drawing begins with a new mark, a mark that must be made but cannot know if it will work or not. More adventurous parts of art practice, such as walking around or dealing with other people, are the beginnings of less and less predictable activity. To act is to lose control. In *A Field Guide To Getting Lost*, Rebecca Solnit writes:

How do you calculate the unforeseen? It seems to be an art of recognizing the role of the unforeseen, of keeping your balance amid surprises, of collaborating with chance, of recognizing that there are some essential mysteries in the world and thereby a limit to calculation, to plan, to control. To calculate the unforeseen is perhaps exactly the paradoxical operation that life most requires of us.

(Solnit 2003, 5)

Similar to Kaprow's intense noticing, Duxbury describes how artists create circumstances that support creative production, then NOTICE when coincidently events occur that might contribute to the project (Duxbury 2009, 97). Part of creating a world to work in is about constructing situations. Another important part is noticing when interesting coincidences happen. I was making sure I'd notice the journal entry later by writing NINJA in very large letters.

How is it possible, in art or in life, to be ready for anything at all? If you could have some kind of confirmation for being ready, it might be like falling correctly. As I wrote in my journal, I examined where my bruises were forming. They were on the outer parts of my limbs. My head and hands were unscathed, so I fell correctly.

In the moments before the bike fall, then afterward, I continued thinking about what consistencies I could find between Merz art practice, *Einfühlung* and art appreciation, and the idea of the Jedi and their practice and training, and my friend's comment about Kung Fu.



Almost an X-wing shape found on the floor. Moana Building Perth, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

What is a Jedi? A Jedi is a fiction written by George Lucas for *Star Wars*. To ask where the idea of a Jedi comes from is to consider Lucas' influences. Johnathan Lethem's essay "The Ecstasy of Influence: A Plagiarism" argues a lot of literature is the product of fragments collaged together (Lethem 2007, 60). "Literature has been in a plundered, fragmentary state for a long time" (ibid). Lethem uses the techniques of author William S. Burroughs as an example. Burroughs used fragments of other literature to create his work:

I knew that this 'cut-up method', as Burroughs called it, was central to whatever he thought he was doing, and that he quite literally believed it to be akin to magic.

(ibid)

Lethem describes discovering fragments that Burroughs had borrowed from earlier works of fiction by other authors. The practice of borrowing, of using multiple sources, can create an assemblage of an idea. Jedi is a collage of multiple sources.

To better understand and notice more things, I looked at a few collage pieces that inform the notion of a Jedi: Akira Kurosawa's Samurai in the 1958 film *The Hidden Fortress*, Joseph Campbell's 1946 text *The Hero with 1000 Faces*, Robert Hamburger's satirical notion of Ninja on the website *Real Ultimate Power*, and Benjamin Judkins' thoughts on Kung Fu in his blog *Kung Fu Tea*.

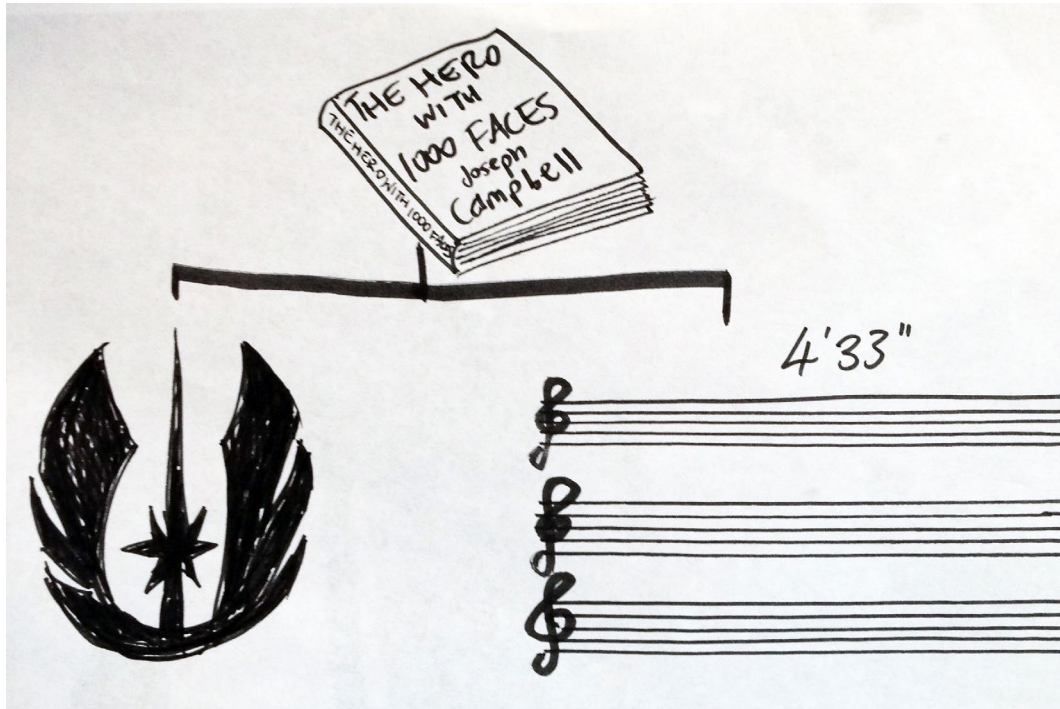


Drawing after Princess Yuki Akira Kurosawa's The Hidden Fortress, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

To begin with, *A New Hope* and *The Phantom Menace*, in particular, have many similarities with Akira Kurosawa's 1958 film *The Hidden Fortress*. In *A New Hope*, Imperial Governor Wilhuff Tarkin calls the Rebel Base a "Rebel Fortress" (Lucas 1977). Watching *The Hidden Fortress* whilst contemplating its influence on *Star Wars*, I felt a sense of familiarity with aspects of the plot, specific fight sequences, several characters and some particular filming techniques. Reviewing this influence leads to an assumption that Jedi conduct and swordsmanship was inspired by the Samurai in Kurosawa's film. This adds gravitas to my choosing the Hanzo sword from my toy sword collection based on the visual similarities between lightsabers and Samurai weapons. My toy was a homage to a sword made by a Japanese swordsman in the film *Kill Bill: Volume 1* (Tarantino 2003). In *Kill Bill*, the bride flies from Japan back to the US on a plane where each passenger has an allocated slot for their sword, like a cup holder in a car (ibid).

Another of Lucas' influences was Joseph Campbell's 1946 text *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Lucas is quoted on the back of the 3rd edition of *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* as stating that he often consults with the text (Campbell 2008). Campbell identifies similarities between major mythologies to create several archetypal narratives with general identifiable plot developments and characters. The Jedi Knight *Star Wars* hero Luke Skywalker trains to be a composite of various mythological warrior figures including: European Medieval knight-errant, Chinese Wuxia, Japanese Samurai and North American cowboy gunslinger. This generalizing has the effect of collapsing nuances between different warriors and their practices. Because the mythology of Jedi is a generalized idea composed of many mythologies, it's possible to create detailed, meaningful connections back to many religious philosophies and practices.

I noted that Lucas and conceptual artist John Cage (who taught Allan Kaprow) (Kaprow 2003, 224) had a mutual influence: Joseph Campbell. Cage used Campbell's theories "as jumping-off points for his own creativity" (Crooks 2013). Cage incorporated written instructions and allowed chance to determine parts of his creative work. He planned to include an element of the unforeseen. Cage composed a musical piece 4'33", a performance that produced no musical sound, which in turn allowed the audience an experience of



I wish I read less to find out this pointlessness, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

silence, discovering it was full of the sounds of their shuffling, breathing, chairs creaking and distant hums. “Cage was asking people to listen to the sounds that were all around them, at all times” (Godfrey 1998, 61).

In the post bike fall journal entry, I used the word “Ninja” in reference to Robert Hamburger’s satirical website *Real Ultimate Power*. Hamburger “has studied ninjas for several weeks and has watched a bunch of movies about them” (Hamburger 2014). *Real Ultimate Power* critiques Western popular culture’s misunderstandings of martial arts practices in video games, cartoons, comics and films. It could be considered as one of many critiques that problematize Campbell’s compression of martial arts practices into more generalized and/or simplified ideas. A Samurai is not a Ninja is not a Kung Fu master.

To find out more, I watched some Kung Fu movies including *Heroes of the East* (1978), also known as *Shaolin Challenges Ninja*, directed by Lau Kar-Leung and distributed by

Shaw Brothers. This film is a noted Kung Fu film, firstly, because it depicts Japanese warriors as respectable opponents, rather than as villains (McMillin 2015); and, secondly, because it lacks any fight scenes resulting in death. It showcases many different weapons and fighting styles. Despite being respectful in the portrayal of Japanese martial arts, characters in the film mention Ninjutsu is “treacherous”, while Kung Fu is more “fair and open” (Liu 1978). In the film, the Chinese methods ultimately triumph.

In researching further, I found academic and martial arts practitioner Benjamin Judkins’ blog *Kung Fu Tea*. I found the term “Kung Fu” is used differently in Chinese and English. In English, and in this document, it is used to describe Martial Arts Action Cinema, and hand combat practices featured therein. The literal translation of “Kung Fu” from Chinese means “skilful work or hard training” (Scrima 2003). A more appropriate term to describe combat skills could be “Wu Shu”, which translates to “war art” or “the art of war” (ibid). In technically correct conversations, Judkins uses the term “Wu Dah”, which translates as “martial code of ethics” (Judkins 2013), to describe the mutual philosophical practice and corporeal discipline of Southern Chinese martial arts practices.

Generalized ideas let us understand *Star Wars* immediately, as it starts in the middle. We can be immersed immediately. We understand themes generally: an overly authoritative government, a curious farmboy, a Rebellion, a battle. In the nuances and inconsistencies, in the errors in translating the details, we can establish a critique. And make new creative work. Lethem argues the “primary motivation for participating in the world of culture is to make the world larger” (Lethem 2007, 64). I looked into *Star Wars* influences not as an attack against inaccurate representations of nuanced concepts, but a celebration of growth. To revel in the complexity a misunderstanding could bring. The mistake makes for more work, more creative associations. Rhoades’ collection of 1,700 pussy words works to expand, change and complicate meaning, rather than attain a sense of precision.

Using the satiric NINJA, and not Jedi, was a reminder to myself that I don’t know what either term *really* means, as Hamburger’s introduction to NINJA evidences:

Facts:

1. Ninjas are mammals
2. Ninjas fight ALL the time
3. The purpose of the ninja is to flip out and kill people (Hamburger 2014).



This is a picture of my best friend Mark showing off. He's a lot older than me and almost done with puberty, which is bragable.

Drawing after Real Ultimate Power: Mark jumping out of a bin, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Hamburger's *Real Ultimate Power* parodies Western understanding of hand combat as purely corporeal: mindless violence. This understanding doesn't include any subtlety, or indication of a complex philosophy or strict ethical code. What Hamburger proposes is flippant and impulsive. It is at odds with traditional Kung Fu Masters who would rather let their traditional practices die out than modify them for students who are unwilling to undertake a ten-year commitment to proper training (Matuszak 2016).

Hamburger's critique also strikes against an uncritical acceptance of generalized ideas. Ted Friedman presents a critique in a transcript of a 2011 conference presentation titled "Marx, Jung & Yoda: The Dialectics of the Force". He contemplates the popularity of an annual *Star Wars* Imperial Stormtrooper parade in Atlanta, USA, as a kind of critique of Lucas' straightforward plot line: dark versus light, the "Western Manichean vision of absolute good and evil" (Friedman 2011). Friedman suggests the *Star Wars* fans may dress as Stormtroopers because "[t]he dark side represents not simply evil, but the shadow side of our own personalities" (ibid). This poses a challenge to Lucas' idea of the Force, a simplification of Taoist ideas where light and dark operate in relief, and should always *both* be included in some sort of balance (ibid).

Real Ultimate Power includes a page of hate mail addressed to the site. If any of the letters are real, none take the site to be a valuable satirical critique, but as straightforward, misguided and offensive. Despite this, the F.A.Q. page includes some possibly insightful statements:

Q: Why is everyone so obsessed about ninjas?

A: Ninjas are the ultimate paradox. On the one hand they don't give a crap, but on the other hand, ninjas are very careful and precise.

(Hamburger 2014).

A paradox of being carefully careless pushes artists forward to produce creative work. Both recklessness in order to begin and a careful scrutiny to notice an interesting incident are needed. My falling correctly was a combination of riding a bike like I didn't give a crap but, at the same time, having a set of strategies for precisely dealing with unforeseen cars.

In the online article “Why America is Obsessed with Ninjas”, author Annalee Newitz explores the titular question by citing a range of incidents – from a martial arts demonstration at 1964 Tokyo Olympics, to the TV series *Kung Fu* (Newitz 2013). Newitz uses the term “ninja” generally as a way to describe people who are skilful, fast or efficient at their jobs. *Kung Fu* (1972 to 1975) starred David Carradine as an exiled Shaolin monk, armed only with his Kung Fu training, travelling through the Old West in search of his half-brother. Carradine later starred as Bill in *Kill Bill* Volumes 1 and 2 (Tarantino 2004). *Star Wars* also collages together motifs from the Old West and martial arts. The Jung/Hildebrand *Star Wars* Poster Style A image depicts these two motifs together: Princess Leia Organa appears as a gunslinger, evoking the idea of an American Western cowboy movie, and Luke Skywalker brandishes a lightsabre, evoking the idea of a ‘futuristic’ Samurai knight.



Drawing after a still from a Kung-Fu movie: *The Avenging Eagle* (1978) Cheuk Yi-Fan recites *The Moon at the Fortified Pass*: 'not one famous battle in history | sent all its fighters back' by poet Li Po, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

United States based academic Benjamin Judkins wrote a 2012 *Kung Fu Tea* blog entry titled “How Yoda Helped to Invent Kung Fu: *Star Wars* and the Martial Arts in the Western Imagination”. Judkins argues *Star Wars* is unique in inspiring interest in martial arts practice – both as a form of “hand combat” and in establishing the notion of a “personal spirituality” in a setting where technology and science might have made both appear redundant (Judkins 2012). Judkins argues Luke Skywalker is an “intermediary” that can allow Westerners some understanding of Eastern ideas (ibid).

In *A New Hope*, Obi Wan begins to teach Luke about the Force: “You will need to learn the way of the Force if you come with me to Alderaan” (Lucas 1977):

The Force is what gives a Jedi his power. It’s an energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us and penetrates us; it binds the galaxy together.

(ibid)

In *The Empire Strikes Back*, Master Yoda expands on the concept. Judkins explains the idea of the Force in *Star Wars* helps United States students with their Kung Fu practice, but “Qi is not the Force” (Judkins 2012).

In *A New Hope*, Luke destroys the Death Star by hitting a tiny target with a torpedo. His victory is attributed to a magical use of the Force after he shuts down the electronic targeting computer in his X-Wing. This resonates with Dexter’s description of drawing as a thought that becomes a line, and hand drawing is a kind of primal magic in a setting where technology might have made it appear redundant. I chose to draw where I could have used screen shots and photographs to make this document.

The idea of a martial arts practitioner and a Jedi using their bodies and philosophical attitudes together is affiliated with notions of self-determination and autonomy that can be realized by practice and training in a particular set of skills. Armed only with their art training, self-determination and autonomy are important to the practicing artist.

The skills required are diverse, as Gemma Weston outlined in a catalogue essay from a 2011 exhibition entitled *Plan A: a celebration of DIY*. Weston describes the value of DIY in contemporary art practice whereby

rediscovering the multitude of skills lost to specialization has an echo in the model of the contemporary artist promoted publically in the last 30 years – the multi-skilled cross disciplinarian. This reactionary self-reliance also has an echo in the more local context, where the artist must also become curator and publicist and installation technician, as the systems for support of young, emerging Western Australian artists are not readily available.

(Weston 2011, 5)

While DIY affords artists a degree of self-determination, Weston indicates that art practices are *necessarily* adaptive and require an ever-expanding array of skills. No one is coming to help. Artists have to help themselves.

During my training at Art School, I was once working with artists, including Emma Jolley nee-McPike and Danny Bourke, in a studio and discussing some plans for moving around some furniture. Mark Parfitt and another Master artist listening to our discussion asked us: “Why don’t you do it now? That way you won’t have to do it later, you can do something else later.”

In a feverish excitement, we started to parrot the same phrases back and forth as we moved the furniture. It seemed so simple and decisive. Do it now! Once it was done, we found ourselves doing other things later. We kept reciting the phrases. We responded to each other’s suggestions with: “Why don’t you: DO IT NOW!” It established a momentum. An idea arrived and action followed immediately. We were able to achieve significant progress without pause, doubt, debate or hesitation. DO IT NOW! reaches its maximum resonance after a long time in reflection, observation, research and preparation, after which hesitation can set in.



Popular knuckle tattoo idea, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

There is a blankness in the middle of creative production. Between training and self-reflection: there is only action. When yelled, the word “DRAW” can operate as a command to present a weapon and shoot! To act. No more negotiations or discussions. *The Hidden Fortress* and *A New Hope* both use familiar, identifiable patterns – hero, villain, battle – that allow those films to begin in the middle of action, part way through a battle. It just starts.

Just before the end of 2013, I spent the last of my money. I had run out of paper, I split the tip of a fine point paint pen. I marched up to the drawing supply retailer, the Butcher Shop, and bought two packets of A4 laser printer waterproof white sticker paper, a new marker and a spare tip. I spent the last of my money on these things so I could keep producing drawings for *The Death of Starwars*. It’s thrilling to be able to say I SPENT THE LAST OF MY MONEY ON COFFEE AND ART SUPPLIES! DO IT NOW! had unforeseen consequences. Part of maintaining art practice includes maintaining contingencies for maintaining a state of approximate readiness.



Studio coffee money, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

DO IT NOW! was developed in art practice, in doing, in reckless action. I came across a 1965 letter from Sol LeWitt to Eva Hesse published online. It read like an extended version of our useful idea. The letter was hand written and a couple of the passages ending with the word “DO!” surrounded by arrows pointing to it. “DO” loomed larger than the rest of the text. I printed out a transcript of the most resonant excerpts and pinned it to my kitchen pantry door. It’s in an unmissable spot so I can see it daily. I recalled in *Star Wars* there is a scene where Yoda says: “Do, or Do Not. There is no ‘try’!” (Kershner 1980). Watching *The Empire Strikes Back* again, I realized there are more nuanced similarities between LeWitt’s letter to Hesse and Yoda training Luke. I put the excerpts side by side to contemplate the Artist’s practice and Jedi training.

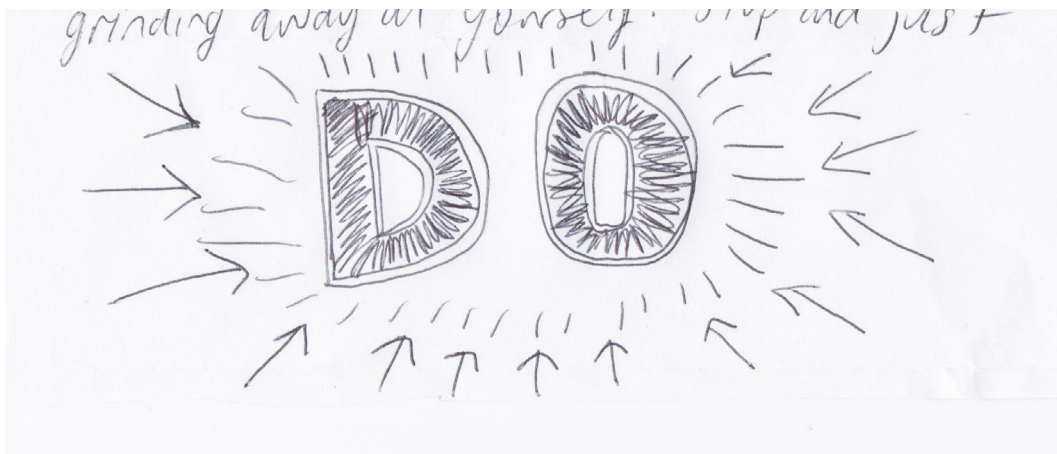
Excerpted from *A letter from Sol LeWitt to Eva Hesse*

April 14, 1965 (Whitaker 2011)

Just stop thinking, worrying, looking over your shoulder wondering, doubting, fearing, hurting, hoping for some easy way out, struggling, grasping... stop it and just DO!

Don't worry about cool, make your own uncool. Make your own, your own world. If you fear, make it work for you – draw & paint your fear and anxiety... You must practice being stupid, dumb, unthinking empty. Then you will be able to DO!

Try to do some BAD work – the worst you can think of and see what happens but mainly relax and let everything go to hell – you are not responsible for the world – you are only responsible for your work – so DO IT. And don't think that your work has to conform to any preconceived form, idea or flavor. It can be anything you want it to be... I know that you (or anyone) can only work so much and the rest of the time you are left with your thoughts. But when you work or before your work you have to empty you [sic] mind and concentrate on what you are doing. After you do something it is done and that's that. After a while you can see some are better than others but also you can see what direction you are going. I'm sure you know all that. You also must know that you don't have to justify your work – not even to yourself.



Drawing after Sol Lewitt's letter to Eva Hesse, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Star Wars Episode 5: The Empire Strikes Back (Kershner 1980)

SCENE 26: YODA'S HUT

Yoda deceives Luke neglecting to say who he is, appearing to be a helpful friend. Ghost Obi Wan (Ben) Kenobi argues with Yoda.

Yoda: (To Ben) No. He is not ready.

Luke: Yoda? I AM ready! I - Ben! I, I can be a Jedi! Ben: tell him I'm ready! (hits head on low roof)

Yoda: Ready are you? What know you 'ready'? For 800 years have I trained Jedi. My own counter will I keep on who is trained! A Jedi must have the deepest commitment, the most serious mind. (To Ben) This One: a long time have I watched. All his life has he looked away, to the future, to the horizon, never his mind on (pokes Luke) Where He Was. Hm What he was doing! Hm. Adventure: heh! Excitement: heh! A Jedi craves not these things. (To Luke) You are Reckless!

Ghost Obi Wan: So was I, if you remember.

SCENE 28: JEDI TRAINING

Yoda: ...beware of the Dark Side. Anger, fear aggression: the Dark Side of the Force are they, easily they flow: quick to join you in a fight. Once you start down the dark path forever will it dominate your destiny. Consume you it will! As it did Obi Wan's apprentice.

Luke: Vader. Is the Dark Side stronger?

Yoda. NO! No. no. But easier, more seductive.

Luke: But how'm I to know the good side from the bad?

Yoda: You will know. When you are calm. At peace. Passive. Mm. A Jedi uses the Force for knowledge and defence, never attack.

Luke: but tell me why I can't....

Yoda: No! No, there is no 'why'. Nothing more will I teach you today. Clear your mind of questions. Hm mmm...

SCENE 31: THERE IS NO TRY

Luke: Master, moving stones around is one thing, this is Totally Different!

Yoda: No! No Different. Only different in your mind. You must unlearn what you have learned.

Luke: aaalright, I'll give it a try.

Yoda: No! Try not! Do! Or Do not! There is no 'try'!



There is no try! Yoda, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

“You must practice being stupid... then you will be able to do!” (Whitaker 2011). Moving furniture and reciting: Let’s DO IT NOW! Let’s DO IT NOW! There is no reason to put off starting, especially if the first thing that happens is reckless. If it is merely “the worst you can think of” (ibid) the beginning of creativity is inevitably bad. Sirc argued that for Punks there’s no such thing anyway: “Punk composition doesn’t care about perfection – where there’s no sense; how can there be error?” (Sirc 1997, 22). Sirc quotes a fan: “Whether they were *good* or not was irrelevant [...] I *wanted* to be excited and they filled a spot” (ibid, 16). If we believed for a second in bad art, we should make the bad art, NOW. There is one thing much worse than bad art – that is, no art at all. The paralysis of researching too many new potential ideas. Creating bad art is a negation and destruction. It is a first try, operating outside the bounds of what’s been done before, against conventions. This makes the bad unfailingly critical, possibly innovative and *always* an invitation to produce more or try



The Bad Art. Preliminary portrait drawings for Star Wars characters, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

again. The trouble with the good, and with perfection, is that it affirms something already established and there's nothing left to strive for. The brilliance of destruction and chaos is all the wonderful problems. Utopia needs negation. Punk songs are terrible. The recordings are to be listened to under sufferance. They were only ever intended to be an invitation for everyone to make their own: "it was music you listened to in order to take further action, records to play en route to the ultimate rejection of records, in favor of making one's own music" (Sirc 1997, 22).

I'm no good at wielding a paint pen. It didn't stop me. Each bad drawing inspired more drawing. The stickers are a mere marker for me, or anyone else, to draw continually, and be unconcerned by perceptions of good or bad in making.

To fall is unforeseen, it is to be out of control. To do something correctly is to be in control. To fall correctly is a paradoxical state. Only the experience of falling can verify knowing how to do it. Just as the idea of having a *Field Guide to Getting Lost* raises questions of how it may be possible to be lost on purpose or decide to wander aimlessly. To practice as an artist is to adopt a particular stance of doing and reflecting simultaneously. Knowing that in the instance of falling – even correctly – there is no guarantee of avoiding dents, bruises and an empty wallet.



Bruise on the outer side of the limb, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Do or

Do not

There is no try

I fell off

Rebel Scum



Drawing after Return of the Jedi scene: You Rebel Scum!., 2015, Joanne Richardson.

My intense Merz production in January 2014 was located in Perth city. I drew my *Star Wars* stickers in Moana Studio on Hay Street, then put them out in the street. Draw, stick, repeat. I wanted to feel into the city and to expend what I'd made. By putting the stickers in the street, two things are happening at once. One idea is about this place, the city street, the other is about gifts. I talk about the streets first, the gifts and their status later. I didn't plan to seize the city but to find out how I could wrest it from mere utility: how could I

use the short but evocative distance between my bus stop on St Georges Terrace, or Perth Train Station, and Moana Studio as part of my project? I ran my hands over the city surface textures, reached out to feel them, and engaged in unknown secret politics that run in the *jianghu*, the *dérive* and street art culture.

In *Return of the Jedi*, our heroes, the Rebels, storm the station that powers a shield generator defending an orbiting battlestation: the Empire's second Death Star. Han Solo and Princess Leia are in the process of installing explosives around the control desk when a squad of Stormtroopers captures the Rebels. An Imperial Lieutenant addresses them in disgust: "You Rebel scum!" (Marquand 1983).

Scum is a layer of dirt on a liquid, or an insult. According to *Urbandictionary*, it is "the worst word you can have your name associated with", "[f]ar worse than most other insults, where the victim is often just referred to as genetalia [sic]" (Col 2005). In his *Kung Fu Tea* blog article on *Star Wars*, Benjamin Judkins mentions "rebel scum" in a section called "The World of 'Rivers and Lakes': *Re-enchanting Mos Eisley*". The term "Rivers and Lakes" is an English translation of the Chinese term *jianghu*. *Jianghu* is related to *Wuxia*, a genre of Chinese literature featuring the martial arts knights-errant. *Jianghu*

describes the realm of wandering bandits, heroes, smugglers... that made up the constantly shifting margins of Chinese economic social life. Rather than being an actual place, the Rivers and Lakes are more a state of mind, or an alternate way of looking at life and social values. Its entrances can be found anywhere, found behind shabby storefronts or in a forgotten back alley.

(Judkins 2012)

Judkins notes the principal characters in *A New Hope* are: banished Obi-Wan Kenobi, spy Princess Leia, smuggler Han Solo and the resistant Rebel Alliance. Luke and Obi-Wan plan a journey to Alderaan smuggling data for the Rebel Alliance. Pointing out the shady aspects to the heroes' methods, Judkins goes further to describe Mos Eisley Cantina, the place where the heroes go to find transport, "no questions" asked, free of "Imperial entanglements", as "a wretched hive of scum and villainy" (Lucas 1977). They are leaving their home

planet, Tatooine, described as located in “the outer rim”, “far from the bright centre” (ibid), a place on the periphery of the direct influence of the Empire. Our heroes are running from the law, amongst the lawless, using their alternate way of looking at life.



Drawing after the Cantina scene. Obi Wan talks with Chewbacca. Wanted criminals pick a fight with Luke, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Judkins uses the idea of lakes and rivers poetically as he describes how Rebel activities ‘flow’ between villainous places like the Mos Eisley Cantina, secret Rebel bases on remote planets, and repurposed Imperial amenities.

Helena Yuen Wai Wu, an academic from The University of Hong Kong, wrote *A Journey Across Lakes and Rivers: A Look at the Untranslatable Jianghu in Chinese Culture and Literature*. Wu argues that the English translation, “Lakes and Rivers”, fails to evoke the nuances of jianghu. Wu cites several different Chinese texts, each suggesting a different meaning (Wu 2012). Wu characterizes jianghu as an evolving term at odds with English

language practice that seeks out precision with definitions. Wu argues jianghu's meaning is continually deferred and is therefore a challenge to meaning and equivalence, emphasizing a difference between two cultures (Wu 2012, 68).

A resistance to fixed definitions is a leitmotif throughout this document. For example, Merz is a word that "continues to change with whoever uses it" (Motherwell 1951, 59).

Judkins does not take issue with the complexities of translating jianghu, but both Wu's and Judkins' texts include points of resonance that seem to leak through *Star Wars*, out into art practice, and onto the streets.

Judkins writes that his understanding of Kung Fu in China is associated with poverty and crime (Judkins 2012). Both Wu and Judkins indicate that the lakes and rivers can evoke not only the sense of a poetic, imaginary realm, but also the sense of a criminal realm. These ideas seem to overlap, where jianghu is associated with a longing for independence, a longing for self-determination and autonomy, a longing for freedom from governmental control (Wu 2012, 62). Merz is not only malleable in the hands of users, it is also "freedom from all fetters" (Motherwell 1951, 59). So long as the artist can form a picture, they are free to use whatever materials they want.

I watched the Kung Fu movie, *Five Shaolin Masters* (1974), directed by Cheh Chang and distributed by Shaw Brothers. After the Manchu military destroys the Shaolin temple, five students use disguises, hidden weapons and secret bases to hide in plain sight from the occupying Manchu military. They use secret codes, in the form of hand gestures, drawn symbols and sequences of numbers, to recognize each other and helpful sympathizers. They move amongst farmers and villagers while they struggle to survive and train for revenge. In this movie, the realm occupied by the five students can be understood as jianghu. It is not a location but a set of alternate uses for locations. Judkins says, the lakes and rivers are "simultaneously everywhere and nowhere" (Judkins 2012). Jianghu can be understood as a set of resistant practices and a resistant state of mind used to find alternative paths through Manchu territory.



Drawing after *Five Shaolin Masters learning secret hand gestures*, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

The Death of Starwars was generated for an Artist Run Initiative (ARI), an organization based on the outer rim of existing institutions presumably deemed inadequate to cater to the needs of individual artists and their practices. Perhaps an ARI is a dream, a longing for freedom from institutional control. Hull's provocations for the zine present as an unauthorized alternate look at the social values of watching *Star Wars*. Judkins' description of secret entrances evokes a poetic notion that these freedom-seeking individuals flow between the cracks of larger organizations. Perth ARI, Paper Mountain, where *Five Forts* happened, is accessed via a near-hidden entrance to a former gambling house, complete with a secret walk-in safe! A dark staircase between two storefronts leads to Moana Gallery, floating between open-plan commercial Design Studio businesses and Moana café, in a converted ballroom. Moana Studio was located above the Gallery. These art spaces cannot compete with ordinary businesses – and so, they don't. Instead they make alternate use of outer rim spaces. Flowing between gaps of larger, more profitable, more easily defined projects.



Moana Café Hiding Upstairs, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

In *A New Hope* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, our heroes escape difficult situations using the Empire's waste disposal systems. This is an alternate use of existing structures, a creative exploitation of an unused area. It is also an act of self-destruction that creates something new: freedom. Geoffrey Sirc writes in "Never Mind the Tagmemics, Where's the Sex Pistols?": "Punk knew a refuse lot in the city beat all the shopping schemes in the world" (Sirc 1997, 14). Sirc bases part of his argument on Hebdige's point that the destructive practices of the punk movement produced something interesting:

"The body becomes the base-line, the place where the buck stops,' Hebdige said, describing the British punks. 'To wear a Mohican or to have your face tattooed, is to burn most of your bridges. In the current economic climate, where employers can afford to pick and choose, such gestures are a public disavowal of the will to queue for work, throwing yourself away before They do it for you'

(ibid, 25-26)

The UK punks described themselves as human waste. They threw themselves into the garbage – as a way to guarantee freedom.



Princess Leia saves the day by yelling: "Into the garbage flyboy!" Attempt 3 of 3, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

On Good Friday 2014, on the train to Moana Studio to write about *Star Wars*, I saw a teenager staring at my t-shirt. He later turned to his friend to discuss locations for skateboarding. They pointed to McIver and Claisebrook on the map of train stops and debated about which would access the better skating parts of East Perth. The attention of the skateboarders is pulled along by sets of tilts and textures, favouring this or that surface, parts of the city pedestrians don't notice. When I arrived in Perth, the city was stripped bare of the shoppers and business people who ordinarily take up the most space. Instead it flowed with musicians performing, people with suitcases on wheels, posing flaneurs, wanderers, skateboarders and myself. Two cafes were open and attracted small groups, as did the buskers. Those people are all there on ordinary days, too, but are grossly outnumbered by shoppers and suits. The closed businesses merely let them and their activities become visible.

A few years ago, two art students piqued the attention of the city police, who told them not to make art in Perth (Appendix 3: Jad vs. the cops). It was as if the officer spoke for the whole city, and the words echoed backward and forward through time. It is an invitation to leave taken up by local creative people who venture to Melbourne, or LA, or London, or

anywhere, really. In *Griffith Review 47: Looking West*, musician Nick Allbrook writes an ode to local creativity:

In Perth, use of public space is regulated to the point of comedy, and Orwellian restrictions on tobacco, noise, bicycles, alcohol and public gatherings breed a festering discontent and boredom because no one likes being pre-emptively labelled a deviant.

(Allbrook 2015, 117)

Allbrook laments: “Perth has no secret tunnels to romantic fulfilment” (Allbrook 2015, 118). He recounts ventures overseas, searching for more creative cultural capitals, places where artists are appreciated; Paris, New York, Berlin, where tourists flock to see where their favourite artists had a studio, or lived, or drank and/or stumbled around, all creative and creating. As evidence of a city appreciating creativity, Allbrook estimates Paris has four hundred streets named after artists. He argues that over there, art is more of a part of daily life and more accepted by the wider community. Here, after each weekend of drunken rampaging, Perth returns to how it was before:

When Monday sun staggers over the horizon, people rub their eyes and heave a great sigh and the city reverts to its utilitarian state – the ‘bourgeois dream of unproblematic production’, as *The 60s Without Apology* (University of Minnesota Press, 1984) puts it, ‘of everyday life as the bureaucratic society of controlled consumption’. That this description of pre-revolutionary 1950s and ’60s America is so apt for Perth is damn scary. Or hilarious. I can’t decide. I guess it depends on the depth and colour of your nihilistic streak, or if you actually live there. Whichever way you look at it, it does not paint a picture of a city conducive to creativity. Art is the antithesis of logic and functionality – it is romance and wonder and stupid, pointless lovelies.

(ibid, 117)

It is with this description of consumption and clearly defined drink times that the Marxist arguments of the 1950s S.I. also seem “so apt for Perth its damn scary” (ibid). Work time



Perth cleans itself, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

is for work and leisure time is for consumption. There are corresponding spaces set for each, too. The S.I. tactics often sought to corrupt distinctions between leisure time and productive time.

One technique was a practice of subversive walking called the *dérive*. “The *dérive* then becomes the practice of lived time, time not divided and accorded a function in advance; a time inhabited by neither workers nor consumers” (Wark 2011, 25). On Good Friday, the city was filled with lived time. No one should be working or shopping, so it was easy to see the many alternate uses for the space. McKenzie Wark’s *The Beach Beneath the Street* includes this etymology of the *dérive*:

Its Latin root ‘derivare’ means to draw off a stream, to divert a flow. Its English descendants include the word ‘dérive’ and also ‘river’. Its whole field of meaning is aquatic, conjuring up flows, channels, eddies, currents, and also drifting, sailing or tacking against the wind. It suggests a space and time of liquid movement, sometimes predictable but sometimes turbulent. The word *dérive* condenses a whole attitude to life, the sort one might acquire in the backwaters of Saint-Germain-des-Près.

(ibid, 22)

There is something about the lakes and rivers that feeds into the watery allusions to the *dérive*. Shared between *jianghu* and *dérive* is a sense of activity and movement inspired by a state of mind: a longing to find alternatives to unthinkingly sharing a city under Orwellian/Manchu/Imperial control.

The *dérive*, the drift through the city, was a part of S.I.’s larger study: *psychogeography*. Author Simon Sadler argues in *The Situationist City*: “Psychogeography was merely a preparation, a reconnaissance for the day when the city would be seized for real” (Sadler 1999, 81).

In May 1968, the S.I. theoretical writings were realized, converted to the extremities of action. This transformation sits poignantly in Claire Fontaine’s 2006 artwork, *La société du spectacle brickbat*, a house brick wrapped in the dust jacket of Guy Debord’s *La Société du Spectacle* (The Society and The Spectacle).

However, Wark characterizes May 1968 in opposition to a *seizure*. He argues taking the city by force has twin outcomes of looting and arson: two activities synonymous with a riot. Wark argues May 1968 involved neither, it was “more than a riot” (Wark 2011, 149). It might be that *dérive* was a perpetual reconnaissance of a particular kind, never successfully seizing anything.

This project was not about the seizure of Perth. It was more like *sehnsucht* for an ideal city situation. In the studio I was producing drawings, but outside I was feeling the poles in the malls over and over as part of a perpetual reconnaissance to appropriate imaginative alternatives for the utility of the city. Sadie Plant wrote in *The Most Radical Gesture* that

one of the May 1968 graffiti in Paris read: “I came in the cobblestones” (Plant 1992, 103). I, likewise, aim only to retake the city on intimate terms and commune with it personally.

Perth always wakes up on Monday to return itself to how it was before.

It wouldn't be so bad if the stickers weren't easily analogous to people. There are human bodies routinely removed from the streets of Perth. In Munster Lane a sprinkler system was installed to deter human presence (Liveris 2015; White and Foster 2015). On Matagarup, also known as Heirisson Island, mounted police in riot gear ritually disassembled camps (Stringer 2013; Trigger 2015).

If you took Allbrook at his word, that Perth was devoid of support for artistic practice, then all artists who practice here are, by default, Rebel Scum (sorry). All flowing around in jianghu, inventing spaces and alternate practices, an underground city of creation formed DESPITE the city of Perth. The rents are high (Moana Studio's lease was not renewed in 2015), there are no Perth streets named after artists, no tourists flock to see spaces formerly occupied by artists, there is a \$1000 reward for reporting tagging. Most works are State sanctioned, or a kind of utility. There is nothing above utility. There are few truly useless gestures.



It's not art but it could be worth \$1000 Transperth Public Service Announcement. Although the shape of the sign implies it is pointing to something, this window was entirely unblemished, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

To argue against Allbrook's dim view of support for creativity in Perth, one could merely cite the plethora of programs aiming to activate the streets of Perth (including but not limited to): Perth International Arts Festival, Form's Public 2015 and 2016, City of Perth's Transart and FOODCHAIN, Perth Fringe Festival and The Perth Public Art Foundation. A performance work by Snapcat (collaborators Renae Coles and Anna Dunnill) featured a series of Tiny Parades through the streets of Perth. Their first, *Don't Leave!* (Joske 2015), expressed a pleading sentiment directed toward the likes of Allbrook's described desire to seek out a more creatively supportive city.

In some ways, Perth perpetually 'wakes up' from the ends of these temporal works and festival events. It's a Monday. Utility again. The places and times for art and 'pointless lovelies' are marked out, and they are not here right now.

The Street

My Death of Starwars stickers found their way to the street trailing in the wake of Studio Shark. Studio Shark is a shark who lives in my studio: first in a William Street studio, then in Moana Studio. It is an inflatable pool toy shark. A shark is a politically charged animal in Perth. It prompts debates over who owns the sea; if endangered species deserve protection, or if it's reasonable for humans to have an expectation of municipal safety swimming in the ocean. Printed on the side of Studio Shark is a warning that it is not a life-saving device. I thought of Studio Shark as a pointless leisure device. In the studio, it reaches a maximum level of uselessness. I kept it there as an imagined companion. It was inflated with air and my imagining a life into it, which eventually led to the production of comic drawings featuring Studio Shark's quips.

There was not a deeper meaning or compelling reason for Studio Shark existing: "I got no reason", after Sex Pistols' *Pretty Vacant* (Cook et al. 1977). So everything I write about it is after the fact, in reflection. These things happened, but I can't remember planning anything. Studio Shark came from a blankness. A pointless diversion that only appears helpful in retrospect.



Self portraits in the studio with studio shark series of screen captures, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

I thought Studio Shark might have inane things to say. Like: “Nice Shirt!” I would draw a sticker of Studio Shark, take a photograph and post it on Instagram.

Then Studio Shark sticker would be put somewhere on William Street, Northbridge, walking to or from that studio. A shark swimming up poles in the street saying things like “I LIVE in water!” is useless, stupid and pointless. It is studio matter that leaked outside the sanctioned times and areas where it belongs. Where it went on the street is a different territory.

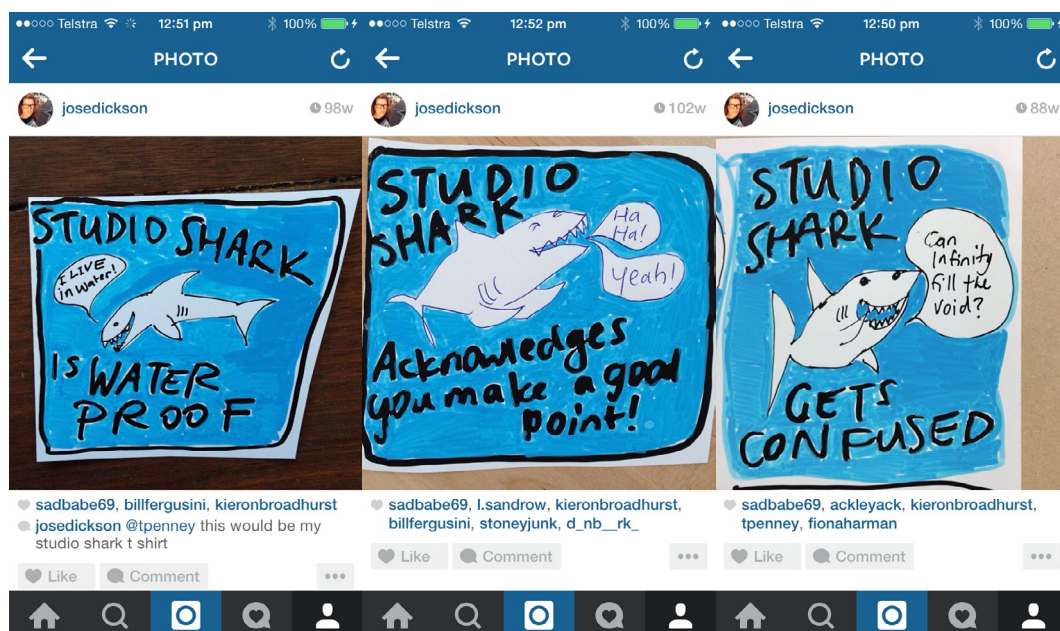
I would drift up the street and creatively play with the city. In *The Situationist City*, Sadler quotes Debord to describe the *dérive* via an analogy:

drifters weren’t like tadpoles in a tank, ‘stripped... of intelligence, sociability and sexuality,’ but were people alert to ‘the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there’.

(Sadler 1999, 77-78)

I walk up Barrack Street toward Moana Studio even though it isn't there anymore. Space-market didn't renew the lease because it wasn't financially viable. On the corner of St Georges Terrace and Barrack Street is the newly renovated Treasury Building. As I run my fingers over the surface of the building, I have to slow down. If I walk too fast the friction will cause an injury. It's a tactic, like the turtles flaneurs used in the mid-nineteenth century to make sure they were keeping their own pace; out of the pace of everyone else (Luber 2014). Flaneurs travelled slow enough to see everything pass, so they could apply a more critical eye. Any separation that caused them to slip out of pace with everyone else let them notice things. The Situationists developed a diverse array of tactics to notice, to read the city. I found that looking for, or at, stickers is a way of doing this too.

I knew that applying a sticker over someone else's work of any kind could easily be interpreted as disrespectful, so I didn't do it. I always carefully found spaces without any marks, not even tiny scratched initials. In *Get Up Stay Up: The Concise Graffiti Writer's*



Drawings on sticker paper in the studio with studio shark series of screen captures, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

Handbook, Danny Crofts defines a hierarchy of marks made by graffiti writers in the street (Crofts 2015, 58). He describes a contrast between graffiti and ‘street art’ such as posters and stencils: works that are prepared quickly in a studio and applied quickly in the street (ibid, 60). Stickers are very small, usually printed out in thousands and very quickly applied. Crofts makes no mention of them, so it’s implied they have no credibility at all.

Graffiti pieces are painted on-site and valued not only in terms of the skill in applying paint, but also by the location (ibid). Pieces have a greater value if made in difficult-to-access, highly visible sites, or on train carriages, where artists assume greater risks such as personal injury or criminal charges. Painting over someone else’s work, or the application of lesser work forms on top of elaborate pieces, is an insult that could inspire violence.



Video still from Walking Through HD, installation featuring Interrupting Horse and found tag, 2009, Joanne Richardson.

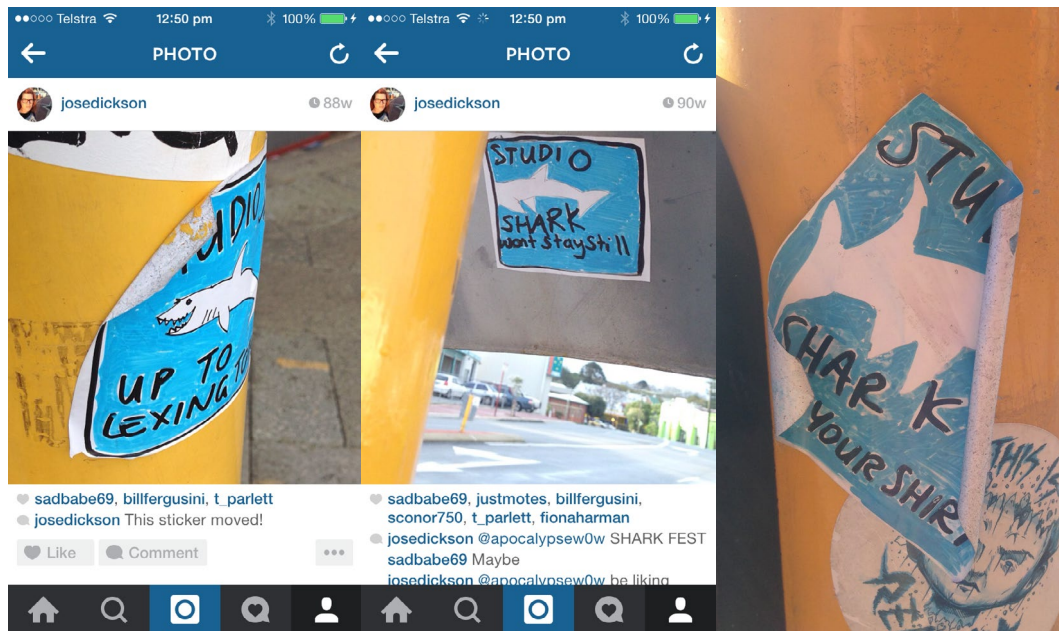
During my Honours degree show in 2009, someone tagged my art installation. I only have a film of my installation work as it was made to walk through, not look at. I was really happy

the tag appeared. I thought the silvery letters matched the silvery rocks in the photographs above it. I thought this action was consistent with my ideas about creating shifting forms of unfinished work and inviting more artwork. Someone had replied to my invitation in the affirmative. I took the tag as a sign I made it look like the street *INSIDE*. Trevor Bly, one of my peers who knew about graffiti was not happy, he told me it was an insult, someone had territorialized my installation with the intention of *GOING OVER* my artwork. Not adding to it, but cancelling it out.

Crofts describes how graffiti writers aim to “bomb” an area; covering it with a repeated tag (signature) as a way to lay claim to an area. This is not a new practice. Wark mentions that S.I. member Asger Jorn produced volumes on *10,000 Years of Nordic Folk Art*. Jorn studied Nordic graffiti, folk art, as a trace of the migration of Nordic peoples through Europe (Wark 2011, 119). In *Medieval Graffiti: The Lost Voices of England’s Churches*, Matthew Champion studies medieval marks made by parishioners who added animals, geometric drawings, crosses and family crests to the walls of churches. Champion describes some marks as “apotropaic”: graffiti intended to “turn away evil” (Champion 2015, 25). Apotropaic marks were inscribed as evoking magical protection for the object and the area (ibid). Imaginatively consider the possibility the marks added to the city are not pure territorial pissings, but blessings on the city! By adding the marks of the maker, the city belongs in its place and to its artists. It has signs of being lived in and loved, being used for creative activity. The marks welcome the territory of the city into the heart of the artist. They might come to mutually understand each other as familiar, as kin.

My stickers – Studio Shark and *Star Wars* – were profoundly ineffective as graffiti bombing, even if only compared to the coverage achieved by other stickers. My rate of production and distribution – hours in the studio, then two or three stickers placed per excursion – was way too slow and small in number to be compared to what could be accomplished by a small crew armed with thousands of printed stickers over the course of an afternoon on William Street.

Clumps of stickers around Perth and Northbridge can be as wide around a thing as anyone can reach, and as high as the length of the longest arm and/or highest jump.



Street places with studio shark series of screen captures, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

They are on the back of road signs, traffic lights, walls, scaffolding, roller doors, awnings, benches, electrical and telecommunications cabinets, fire hydrants, light poles, bike racks, bollards, phone booths, bins and post boxes. On a good day, you can trace the path of any one printed sticker repeated all the way up William Street on each pole and in each clump of stickers. In a journal I wrote:

I smoothed the Vader out under the "Too old for this shit blues" sticker. As I turned, I found myself staring down oncoming hipsters. I didn't break their gaze until they were meters from me. I broke first, therefore submitted to them. I think: Don't look back! I panic: They cant have NOT seen me do it! or Why are they staring? (Later I guessed it could possibly be my unusually platted hair.) As they passed me without saying anything, I breathed out and tried to straighten my posture. Don't look back! I couldn't help it. I turned and the whole world was the same as ever. As if nothing happened. Perfect! I disappear and there is no marker for this incident except what I write like Chris Burden *Disappearing* in 1971. Nothing happened. This is very important; Nothing Happened.



C3PO with No Shark Cull in Hay street mall, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

I would feel my way through the streets and malls inspecting poles, noting the different types of stickers already on them and gauging if there was space for mine. Could I stand there for the time it takes to put up a sticker? I could build a map of the whole space from its stickers. I could visit the same place five times and see six different layers of things: the ground, the poles, the stickers, the lights, the signs, the distance to the nearest familiar people; six cities deep.



Imperial Stormtrooper on the corner of Hay and Barrack, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



A New Hope Poster Style A sticker on the window of Outré Gallery with Eyesore, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

The Hildebrand/Jung *A New Hope* Poster Style A sticker I drew was about A5 size, a lot larger than the portraits. I assessed the poles in the malls, measured them by arching my hand across the space between the vertical struts that support the poles and extend down into the pavement. They are about the correct size; the problem was the sticker: it was too big to paste up quickly. While I was still deliberating how to solve this problem, I visited Carla Adams who was working at Outré Gallery in Northbridge. As previously mentioned,

Carla is the first and only person I spoke with in January 2014 who has resisted watching any *Star Wars* films. She has also avoided *The Lord of the Rings* and *Harry Potter* films. I showed her the *A New Hope* Poster Style A sticker and she offered to give it to her boss (at Outré) because he “loves *Star Wars*” (Adams 2013). This seemed an elegant solution to me: finding a place to put it would become his dilemma. The next (and final) time I saw it, it was on Outré Gallery’s front window.

Gifts



Drawing after A New Hope Luke: So you got your reward and you're just leaving then?

Han: That's right. Yeah. 2015, Joanne Richardson.

I gave some of my drawn stickers to people. Some people I met by chance walking around, some I met for other social reasons, and some I purposely visited at their place of work in Perth. Some people I offered a selection to requested a character I had not drawn, so I drew certain stickers by request and personally delivered them.

In *What We Want is Free: Critical Exchanges in Recent Art*, Ted Purves surveys generosity as a contemporary art methodology with the potential to “leverage relations in the world” (Purves 2014b, 2). He describes gifts as a critical tactic similar to practices such as détournement and dérive in terms of their potential interruptions to the utility of urban life.

Once, I walked into a busy shop, joined the queue, handed the cashier a sticker and left.

In the *Ecstasy of Influence*, Johnathan Lethem argues artworks operate in two economies, the art market and the gift market (Lethem 2007, 65). Unlike the impersonal practice of shopping, “a gift makes a connection”, it’s a social gesture. Lethem also states that an encounter with an artwork (in a museum) is a gift: “art that matters to us – which moves the heart, or revives the soul, or delights the senses, or offers courage for living, however we choose to describe the experience – is received as a gift is received”, providing a surplus of inspiration (ibid, 66).

The S.I. believed a gift was “a very special kind of donation”, in which the donor, S.I., believed their gifts would be disruptive and their efforts repaid by the transformation of society:

the Situationists as well as their admirers then and since, anticipate some form of political payoff, some shift in consciousness and engagement with the world. Their generosity therefore might be thought of as a gift of resistance.

(Sholette 2011, 108)

Wark quotes Guy Debord regarding the lack of intellectual rights for the S.I. texts in that they are “useable by everyone” and “you can all make the détournements that appear useful to you” (Wark 2011, 63). S.I. texts continue to be made available, with no rights reserved,



Various portraits of Princess Leia, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

on websites such as *Not Bored* (notbored.org) and also translated into various different languages at *Bureau of Public Secrets* (bopsecrets.org).

In 2014, Ted Purves released a second edition of the influential *What We Want Is Free: Critical Exchanges in Recent Art*. One of the sections is called “Blows Against the Empire”! Purves describes how the gift operated among the S.I.’s disruptive activities:

A gift offered in the midst of the transgressive act not only destroys, it also creates. What it creates is the existence of something altogether different, a community and a bond that is not the bond of bondsman to master or of addict to dealer, but of the giver to the receiver, who then becomes kin and neighbour.

(Purves 2014a, 49)

I like the idea that the gifts create new kin. In *The Beach Beneath the Street*, Wark writes that the S.I. “was held together by the gift” (Wark 2011, 70).

I understood the stickers I drew and gave away as tokens formed in the process of appreciation. They extended the exercise of solitary appreciation in the studio to initiating interpersonal interactions. They extended the scope of film appreciation into the practice of daily life, beyond the temporal limits of watching the film. Drawing and gifting stickers were an act of feeling into in an embodied way, spectatorship that became an activity. The stickers were made for a human hand, to be handled and handed around. Giving people a sticker also meant charging their hands with a future action, that of sticking the sticker somewhere. Somewhere unknown to me, for future spectators, also unknown.

In *Star Wars*, a gift forms a bond between the Rebels and the Ewoks on Endor.

The Rebels arrive on the forest moon, Endor, to shut down the force field protecting the Imperial Death Star. Initial relations with the local inhabitants, the Ewoks, are strained. Princess Leia greets Wicket diplomatically, saves his life and is then led unharmed to a tree city. But the actions of Han, Luke and Chewie are interpreted as hostile. They are captured and primed for a sacrificial ritual or feast. The android C-3PO, fluent in the Ewok language, is honoured as a deity. After some intimidation that stops the sacrificial ritual,



Drawing after Return of the Jedi scene where C3PO tells a story, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

the Rebels and Ewoks gather around a fire as C-3PO tells the story of *A New Hope*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and their current situation. C-3PO uses extravagant gestures, sound effects and sample recordings. On completion of the story, the Ewok Chief confers with two councillors, then speaks to C-3PO who translates: “Wonderful! We are now a part of the tribe!” C-3PO’s performance can be understood as a creative gesture offered as a gift, it is gift that forms a bond: with nothing but “the ability to compose a picture”.

Hand Held

During a funeral, I noticed something important about the size of the stickers I was drawing.



Holding Mary Miraculous (sympathy gift), 2014, Joanne Richardson.
Holding Portrait of Luke Skywalker, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

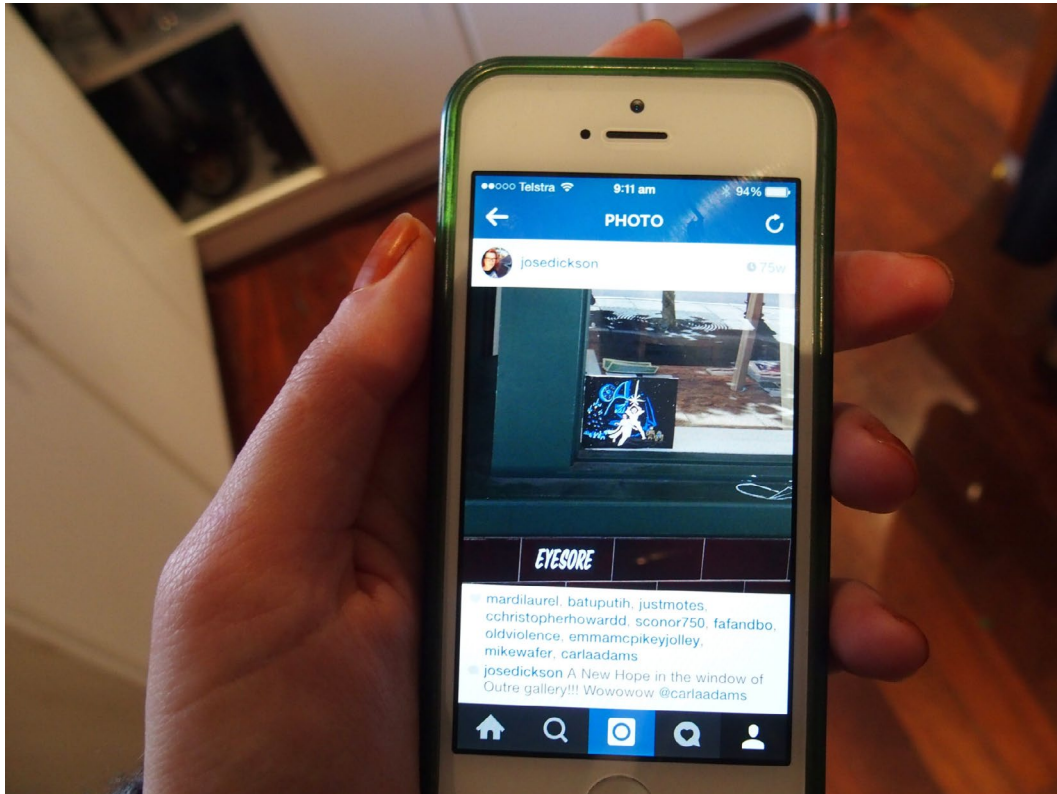
Upon entering the cathedral, the mourners received the service booklet and sympathy gifts. One of the gifts was in the form of a small card containing the deceased's portrait, a poem, a prayer and an image of Mary. Folded in the card was the second gift – an envelope with another portrait, another prayer and a packet of forget-me-not seeds labelled “The flower for love hope and remembrance”. These gifts were about the size of my portrait *Star Wars* stickers; the size of a hand. A particular size intending that they are handled. Everyone at the funeral holds these things together. These memory tokens, in a tiny way, unite us before being dispersed across our respective collections of sentimental ephemera. In the service booklet, the instructions to recite verse in unison addressed us as “All”. Imagine all the bereaved, their hands filled with these things.

The size of each sticker related to the size of a hand; I intended them to be *handled*.



Screen grab from Instagram drawing of *Star Wars* Poster Style A, 2012, Joanne Richardson.

This is similar in size to the images viewed on handheld smart phone devices. It's likely Hull saw a digital drawing I shared of *Star Wars* Poster Style A and that led to him inviting me to contribute to *The Death of Starwars*.



Looking at stickers on Instagram, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

If it weren't for Jayson Musson sharing a photo of Rhoades' work, I might not have gone to visit *The Creation Myth* in Philadelphia. Musson shared the image in appreciation of Rhoades's work. This image confirms shared interests. Musson becomes like a friendly neighbour who lets me know what is going on. The image is shared between people as a gift. It operates as Lethem describes: "a gift conveys an uncommodifiable surplus of inspiration" (Lethem 2007, 66).

Giving *Star Wars* stickers as gifts inspired ambivalent responses and also intense discussions about *Star Wars*. Giving gift stickers was a highly productive creative method that led to ideas. Some people I gave stickers to indulged in conversations on the film plots.

By spending time drawing portraits and *A New Hope* Poster Style A, I came to think of Princess Leia as a gunslinger too rebellious and autonomous to submit to decades of austere Jedi training. I invented the character Leia Skywalker to kill (Appendix 4: The Death of Leia Skywalker as a Jedi).

I imagined types of deaths that differed to the grand heroic self-sacrifice made by Obi-Wan Kenobi. Deaths outside combat with some element of diminished heroism; like falling down the stairs. I imagined the hero being killed as a young child long before realizing his destiny as *A New Hope*. I imagined Luke dying of some fast, tiny and/or invisible force. Like electrocution. I drew this fate for Uncle Owen (Appendix 5: The Death of Uncle Owen). My version happens one day before Uncle Owen's officially scripted death, where Luke finds the scorched skeletons of his Aunt and Uncle blasted by Stormtroopers. I presume this outcome was the worst case scenario of an interrogation.

I imagined an alternate outcome for the interrogation of Luke and Obi-Wan on their way to the Cantina in Mos Eisley. Stormtroopers stop their vehicle to ask about their Droids (carrying stolen Imperial data).

"These aren't the Droids you're looking for," (Lucas 1977) Obi-Wan tells the Stormtroopers as he gestures with his hand in the first demonstration of the mind-bending power of the Force. In the film, the Stormtroopers quickly end their inquiry. In my drawing, the Force fails and the Stormtroopers fire away (Appendix 6: The Death of Luke Skywalker and Obi Wan Kenobi).

Most daytime excursions through the central malls of Perth city during high summer involve witnessing squealing children frolicking through Jeppe Hein's *Water Labyrinth*. This public artwork "uses storm water harvested and recycled from Forrest Place as the source for jets of water shooting into the air to create nine 'rooms'" (W 2012). Most passes evoke little more than a smirk, but walking by with Scott one time, he winced and remarked

that he hoped the water was sufficiently chlorinated. Young Luke Skywalker lived on a Tatooine “moisture farm” with his Aunt and Uncle (Lucas 1977). I presumed that the moisture they farmed was being ‘harvested’ and possibly recycled. It could therefore be the kind of water that can cultivate the kind of micro-organisms that cause amoebic meningitis: tiny, lethal, invisible (Appendix 7: The Death of Young Luke Skywalker).

These ideas developed from observing what happened in the conditions of the surrounds. I started drawing long before I knew what to do or how to do it. I put stickers up, decorated t-shirts, changed my hair, played music and put images on the Internet. I built a world to create in. When I gave the stickers away, they initiated conversations with people that led to ideas which informed the content I submitted to Oliver Hull for *The Death of Starwars*.

Practice for *The Death of Starwars*

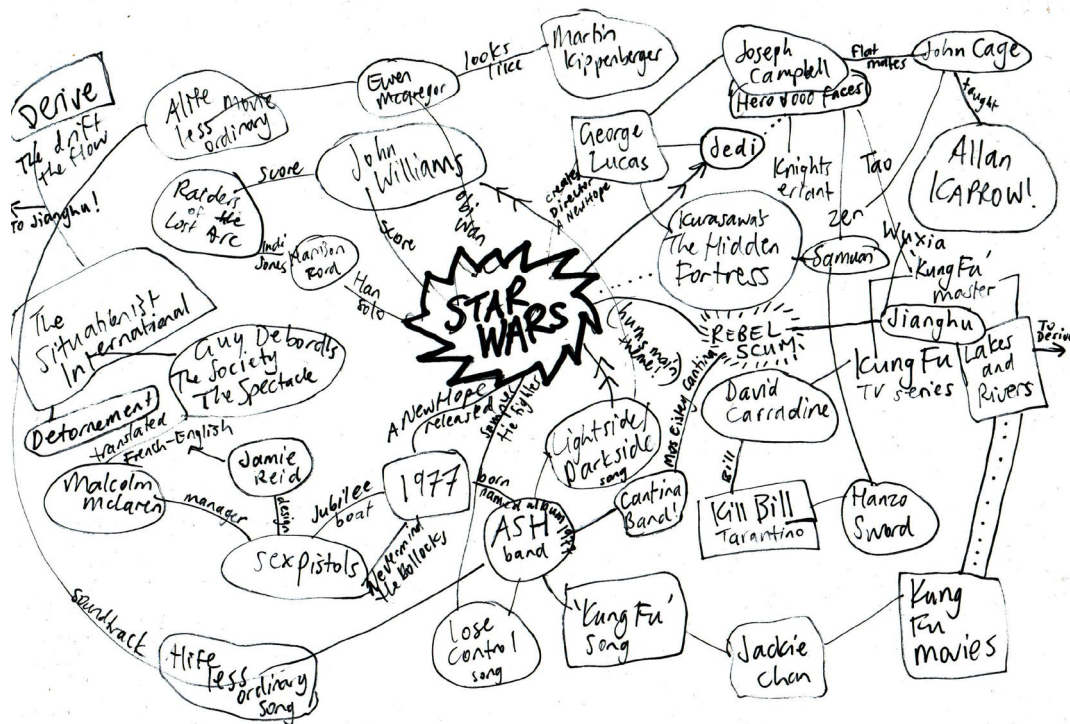
In the song *I'd Give You Anything*, track 4 on the album, 1977, Tim Wheeler of Ash sings:

*I want to wake up in the morning
Feeling fine.*

(Wheeler 1996a)

I woke up with it stuck in my head. It resonates because I want to be ready for the unforeseen.

By a process of close inspection, I examined some fragments from which *Star Wars* was assembled. I pushed past a superficial appreciation to find tiny nuances. Dug under the pavers to the sand beneath the street! The fragments there can be rearranged to make new things. The *Star Wars* universe is already full. I have memories of encountering it as a child and in recent times. It could seem that in its long ubiquitous presence, there is nothing new left to discover, nothing pertinent or interesting to find out about it, or add to it... EXCEPT I could say the same thing about catching a train to Perth, brushing my teeth, or riding my bike down the street. How any of these things could become interesting or potentially creative inspirations depends on the particular kind of focused attention I pay to them. Merz practice, including any method or material in a process of continual creative production, depends on a capacity to continually pay attention and engage in meaningful ways.



Star Wars mind map. Attempt 1 of 5, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

During the process of developing this Part, I discovered many interesting connections, including one between Allan Kaprow's writing about his practice of self-observation and Vernon Lee's writing on *Einfühlung*. Both evoke a sense of a type of special concentration that changes the artist and the observed.

Another interesting connection I explored was between jianghu and the *dérive*. Both concepts relate to types of movement through space using particular ways of noticing. In each, the heroes look for secret signs and secret entrances, things hiding in plain sight. In each, the activity cultivates a sense of a shared state of mind, out of sync with non-critical ways of looking. Practicing similar kinds of observation, critical questioning and immersion led me to my creative ideas. Additional aspects of Merz practice such as *DO IT NOW!* (a type of immediate production), *DIY* and offering gifts are repeated like leitmotifs in the following Parts. The practice of paying attention, even to tiny mistakes, leads to creative production.



Moana Studio desk featuring Star Wars brand Rebel Alliance toy gun, Jason Rhoades, Four Roads pamphlet, Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society artwork submission file and toys for 21cm Underground, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Drawing after Leia's Message scene from A New Hope, 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Appendix 1: Oliver Hull's invitation

Conversation started December 20, 2013

Hey Guys,

I have an opportunity to make a publication based around The Death of Starwars to be published by The Institute of Jamais vu (<http://www.theinstituteofjamais-vu.com>) for their residency at Basic Space in Dublin (<http://basicspace.ie>)

For the residency IJV are going to be remaking the whole of the Star wars films in 2 weeks, the whole warehouse space is painted chromakey green. The exhibition is the movies and planning for the films.

To coincide with the project they are releasing 3 publications The Death of Starwars zine is going to be the last publication to be realised in January 2014.

The Death of Starwars is a remake/reinterpretation of a zine I made with my friends when I was 10 in which each person wrote and drew the death of a character from star wars until all the (main) characters had died.

An example my submission when I was 10 was Princess Leia who died from being allergic to Ewok blood who were stabbed by crab droids their blood collecting in a pit Leia was hiding in drowning Leia whilst she burnt alive (their blood for her was like sulphuric acid).

For this version it will be the same rules, each person writes and draws or writes or draws, the death of their chosen character. I have asked a Starwars cannon expert who will explain how our reinterpretations couldn't happen.

The aim of the whole publication is a self reflexive critique questioning the appropriation of pop cultural Icons. Who owns Starwars? Is it based on how "into" something you are?

Is there a more authentic way of using Star wars?

I'm asking you because I think you would really nail it, and would be interested based on what I have seen from your practices and talking to you.

I hope you're interested!

All the best

Merry Christmas 'n' that!

- Oli

Appendix 2: Checklist for leaving the house

Urban Day Walk

Ready Getting Checklist

Joanne Richardson Spectatorial Propositions

Date:		Yes, Done	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Destination/s:		No, Not Today	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
		Unnecessary	UN

Day Bag	<input type="checkbox"/>	Warm Weather	<input type="checkbox"/>
Water Bottle/Cup	<input type="checkbox"/>	UV Proof Shirt	<input type="checkbox"/>
Snacks	<input type="checkbox"/>	Short Pants/Skirt	<input type="checkbox"/>
Student Identification	<input type="checkbox"/>	Breathable Shoes	<input type="checkbox"/>
Knife	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sun Hat	<input type="checkbox"/>
House Keys	<input type="checkbox"/>	Lightweight L/Sleeve Top	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Sunscreen	<input type="checkbox"/>
			<input type="checkbox"/>

Personal Items	<input type="checkbox"/>	Cool/Cold/Rain Weather	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hand Sanitizer	<input type="checkbox"/>	Undershirt	<input type="checkbox"/>
Blister Tape/Bandaides	<input type="checkbox"/>	L/Sleeve Shirt	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lip Balm	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jacket	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tissues	<input type="checkbox"/>	Long Pants	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sunglasses	<input type="checkbox"/>	Hat/Beanie	<input type="checkbox"/>
Microfiber Cleaning Cloth	<input type="checkbox"/>	Gloves	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Wrist Protection	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Scarf	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Socks	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Shoes/Boots	<input type="checkbox"/>
		Lightweight Umbrella	<input type="checkbox"/>
			<input type="checkbox"/>

Logistical Equipment	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Coin Money	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Note Money or Eft Card	<input type="checkbox"/>		
iphone - Charged	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Headphones	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Bus Pass	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Route Description	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Themed Playlist	<input type="checkbox"/>		

Documentation Equipment	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Notebook Or Note Paper	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Ballpoint Pen	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Pencil	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Felt Pen	<input type="checkbox"/>		
DSLR Camera	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Still Digital Camera	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Video Camera	<input type="checkbox"/>		
Tripod And Attachment	<input type="checkbox"/>		
USB	<input type="checkbox"/>		

		Trip Itinerary Left With a Friend	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Appendix 3: Jad vs the cops

Written by Kieron Broadhurst 2015

In 2012, while I was doing Honours, we had the French foreign exchange student stay with us. His name was Jad and he was really French. One day he wanted to do a performance and asked if I could come along and document it for him. The performance was to take place on the Hay St mall in Perth's CBD. Jad had dressed up in a suit and had a variety of props with him. I wasn't sure exactly what he was going to do but he had said something like "it will be like when the business man stops being the business man and becomes the clown."

The performance started with him wrapping his head in cling-wrap and securing a kind of purple, shiny wig in place with it. He had brought with him a huge, tacky painting from Thingz, as well as a plastic golf set. He embedded the huge, tacky painting from Thingz in one of the free-standing garden beds in the mall before starting to hit the plastic golf balls around with their accompanying plastic golf clubs. By now a pretty large crowd had gathered and people were filming and taking photos on their phones.

Then the police arrived. Apparently someone had called them because they thought Jad was crazy and his performance was actually the manifestations of a psychotic break, or something like that. The police took Jad to one side. Jad did not speak very good English so I went up to them. The police were going to arrest Jad because he did not have his I.D on him. I told them that he was a foreign exchange student staying with me, and that this had been an artwork not a mental health issue. The police seemed to have a problem. Jad was confused as to why they might have a problem. The police said that Jad might have hurt someone with the hollow, aerated golf balls he had been lobbing up the mall, and if he has he could have been arrested for assault. I said that I thought that was a bit silly, seeing as it would be difficult for you to even detect being hit by one of the balls unless it was in your eye or something, and even then it probably wouldn't hurt. The police said Jad had trespassed on state property during the performance because he had climbed into one of the free-standing garden beds and embedded his tacky painting from Thingz in there. I

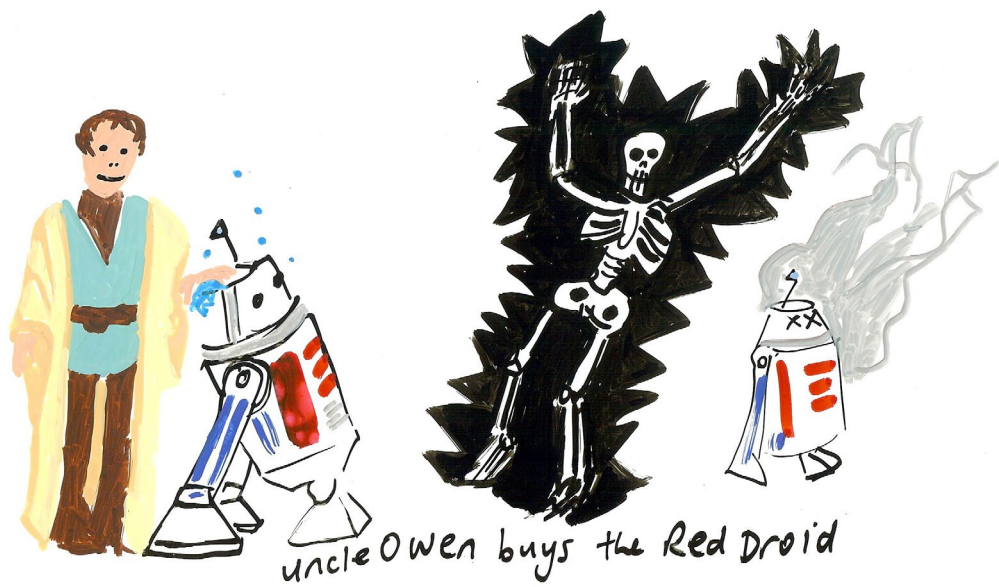
said that they seemed to be grasping for reasons to arrest him, and that the entire thing had been intended as an artwork – not something that would hurt someone or be dangerous – and that the main problem seemed to be the location. The police agreed. I said that if Jad had been doing this in Hyde Park, which is near the CBD, then the police wouldn't have cared. They agreed. I pointed out that Hyde Park is government property so wouldn't that be the same as Jad being in the garden bed? The police said "look mate I know you're just trying to make some art and I don't have a problem with that, but if you're going to make art just don't make it in Perth."

Appendix 4: (The Force is Moderate with this one)

The Death of Young Leia Skywalker as a Jedi



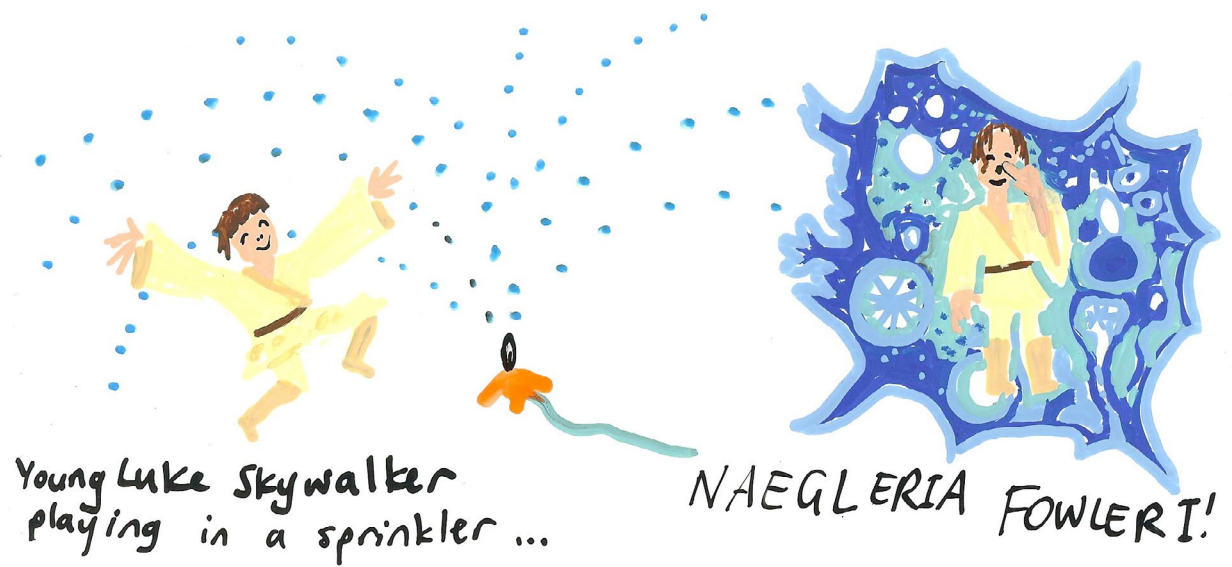
Appendix 5: The Death of Uncle Owen



Appendix 6: (Strong minded Stormtroopers defy Jedi mind tricks)
The Death of Luke Skywalker and Obi Wan Kenobi, the destruction of
C3PO and R2D2

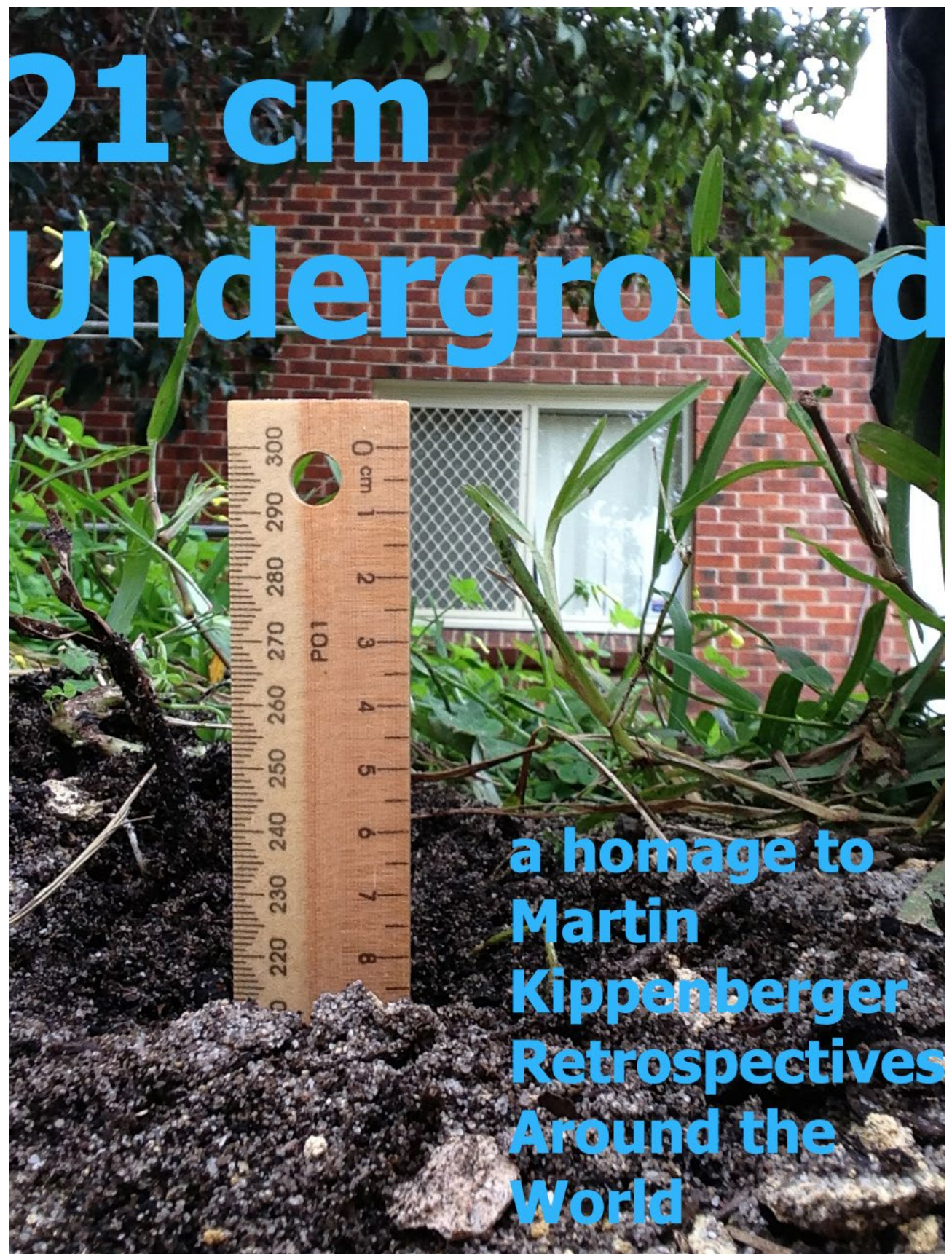


Appendix 7: (Chlorination saves lives) The Death of Young Luke Skywalker





Luke goes to bed
complaining of a headache
and never wakes up!



21 cm Underground

a homage to
**Martin
Kippenberger
Retrospectives
Around the
World**

Part 3

21cm

**Under
ground**

MKAS: Secret Society

Unknown

Unseen

We live underneath the radar

- Underworld
(Hyde, Smith and Thomas 1988)

Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society (MKAS) is a secret society with a public Facebook group. It is an Artist Run Initiative (ARI). Its primary function is the appreciation of the artist Martin Kippenberger. Meetings of the Society are irregular. They are usually attended by founding members including: [REDACTED], Joanne Richardson, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and [REDACTED].

I thank MKAS members for allowing me to share the following short background on the Society and my experiences of taking part in a MKAS exhibition, *The Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society Presents: 21cm Underground*. MKAS assisted in editing and redacting certain information this section in order to maintain the secrecy of certain details regarding MKAS' workings. I have permission to name some members. What follows does not express the views of MKAS.

Martin Kippenberger (1953-1997) was an artist who made a lot of art. MKAS lore includes a saying: ‘If a thing ever existed as art, Kippenberger did it!’ Kippenberger painted, sculpted, managed a nightclub, SO36, opened a helpful bureau, *Kippenberger Bureau*, nailed electric cheese to a wall, sang songs and attempted a self-portrait in the form of an interview. The transcript for this 1991 interview was published in ARTFAN #13, then as a book in 2007 titled *Picture a Moon, Shining in the Sky: Conversation with Martin Kippenberger*. He declared: “Really, from the depths of my heart, I love art with all my heart. That will never change, it can degenerate as much as it wants but I’ll still always champion it” (Muller 2013). Kippenberger intended that the interview self-portrait would be published as a book that “will be trilingual”. He anticipated a publishing delay, guessed that a reader might pick it up to read ten years later, or carry it by their side: “like a Bible from which one can draw strength” (ibid, 32). This is consistent with Stephen King’s idea of books as portable magic (King 2010, 104). The book expands the scope of aesthetic appreciation beyond a single meeting or exhibition.

Author Peter Noever credited Kippenberger with pioneering the artist persona as a “multi-skilled cross disciplinarian” as described by Gemma Weston in the DIY catalogue (Weston 2011, 5). Noever wrote that Kippenberger “was interested in unearthing reality in every aspect where it seemed self-evident and thus existed unquestioned, as for instance, in everyday life where sometimes even the most trivial matters serve as a point of departure for artistic intervention” (Noever 1998, 7). MKAS is nothing if not captivated by the possibilities of Martin Kippenberger’s ideas. MKAS [REDACTED] question trivial matters in pursuit of departure points for the beginnings of artistic intervention.

Kippenberger has been the subject of several large-scale retrospectives including: *Martin Kippenberger* at Tate Modern, London, in 2006 (Searle 2006); *Martin Kippenberger: The Problem Perspective* at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, in 2008 (Ayeroff 2008), which then toured to the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), New York, in 2009; and *Martin Kippenberger Sehr Gut | Very Good* at Hamburger Bahnhof Museum for Contemporary Art, Berlin, in 2013 (Rester 2013).

In an online *New York Times* review of *Martin Kippenberger: The Problem Perspective*, Holland Cotter describes Kippenberger's bearing:

At punk bars and biennials he was the juiced-up guy who made scintillating speeches, picked stupid fights and periodically dropped his pants. He was the same person in his art.

(Cotter 2009)

During the opening night of *The Problem Perspective*, MoMA museum visitors participated in a creative activity adjunct to the exhibition. Cultural writer Alexandra Peers described in her blog:

An unexpected highlight was some lobby performance art. People fed up at the long coat-check line began piling their coats on the floor, and, two hours into an open bar, a few began diving under, creating a writhing lobby octopus. Security guards broke it up, one noting to the applauding crowd, 'This is not part of the Kippenberger exhibition. This is about people drinking too much.'

(Peers 2009)

Art critic Steven Kaplan went on to point out in his blog:

But if I might say, the entire Kippenberger oeuvre is fundamentally about one person drinking too much, and everything that follows from that.

(Kaplan 2009)

Peers and Kaplan allude to a special possibility in the writhing coat-pile performance: a ridiculous intervention in response to a trivial matter. Perhaps spontaneous outbursts, disobedience, altered or drunken states could be necessary for an appropriate appreciation of Kippenberger's artwork. These [REDACTED] are explored by MKAS, to match Kippenberger's vigorous art work with a vigorous appreciation.

METRO-Net

*Too much rejection
No love injection
But down in the underground
You'll find someone true
Down in the Underground
A land serene
A crystal moon*

– David Bowie
(Bowie 1986)

We can be happy underground

– Ben Folds Five
(Folds 1995)

An example of Kippenberger's projects was METRO-Net. The METRO-Net is as serious and important as your drunk friend pretending to descend an escalator behind their couch. Along with a proliferation of plans and drawings, Kippenberger built several architectural structures. The first METRO-Net entrance was built in Syros, Greece, and opened in Sep-

tember 1993 (Kippenberger 1993). Another station entrance opened in 1994 in Dawson City, Yukon, adjacent to Nohal Reinald's BunkHouse hotel. A ventilation shaft planned for Tokyo was posthumously constructed in Los Angeles (Noever 1998).

METRO-Net unites the literal subterranean area 'underground' with figurative understandings of 'underground' as 'alternate', and with synonyms including 'rebellious', 'subversive' and 'avant garde'. The figurative underground resonates with the Chinese term *jianghu* mentioned in Part 2: *Practice for The Death of Starwars*. As mentioned, *jianghu* literally translates as *lakes and rivers*. Helena Yuen Wei Wu highlights the problems with translating the Chinese *jianghu* into English. It references physical elements of landscape but evokes many poetic meanings including an alternate way of looking at things. Both the secretive nature of MKAS and its status as an ARI relate to ideas of *jianghu*, the realm of Rebel Scum, secret societies, autonomy, and the pursuit of freedom. However, nobody is free in *jianghu*, invisibility and lawlessness has its disadvantages.

In a 2009 dissertation, *Limning the Jianghu: Spaces of Appearance and Performative Politics of the Chinese Cultural Underground*, Maranatha Ivanova describes:

the 'rivers and lakes' of the *jianghu* belong to the common people, to their folkways, highways and byways, and *jianghu* heroes are the scrappy Robinhood-esque grassroots 'wilderness heroes' [...] and wandering warriors who serve no masters but themselves, and survive by their wits by belonging to enclaves of like-minded others, sometimes as members of 'underground' or secret societies, sometimes as criminal gangs or other associations and brotherhoods.

(Ivanova 2009, 5-6)

Throughout the dissertation, Ivanova repeats the phrase "*jianghu* cultural underground" evoking a sense that *jianghu* could be understood as equivalent to the figurative 'underground'.

Emblazoned across the doors of each of Kippenberger's METRO-Net entrances was the emblem of the Lord Jim Lodge, a secret society set up by Kippenberger. Any attempt

to use the architectural structures as entrances to the METRO-Net were complicated not only by the lack of tunnels and tracks beyond, but also by its locked doors. If only we were privy to the secrets of the Lord Jim Lodge, we might be able to really use a secret form of imaginative transport.

METRO-Net was of course accepted as a glorious allegory that not only went laconically to the heart of the age of mobility, globalism and acceleration but also evoked the romantic possibility of a different 'alternative world beneath the ground' that bohemians had fed on so long, meantime allegorising its botched construction.... into an underworld where you can abandon all hope, design an alternative world or are suddenly connected to everything.

(Diederichsen 2008, 55)

Kippenberger also built portable entrances, one of which he had crushed in order to fit through the gallery doors (Noever 1998, 24). Documenta X at Kassel in 1996 included *Kippenberger's METRO-Net Transportable Subway Entrance*, a series of plans to insert an entrance on a lake (ibid, 70). After seeing the proposed images amongst images of other physically built entrances for years, I assumed this entrance floating on a lake once existed.

In 2008 Reinald dismantled the Dawson City METRO-Net entrance, as the structure gave way to "the inevitability of the landscape" (Taylor 2007). Dawson City, a former gold rush town, sits just outside the Arctic Circle. All building structures sit on platforms above the ground, "otherwise the earth consumes the buildings" (ibid). Permafrost is impenetrable earth, not even a small faux entrance could be sustained there let alone kilometers of connective transit. Zin Taylor's *Put Your Eye in Your Mouth: a conversational documentary recording Martin Kippenberger's Metro-Net Station in Dawson City, Yukon* played at *LAST TRAIN: A Wake for St. Martin Kippenberger's METRO-Net in Dawson City, Yukon in 2009* (Kievech 2009).

In Taylor's documentary, Reinald mentions that Kippenberger was aware that the Dawson City entrance would slowly disintegrate. But it was built anyway. Elsewhere, Kippenberger says: "Starting things, always the little beginnings. That's what I like" (Muller 2013, 68). It seems in METRO-Net there are two aspects of equal importance: firstly, that

it is realized; and secondly, that its complete dysfunction is continually reinforced. The destruction of the Dawson City entrance further reinforces METRO-Net's ridiculous impossibility.

Reinald talked about the Lord Jim Lodge as a secret society for whom the METRO-Net was constructed. Its logo included insignia for its motto, NHN: *Nobody Helps Nobody*. The METRO-Net may be seen to be a utopian vision of universal mass transit but it also seems as if the first entrances, in Syros and Dawson City, were built to unite Kippenberger's friends who lived in interesting places – working optimally for an elite and exclusive group. It could be a parable that utopia is best at its little beginnings. Its failure to operate, to mobilize either the entire globe or even just the like-minded brotherhood of the Lord Jim Lodge actually means, Nobody Helps Nobody go Nowhere.

So Close You Cant See It

*and we'll never go to town
till we bury every dream
in the cold, cold ground*

– Tom Waits
(Waits 1987)

Despite their enthusiasm, the founding members of MKAS do not have first-hand experience of visiting artworks by the late Martin Kippenberger. I was sitting on a studio floor taking notes and drawing diagrams. [REDACTED], I was listening to Lauren describe her recent visit to the Martin Kippenberger retrospective, *Ser Ghut/Very Good* at Hamberger Bahnhof Museum Berlin. “There was just *so much* stuff! It was underground, it went on and on for like two kilometres!” Lauren continued uninterrupted. My notes were all frantic and messy.

During the sitting I realized I had missed a secret MKAS meeting [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED].

MARTIN KIPPENBERGER APPRECIATION SOCIETY

The second Newsletter August 2013: A special interview with Lauren

LAUREN VISITED A RETROSPECTIVE

I needed to see
but I couldn't find any tickets

① No Breakfast!

② Salad

③ Beer

Lauren is a member of the
Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society

A sunny day in
BERLIN

HAMBERGER
BAHNHOF
HAMBURGER
BAHNHOF
HAMBURGER
BAHNHOF

A fancy
Cafe

Lauren visited a
Martin Kippenberger Retrospective!

"I got sick of it
and annoyed:

I DON'T WANT TO

LOOK AT THIS ANYMORE..

"JUST SO MUCH STUFF"

HUGE
CONDOMS
PAINTED ON CANVAS

21cm Underground
PUT IT IN YOUR MOUTH

I sent text apologies and met a few members afterwards at a café. It seemed like an informal meeting after the official one. I shared my notes from listening to Lauren about her experience with the Kippenberger retrospective.

“It was 21cm underground?” Kieron said, pointing at a space between the downstroke and the kink of a K.

“Ha ha! No!” I replied, but instantly visualized a field of artworks in shallow graves, and an administrative table with attendants issuing shovels and catalogues. The only way to see anything would be to dig!

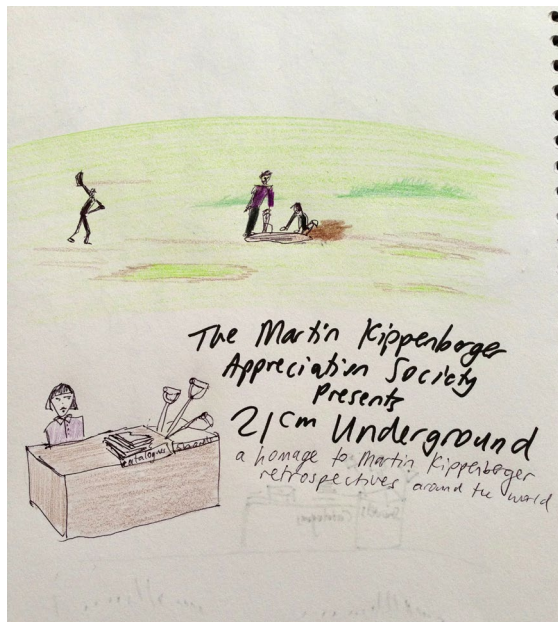
Another MKAS member asked:

“Would you show them where things were?”

“No.”

“You’d just let them dig anywhere?”

“Yeah.”



Visual diary notation proposal, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



21cm Underground Visual diary notation proposal, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

MKAS members expressed interest in the exhibition idea and shared it throughout the Society along with a request for a venue. Months passed.

Kieron Broadhurst found a place and time for MARTIN KIPPENBERGER APPRECIATION SOCIETY PRESENTS: 21CM UNDERGROUND: A HOMAGE TO MARTIN KIPPENBERGER RETROSPECTIVES AROUND THE WORLD. The venue was a disused vegetable patch on a rural property at a satellite event for an arts festival.

MKAS put a call out to all members requesting objects to be buried 21cm underground.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED], MKAS also called for documentation of

work that could be included in the catalogue but not buried, and work that could be buried without being documented. MKAS imagined that artists hoard objects too interesting to throw away but lacking in any clear purpose or future. These in-between things MKAS imagined collecting from artists in order to bury them. The use of pseudonyms was encouraged to avoid taking responsibility for the quality of items, or their in-between status, and in order to maintain a degree of secrecy (Appendix 8: Submission Form B).

Contributions were submitted slowly. Members began work on the catalogue. I began to wonder why I assumed it was okay for MKAS to bury art objects. The catalogue (Appendix 9: Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society Presents *21cm Underground Catalogue*) was edited by Danni McGrath and Kieron Broadhurst. It included submissions and essays from many members. The unnumbered catalogue pages included two essays, interspersed with photographs, drawings, instructions for dowsing, MKAS meeting notes and holiday puzzles. The catalogue was designed as something that could continue to be engaging – and/or cause confusion – after the exhibition.

Art is dead

*Why don't you kill me?
I'm weak and dumb and insignificant*
– Tool
(Keenan 1994)

Imagine a situation in which we take the title of Arthur C. Danto's *Art After the End of Art* (Danto 1997) as a signal to cease and desist making art objects. Consider Lippard's assertion that the idea is more important than the materials – which could be any material (Lippard 1973). The Joker performing the Grand Arabesque is more engaging than the Degas statuette. What if such objects could be considered to be of NO importance at all? We could keep the gesture and ditch the statuette. Could we test these ideas by laying some dead art objects to rest?

The postmodern condition can be characterized by literary critic Fredric Jameson's statement: "in a world in which stylistic innovation is no longer possible, all that is left is to imitate dead styles" (Jameson 1985, 115).

In order to contribute additional objects for burial, I decided to make homages to a few of Kippenberger's multiples, consulting a 2003 exhibition catalogue, *Kippenberger*:

Multiples (Grasslin and Prinzhorn 2003, 4). *Multiples* pictures series of Kippenberger's prints, sculptures, calendars, bathroom mats, t-shirts, etc. I borrowed an idea mentioned by Jason Rhoades in an interview with Michele Robecchi; that the objects don't matter so much as the manuals describing how to put his installations together (Rhoades 2006, 43). In other words: as long as the manual survives, it is okay if particular objects are lost. Kippenberger's METRO-Net lost the Dawson City entrance, yet other entrances and utility devices such as ventilation shafts continued to be made. I used *Kippenberger: Multiples* as a manual, an index of ideas to make homages to.

In burying any object, we constructed; all we would be doing is taking these imitations of dead styles and burying them underground.

Richard Bell's first solo show in Western Australia was at the Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts (PICA) in 2014. One of the large paintings, *Prelude to a Trial (Bell's Theorem)*, 2011, includes lines from *Bell's Theorem* (Bell 2002). Parts of the colourful background pattern swelled like the beginnings of a psychedelic fit, partially obscuring *Bell's Theorem* and the larger statement, as if it was disintegrating as it was being read. Thick white lines spelt out: WESTERN ART DOES NOT EXIST. It seemed as if line, colour, pattern and shape would forever triumph over words. More significantly, the large white text resonant with whiteness equated WESTERN words with whiteness; a whiteness that was giving way to a colourful ground, as if the painting was willing Western art practices to be doomed to fade into the background. If *Prelude to a Trial (Bell's Theorem)* were the outcome of a trial... could it be interpreted as a polite invitation to stop making Western Art in Australia? It is taking up time and space from Indigenous cultural practices. Bell's painting could be a kind of artistic version of the bumper sticker: FUCK OFF WE'RE FULL (McSween et al. 2009).

The activity of burying Western art objects in WA is doubly justified. Not only are they imitations of dead styles, they are superseded by their documentation. They are unnecessary for aesthetic experience and on top of that, according to Bell, they *do not exist*. These things are not Art; these are dead, formless masses.

Feeling Into

*Dancin' in the alley
With Long Tall Sally*

– Jessica Mauboy
(Kenner 1965)

I wrote about my homage to Kippenberger's *Disco Bomb*:

I made some more objects to bury. I bought a mirror ball and pink wig to multiple the “Disco Bombs”. That would be something nice to find. I imagine shovels crashing through the earth toward a sleeping disco ball but its hard to imagine. I’ve never seen a buried disco ball or wig. I stared at them in their box and plastic bag. Maybe they should be buried in those coffins they came in? To keep them safe? How is a cardboard box going to stop the force of a 15kg shovel with a 70kg human bearing down on it? How is any object going to survive this? Why do we bury bodies in coffins? Surely even these cant stand the weight of all that sand and water. I think of my grandparent’s skeletons.

– 7th Feb 2014 William Morris Blue Day Book 2



Homage to Disco Bomb in transit, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

The journal proceeded to veer off into a long sidetrack about earthly remains in crypts, cemeteries, ossuaries and cairns, then cremation and self-immolation. Approaching objects in their material form made me start to feel for them and deeply lament what we intended to do.

I was feeling into the objects I collected. In *Laurus Nobilis* Vernon Lee writes about *Einfühlung* in terms of a kind of directed attention in aesthetic experiences. “The greatest art bestows pleasure just in proportion as people are capable of buying that pleasure at the price of attention, intelligence, and reverent sympathy” (Lee 1909, 17). I thought the mode of approach to an aesthetic object could be compared to a reverence for the dead or to our own dread of death.

Alternative folk musician Regina Spektor wrote a song about visiting art museums, *All the Rowboats*, in 2012. The song describes an attentive aesthetic experience. In it Spektor evokes a sense of the art museum as a tomb or prison for artworks. She mentions reaching out and touching a sculpture, attempting to hear paintings and guessing at the worry in the

faces of the rowboat captains: “they keep trying to row away” (Spektor 2012). Among the aesthetic objects trapped in a tomb, Spektor, a musician, laments the most silent:

*God, I pity the violins
In glass coffins they keep coughing
They’ve forgotten, forgotten how to sing*

(ibid)

Spektor may be imagining a playful alternative to storing the untouched instrument. She may be feeling into the display case to take hold of the item built to be held and played. But by describing their noise as ‘to sing’, it’s implied the instrument is a human body, imagined as animate, full of playfulness. Spektor imagines life and noise into a silent place, into silenced objects.



Diamond Skele doing the dishes, 2010, Scott Northcott.

I pitied Damien Hirst's 2007 *For the Love of God* (FTLOG). I saw images of the sculpture, also known as Diamond Skull, on the Internet. I guessed it might only be approached either in its glass case, its tomb or in the form of infinite digital replicas. These forms seem inanimate, and worse, no one ever is likely to live with FTLOG in their house and get to see it daily. It will never be a part of everyday life. I thought of the skull growing a body and going off on an adventure. Or not. I found some faux-sequin dance fabric and sewed it into a balaclava. I painted a crooked skeleton on some black clothing. As Lee felt the uprightness of a Doric Column, this is my performed escape into everyday life, a way to deal with ideas by activity, my Grand Arabesque-type gesture for FTLOG.

Museum Mausoleum

Here's your ticket.

Welcome to the Tombs

– Regina Spektor
(Spektor 2012)

Alan Kaprow wrote a 1964 essay entitled “The Artist as a Man of the World”. In a section called “The End of The Temple”, he contemplated galleries and museums: “A house of art, however, is like a jewel case for a jewel with no proper place in life” (Kaprow 2003b, 56-7). As mentioned in Part 1, Kaprow was influenced by John Dewey’s *Art as Experience* (Kelley 1992, xi). For Kaprow, in order to be vital, art needs to have a place in everyday life. He mentions collectors keeping art in private houses. The art is interesting in this situation because it is being lived with. In contrast:

The museum is thus a relatively recent development that we have assumed always belonged to the nature of art – though in fact art is becoming part of the world, more museums are being built to entomb it. It is tragic that painters and sculptors who have reviled the edifice as a tomb willingly consign their life’s work to an early burial there. The only hope is that this process will soon stop and that modern museums will be converted into swimming pools or nightclubs.

(Kaprow 2003b, 57)

21cm Underground performs the literal action Kaprow figuratively describes: a premature burial of artwork! Kaprow characterizes the opposite of the tomb as spaces for lively activity: swimming, or drinking with music and dancing.

In the 1993 text *On the Museum's Ruins*, Douglas Crimp begins a chapter of the same name with a quote from Theodor W. Adorno's essay *Valery Proust Museum* pointing out how the words "museum" and "mausoleum" are not only phonetically similar but also: "Museums are the family sepulchres of works of art" (Crimp 1993, 44). What is in a museum is no longer vital.

Crimp goes on to cite Hilton Kramer's critique of a dissatisfying installation of different styles of painting: "It is the destiny of corpses, after all, to remain buried, and salon painting was found to be very dead indeed" (ibid 45). It seemed Kramer was lamenting that the death of modernism allowed a new and unpleasant situation to arise: "Under the new post-modernist dispensation, anything goes..." (ibid). The implication is: what is not currently dynamic and interesting is a dead thing. These should be removed from the presence of vital things. This passage goes on to discuss photography, Andre Malraux's *Museum without Walls* (1949) – an accumulation of photographs of artworks, complicated by instances of artworks themselves being photographs. I thought both postmodern and past artworks are equally deserving of burial.

The Museum/Mausoleum sentiment is also expressed in Marinetti's *Futurist Manifesto*:

Museums, cemeteries!... Truly identical in the sinister jostling of bodies that do not know each other. Great public dormitories where one sleeps forever side by side with beings hated or unknown. Reciprocal ferocity of painters and of sculptors killing each other with line and color in the same gallery.

(Marinetti 1909)

In a 2013 article for *Frieze* magazine "Entering the Flow: Museum between Archive and Gesamtkunstwerk", Boris Groys contemplates the nature of contemporary museum exhib-

its and their aims to reintegrate what I have been calling *dead things*: “into the flow to make art fluid, to synchronize it with the flow of time” (Groys 2013, 6). Groys considers the nuances of relations between the Internet, museum, audience and exhibition curation. Where Kramer seems to lament ‘anything goes’, it would seem the same statement excited Groys about new possibilities. Groys quotes Kazimir Malevich’s “On the Museum”, 1919, as a source that may have anticipated the ruined museum and objects therein being possibly superseded by photographic documentation:

Life knows what it is doing, and if it is striving to destroy, one must not interfere, since by hindering we are blocking the path to a new conception of life that is born within us. In burning a corpse we obtain one gram of powder: accordingly thousands of graveyards could be accommodated on a single chemist’s shelf. We can make a concession to conservatives by offering that they burn all past epochs, since they are dead, and set up one pharmacy.

(ibid 6)

Groys continues:

Later Malevich gives a concrete example of what he means: the aim [of this pharmacy] will be the same, even if people will examine the powder from Rubens and all his art – a mass of ideas will arise in people and will more often more alive than actual representation (and take up less room).

(ibid 7)

Groys goes on to assert the Internet is akin to Malevich’s pharmacy shelf; only that each work can be represented without the original being destroyed. The Internet also allows for infinite duplication and distribution making more and more documents for the one work. Groys argues the Internet has made museum’s function of telling art history obsolete, “public art museums will ultimately disappear... [with the advent of] more accessible virtual, digitized archives” (ibid, 7). More Nightclubs and swimming pools! Malevich’s ideas about the destruction of past art objects came about before the invention of digital photography and 3D scans. Now we have this technology, and since Lippard established

that objects are not necessary to convey ideas (Lippard 1973), Malevich's argument seems more convincing. But the destruction of objects is yet to be done.

Except.

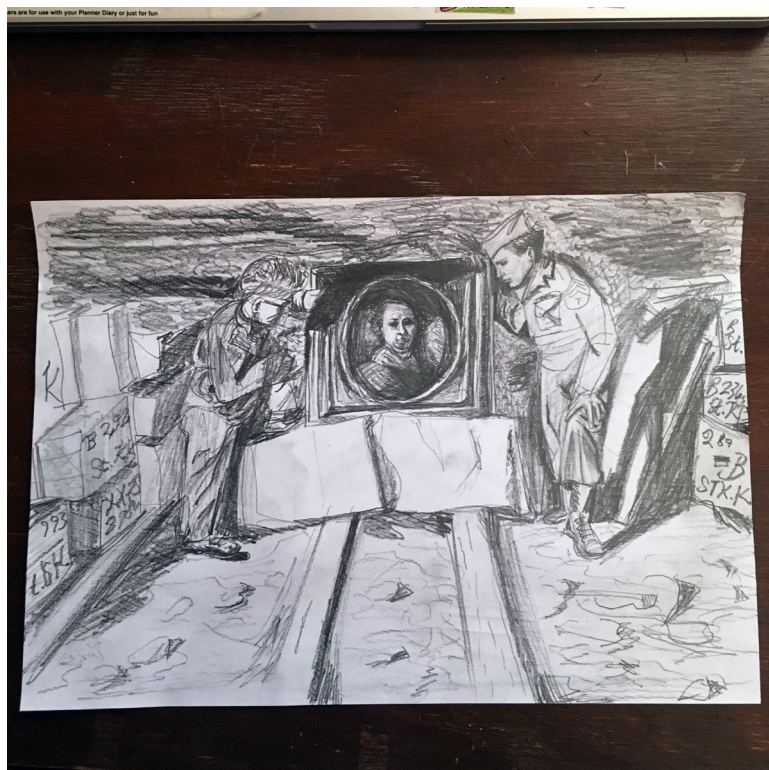
Martin Kippenberger already did this in his work: *Heavy Burschi*, 1989/90. His assistant produced paintings that were photographed, printed 1:1 and displayed alongside a skip bin containing remnants of the destroyed originals (Morgan, Borthwick and Burnett 2006).

Art is Safer

*I'll let you hide
in this hole around my heart*

– Halogen
(Yee and Bisschops 2001)

I contemplated the subterranean underground as a space for art. The lack of wind or direct sunlight, stable humidity, and constant temperatures preserves paintings from natural processes of erosion and decay. Paintings in the Lascaux Caves near Dordogne, France, and in the Ubirr site in Arnhem Land, Australia, are both estimated to be 40,000 years old (Tedesco 2000). Locally, the oldest known Noongar paintings are in Mulka's Cave near Hyden, which is 292 kilometres east south-east of Perth, Western Australia. Though the paintings are yet to be dated, campsites in the area have been radiocarbon dated to 8000BP (Rossi 2014, 45). Mulka's Cave has grown lighter than it once was, as the tourists wear the soft floor down (ibid: 43). The Lascaux cave was closed in 1963 after discovering the presence of tourists was interfering with the microclimate and inciting the growth of damaging fungi (Lichfield 2010). Contemporary tourists visit Lascaux II, a replica of the Great Hall of the Bulls and the Painted Gallery. The subterranean underground could be a place that preserves artwork so long as it is relatively safe from humans.



We Knew the Mine Was Full of Treasures. Drawing after 1945 archival photograph Lt. Dale Fort and Harry Ettlinger with Rembrandt's Self Portrait with Beret and Red Cloak c1645, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

In 2010 Robert Edsel published *The Monuments Men: Allied Heroes Nazi Thieves and the Greatest Treasure Hunt in History*. According to Edsel, WWII Blitzkrieg strikes, which levelled city buildings, inspired concerned parties to move artworks away from museum windows and into basements (Edsel 2010, 18). The Monuments Men also known as Monuments, Fine Arts and Archive section (MFAA) were a special group in the Allied Forces who attempted to minimize combat damage to monuments and significant cultural artefacts. The MFAA also sought to recover artefacts seized by the Third Reich from occupied territories. The seized works were destined to fill the planned Führermuseum (Leader's Museum). At Altaussee, Austria, the MFAA dug through a collapsed tunnel to recover artworks hidden in a former salt mine that had been converted into an art storage area. The microclimate within the former salt mine may have shared similarities with that of natural caves. Unknown parties had blown up tunnel entrances. Edsel wrote that it was

later discovered that sealing the mine was inspired by conflicting orders, one of which was to destroy the mine and its contents instead of letting it fall into Allied hands (ibid, 375). Thus, burial saved a large collection of artefacts.

In 2010 works on the U-5 subway line in Berlin unearthed artworks from Die Entarte Kunst (Hawley 2010). These were forbidden works thought to be lost to the jackboots or flamethrowers of Nazis. It is speculated that the sculptures were somehow in the custody of lawyer Erhard Oewerdieck, a tenant at 50 Königstrasse (King Street). During allied



Burying mask, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

bombings in 1944, the sculptures fell through the floor to the basement of the house. The area was reduced to rubble and effectively buried and built over. The artworks were ‘saved’ under the street until dug up by Berlin underground rail works. Kimmelman writes in an online article that the eleven sculptures displayed in the Neues Museum archaeological collection were “newly cleaned but still scarred, inspiring the obvious human analogy” (Kimmelman 2010).

“They’re like the dead, these sculptures, ever coming back to us, radiant ghosts” (ibid). Arts writer Andrew Russeth contemplates two notable artworks – a cast of *The Thinker* by Auguste Rodin, and Alexander Calder’s *Bent Propeller* – lost in the collapse of the World Trade Centre on September 11, 2001. Less well-known pieces could be both destroyed and forgotten as “[a] decade later, many of the 430 firms whose offices were destroyed are still not precisely certain what they lost, since inventory records disappeared along with the inventory” (Russeth 2011). Cultural commentator Lee Rosenbaum blogged about reluctantly accepting an assignment to visit the National September 11 Memorial and Museum built on the former site of the Twin Towers in New York. Rosenbaum describes her memories were “still too painful and frightening for me to have wanted to revive them” (Rosenbaum 2014) and found “a touchstone” object among the artefacts on view: a portion of Rodin’s *The Three Shades* (1881-1886). It lies on its back in a museum case surrounded by pieces of jet engine – mangled, companionless and headless.

Consideration of these works made it difficult for me to maintain a giddy willingness to destroy art objects, dead or alive. It is one thing to pity entombed violins who have ‘forgotten how to sing’ but something else to lower them into a grave.

In the long period leading up to the exhibition, as I spent time researching and observing the slow trickle of contributed artworks, I slowly realized something. I was unable to name *one* swimming pool or nightclub with a past as a former Museum of Contemporary Art. Edsel’s *Monuments Men* was made into a major motion picture starring George Clooney. Hollywood heroes save the art from the underground. I noted a distinct lack of artists burning and snorting Rubens... in short: there seemed to be something generally not okay about burying art.

We did it anyway.

G.R.A.V.E.D.I.G.G.E.R.S.

*I don't wanna hurt you, baby
I only want to lay you down*

– Prince
(Prince and Fink 1980)

*Dig yourself, Lazarus, dig yourself
Back in that hole*

– Nick Cave
(Cave 2008)

On the day of installation, two MKAS representatives, Kieron and I, were in a car full of objects to bury, catalogues and shovels. I was playing the *aaaUnderground* playlist driving to the exhibition site (Appendix 10: *aaaUnderground* Playlist). Kieron told me stories about when he was a little kid. In one, he described playing with his GI Joes in a cave. He said he remembered listening to the cars passing above thinking: “No-one knows I’m here.” The story makes Kieron seem like Batman in his secret Batcave, or as safe as the paintings in the original Lascaux Cave.

I offered to change music. Keiron said: “No, it’s interesting hearing this unfold.” It’s not all music I like. MKAS had called out via social media for suggestions to form the *aaaUnderground* playlist. 199 songs were selected, based on song titles, lyrics and band names with relevant keywords like: down, under, underground, dig, dirt, grave, bury. The list is an odd mixture lacking aesthetic coherence. I continue to listen to it while working on this writing, and all the way through the edits, re-writes and re-edits. The ideas in the songs became infused with the story of the exhibition. I added some lyrics to the section titles.

We spent a day installing the art objects. To bury them, we would dig holes 21cm deep, plus the depth of each object. It was hard work. Clearing grass and sticks. Hitting hard stone. We’d dig, swat March flies, drink water, take a photo. Each photo was framed close enough to the hole so that there wouldn’t be a record of the exact location. This strategy was effective because we occasionally dug up something we’d buried. We’d have to start digging again. Some parts of the vege patch were soft, other parts required the use of a post hole digger. It cut a neat vertical shaft through the black sand and gravel.



Installation: Kieron digging a hole using the post-hole digger, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Installation: Kieron burying an artwork using a shovel, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

One artwork, submitted by Jack Wansbrough, requested an inflated balloon with a sad joke written on it be exhibited at a depth corresponding to the measurement above sea-level of the buried body of Martin Kippenberger. Wansbrough calculated this would require the balloon be installed approximately 145m above the exhibition site. His corresponding entry for the catalogue featured a collage using a copy of a Kippenberger *Self Portrait* from 1988. In Kippenberger's original painting, a figure sits hunched over its voluminous belly, wearing enormous Picasso-referencing white Y-fronts. A blue balloon obscures the face. Saatchi Gallery describes this portrait as: "melancholic" (Martin Kippenberger Exhibited at the Saatchi Gallery n.d.). I purchased the only packet of balloons I could find. They had smiling faces on them. We disregarded the specifics of Wansbrough's instructions and carefully buried a smiling yellow balloon 21cm underground. It was popped before the exhibition opened when a dog walked over it.



Incorrect installation of Jack Wansbrough's donated artwork, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

I buried half a dozen fresh eggs with half a dozen wooden toy eggs. This paid homage to the last solo show before Kippenberger's death, *Der Eiermann und sein Ausleger* (The Eggman and His Outriggers), in 1997. I read a catalogue for a 2011 solo exhibition with images of the artworks both isolated and in situ at the Skarstedt Gallery. Alan Licht's essay "Back to the Egg" explains:

During his last interview, with Daniel Baumann, Kippenberger cited an egg as an example of how he chose subjects from 'things that are so close that you wouldn't think of them... some things are never used up because there's still so much in them.'

(Licht 2011, 3)



Installation of eggs, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Licht also contemplated the idea that Kippenberger may have considered the egg to have some rejuvenating property that Kippenberger's body did not. I thought buried eggs might raise both notions of fragility, of possible disintegration, *and* the possibility of restorative protective properties of being underground. My wooden eggs betrayed a doubt that the fresh ones could be recovered intact. The fresh ones demonstrated the confidence of animals that incubate their eggs underground.



Installation of Homage to Disco Bomb, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Kieron and a Dog rescue a lizard from being buried in a hole, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Buried Purple, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Gold Skulls, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.

Buried burgers, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

As I dug holes and buried objects, I noted the degree of effort it was taking. I thought this activity could be similar to what we would be asking our audience to do. If it was an effort to bury, it would be an effort to dig and find. The feeling of disappointment I had when unwittingly unearthing an object I had buried could be similar to the feeling a visitor may have if they dug to find nothing. I also started to think of the effort as equivalent to travelling; spending time in anticipation, searching in the manner of a pilgrim. Such a pilgrimage was contemplated by Jason Rhoades in his 2003 work, *Meccatuna*.

Rhoades planned to send a live tuna on a pilgrimage to Mecca: “I thought it would have been very beautiful to take a tuna to Mecca” (Rhoades 2006, 42). This is one of several works featuring Rhoades’ interest in Islamic religious practices. He decided against going himself because he was not Muslim. When he began arranging the tuna’s pilgrimage, he became aware that it was impossible. He learned tuna die if they are not moving forward in water. He adapted the original plan by aiming to send fresh tuna flesh in sushi form. This was impossible too, so he opted for canned tuna. It is an interesting idea to send a fleshy proxy on a pilgrimage. Of particular interest is his version of equating seeking out art experience with seeking out religious experience. In a short introduction before the interview, Robecchi recounts that when Rhoades was a kid, he found gold while digging around with a shovel on his family’s property. This anecdote of digging and discovering resonates with the principal activities in the *21cm Underground* exhibition. It also drove Robecchi’s insightful description of Rhoades’ perceived ideal audience:

Rhoades’ gigantic installations can be summarized with the struggle of researching and the pleasure of discovery – two acts of faith that he considers mandatory, not only in his work but in his ideal audience too. In Rhoades’ view visiting an exhibition should be like taking a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, Rome or Mecca.

(ibid)

Rhoades’ configuration of art pilgrimage is the activity of researching – ‘digging’ – and having faith in a future discovery. There is a consistency between Rhoades’ approach to art practice and the approach of an ideal audience. Like Rhoades, we assumed our audience

would have some kind of faith that would allow them to risk spending time digging before maybe making a discovery.

Noever describes how Kippenberger used trivial matters in everyday life as points of departure. Without attentive consideration, these matters cannot become the impetus for an artistic invention. Noticing particular things in a particular way inspires us to be creatively productive. As Kaprow carefully considered the activity of brushing his teeth, it became an interesting experience. The inconsequential space between a poorly formed letter “K” led to the exhibition. It was an instance of noticing a part of life ripe for intervention.

Under the Skin



Installation of Francis Russell's *Underground? In praise of gnathostomiasis*, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Take me in under your skin
Bury me deep in love

– The Triffids
(McComb 1987)

I tried to keep adjusting my grip, but my hands blistered, then burst. Those holes filled with black dirt too. I looked at the broken skin and thought of Francis Russell's essay in the *21cm Underground* catalogue: "Underground? In praise of gnathostomiasis". Russell contemplates the activities of nematodes beneath the surface of skin and takes advantage of a rich, unexploited area of philosophical enquiry (Broadhurst et al. 2014). He uses the lyrics to Jamiroquai's song *Underground* and quotes Dostoyevsky to introduce his essay: "I am a sick man". During my time in the studio I had scribbled on the cover of my copy, so the title reads: "Notes from 21cm Underground".

I thought about the dirty holes in the skin of my hands and about reading Morgan's ideas on Vernon Lee: the body is an intersecting "node of understanding" (Morgan 2012). As the dirt ground in, I understood the process of art as research as it took effect in my skin. I was realizing the unimaginable part of the whimsical idea of putting things underground. By considering the effort, the dirt and the contamination, I thought of the process of installing and awaiting appreciation as enduring a trial. By digging, then putting in an object, then filling in the holes, we were unable to see our work. We could not assess the proximity between objects, or achieve a sense of arriving at a pleasing arrangement. We only knew the objects were disappearing one by one.

Only with the frustrations of digging in the wrong place did it occur to me that we required an ideal audience, a faithful pilgrim who was prepared to believe there were works to be found, and prepared to struggle to make a discovery.



Installation of Homage to The Night is Alright (1982) Kippenberger performance wearing a sign that says "Bitte Nicht Nach Hause Schicken"
(In English: Please do not send home), 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Buried 21cm Underground

*I don't want to find you any time
Or any place around*

– Art of Fighting
(Browne and Frew 2001)

*Shadows of the mountain
Don't tell them what's under
The breadth and height
Of an undiscovered first*

– Feist
(Feist 2011)

Once the objects were buried, I looked around. There were objects buried 21cm underground, there were catalogues and there were shovels. I noticed there was something missing from all the plans and research and contemplations prior to the install. There wasn't any consideration of visitors unearthing the buried artworks. The artworks were



Visual diary plans, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

buried, they were now a secret and should stay that way. The objects were rendered imaginary, only accessible by images or the catalogue – full of pseudonyms – merely offering a:

LIST OF THINGS THAT MAY OR
MAY NOT BE IN THE GROUND (Broadhurst et al. 2014).

This list of 44 handwritten work titles was mostly legible, but some titles were written perpendicular and some upside down.

In the journal entry about *Homage to Disco Bomb*, I wrote I “cant imagine” finding the disco ball. The reverie stops before imagining pulling *Homage to Disco Bomb* out of the ground. “Just let them dig anywhere” was the original maxim, unconsciously hoping no one would find anything.

In this drawing made during the planning stage, the sketches do not progress past the point of the objects being buried. In the final stage, grass grows over the top of the buried object. The full title of the exhibition makes no reference to digging or exhumation: MARTIN KIPPENBERGER APPRECIATION SOCIETY PRESENTS: 21CM UNDERGROUND: A HOMAGE TO MARTIN KIPPENBERGER RETROSPECTIVES AROUND THE WORLD indicates the interest was not in retrieving the objects, but about them *being underground*.

Once the objects were buried and the catalogue was on the table, I felt my artistic intervention, research and struggle were over. I felt a sense of accomplishment. I felt I had purged our surface-dwelling world of some dead objects. I felt momentarily free from them. We taped off the area. Kieron strew gold rocks and plants around. We walked away.



MKAS Banner, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Strewn gold rocks, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.



MKAS admin table, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

In preparation for the exhibition opening we made some hasty decisions. Partly based on the anticipated tedium of having to clean up and vacate the site the next day, partly influenced by a couple of MKAS members who had requested their contributed objects be returned to them after the exhibition. We decided each item unearthed would remain unburied. These exhumed items would be lined up under our catalogue-and-shovel-issuing table, unclassified. Each find would be rewarded with a certificate (Appendix 11: Certificate): “Like when you catch a Marlin!” I told people: “You get a certificate but you have to throw the fish back.” We would record a list of objects in the rear note pages of the Master Catalogue.

Archaeology

Turmoil, carnage

Here come the earth intruders

– Bjork

(Bjork, Timbaland and Danja 2007)

We greeted visitors to the exhibition. Taking on a kind of administrative role, we issued catalogues and tools for viewing; gloves, shovels, picks, spades and divining rods we had fashioned from coat hangers. Unlike usual exhibition invigilation, we encouraged a hands-on approach and evaded the responsibility of knowing where things might be, what they were, or why. We had frustrated our awareness of the exact locations of buried objects by failing to accurately document their whereabouts.

Some people chatted with us for a while, then left with a catalogue. Some asked if Kieron was Martin Kippenberger. Some decided to take a leap of faith and searched for a place to dig. Each work discovered was a one-off experience. A singular moment of discovery. Each of the holes dug – to find an object, or not find an object – remained un-filled. The ground grew more uneven. The depths at which objects were buried began to alter, further obscuring our vague memories of where objects may be.



A visitor digging, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Amy Hickman's catalogue essay "21cm Underground" explained: "The art died so we had to bury it". Hickman declares that the MKAS was actively interfering with the work of archaeologists who were seeking some sort of stratified and fixed historical timeline:

The Society deeply understands what it is doing, in that it knows that it is doing things that seek to make no sense. The archaeologists believe they are making sense, and so deeply misunderstand what they are doing. The Society seeks to ruin continuity and to make a big mess of things. Attempting to unearth the Society's secrets will not reveal any truth since the Society itself has no solutions. It is participating directly to achieve dissolution, aiding time's escape from the archaeologists, and dragging things from the dirt alive and screaming.

(Hickman 2014)

Hickman points out that MKAS' act of burying objects was penetrating layers of history and inserting weird inclusions. Then digging them up again. I had thought I would be proud to watch the destruction, willing the visitors to destroy it all. It wasn't until I assumed the administrative role and was watching people dig, brandishing weapons toward the work I had installed that I discovered I preferred the peace of a tomb, the sealed Lascaux.

Once we were administrators there was no going back to being artist researchers. I was only documenting what the visitors were doing. I played a very minor part in their experience of struggle and discovery. I felt the only help I could be, was in administering labels.



A visitor awarded a certificate, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst, censor drawing after martin kippenberger balloon in self portrait 1988, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

New Things

Hold it steady right there while I hit it

- Nina Simone
(Adderley and Jr. 1961)

We're destined to win and

We're destined to lose and

We're destined to deal with it

- McLusky
(Chapple, Falkous and Harding 2000)

Once the visitors started making discoveries, they started finding things we had seen when we were digging holes but didn't rebury. They found small potatoes, nails, rocks, pegs, plastic pot fragments and shards of pottery. Visitors asked us if what they had found was one of our things. We did not directly answer this question, but asked if they would like to name it as their artwork. According to the institutional definition of art, anything an artist puts forth to an institution has the potential to be considered a work of art by the Artworld (Danto 1964). Some visitors agreed to name their find and we assisted by labeling it.



21cm underground dig, 2014, Scott Northcott, censor drawing after martin kippenberger balloon in self portrait 1988, 2016, Joanne Richardson.



Administration of a discovery, 2014, Scott Northcott.



Studio documentation of a retrieved and named object 'nail', 2014, Joanne Richardson.

In the confusion we created, not only was there an opportunity to not find anything, but also what was discovered demanded the visitor to ascribe value to it. We tried our best to encourage visitors to consider their find valuable no matter what it was.

I presume the moment of discovery for each visitor was different, but I did not feel privy to these intricacies. Instead I felt a sense of familiarity with the invigilators at *Extreme Measures* who told us we were looking at Chris Burden's work the 'wrong way' (out of sequence). When artists, curators and invigilators establish a correct way to encounter the



Studio documentation of a retrieved and named object 'kippenbergersson', 2014, Joanne Richardson.

artwork, they create a limit. I prefer interesting and creative ways of looking at art: dancing alongside it, making a mistake about it, often seeming to be at odds with these limits. No visitor in *21cm Underground* did it 'wrongly'. We (MKAS) successfully shut down the capacity for playful responses. Watching the digging for objects and administering of labels, I slowly developed a desire to ensure that in the next work, *Five Forts*, I would find ways to avoid taking on an exclusively administrative role, and instead set up ways for the visitors to be creative in their spectatorship and, in the process, surprise the artists.

Skunted

*When it comes to being lucky
she's cursed*

– Cat Stevens
(Stevens 1967)

Some visitors were bemused by our spiel, seeming to suspect some kind of deception. It did not help that we were excited about visitors finding sticks and pieces of broken pot. We had to show many visitors our growing collection of retrieved objects to prove otherwise. Some told us afterwards they thought we were full of shit. They wanted to unearth a real object, a valuable object. They wanted to find GOLD.

The word *skunted* is Australian slang for being in trouble: either being treated unfairly or reprimanded. Urban Dictionary defines it as the worse end of a deal (blind_sponge 2010). *Skunted* is an example of a digger seemingly dissatisfied with the discovery of a section of plastic pot, unimpressed by the intangible rewards of pilgrimage and art experience. This may be evidence supporting Allan Kaprow's description that immersive artwork "Succeeds on some days and fails on others" (Kaprow 2003f, 12). During my time issuing shovels and catalogues at *21cm Underground*, I had no discussions on the idea of art being underground, on the nuances of the museum/mausoleum or the poetry of outlaws. I was either cheering along a joyful discovery or trying to abate a searing sense of loss and disappointment.



Studio documentation of a retrieved and named object 'skunted', 2014, Joanne Richardson.

If you were there, reader, you may have either found something or blistered your hands in a fruitless search. Though I did not feel a part of the research and discovery process during the exhibition, the administrative role enabled me to share with you several significant finds – both the joyful and disappointing. They are equally welcome in this document, but mutually exclusive experiences in real life.

Souvenirs

*If there's anything better in this world:
Who cares?*

- The Magnetic Fields
(Meritt 2000)

We were surprised how many people seemed surprised that they would not be taking the objects they found home. In an ordinary exhibition, we understand we cannot take things home. In *21cm Underground*, the visitors who found objects didn't seem to consider them to be part of an exhibition. I deduce from our quick decision to keep everything that we considered the objects to be either museological bodies or propositional objects questing the status of art, so we felt it natural that they didn't leave our exhibition. Our visitors seemed to think the same objects were prizes dug from a former vege patch, a place to reap from and consume. In this perhaps we agree that the objects' material importance was not as great as their symbolic value. At the very least, they seem more valuable than the same thing in a less interesting situation. Or perhaps in the style of pilgrims, those objects were assumed to be a souvenir of sorts or as a reward for effort. Perhaps it was cruel of us that the hard-won objects could not be taken home.



Administration of a discovery, 2014, Scott Northcott censor drawing after martin kippenberger balloon in self portrait 1988, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

On a pilgrimage to Tate St Ives in 2013, I visited the gift shop and found a great souvenir. Artist Grayson Perry sold fragments of ceramic. Each fragment was encased in an ornate tin reliquary box, with a small glass window, on a thin leather strap. I kept it in my studio, nestled in a drawstring bag in a box with a small note reading:

RELIQUARY

I think the way we look at art comes from religion. We go to special buildings to stare at significant and precious things. We feel it is good for us. Tate Modern is a 21st century cathedral. Artists are its saints and holy fools. Here is a relic of one of them to take home from your pilgrimage.

Grayson Perry



*Holding Grayson Perry's reliquary from Tate St. Ives, 2014, Joanne Richardson.
Studio documentation of a retrieved and named object 'pottery sharrd', 2014, Joanne Richardson.*

This object is experienced on a personal scale. It can be handled or worn on the body. It was different to the fixed, untouchable art and/or museum objects of the Tate. Our *21cm Underground* objects were touchable so perhaps it was unnatural for us to ask for them to become untouchable once they had been dug up?

The reliquary was a piece of the museum to take home, a piece of concrete evidence of being there. It continues spectatorship beyond the physical and temporal limits of the moment of art appreciation.

Grayson Perry's pottery fragment has both appropriate notation and ornamentation accentuating its value. Perhaps if we were more careful with our newly-named items and offered them as rewards, people wouldn't have thought we were full of shit?

Undead

*They're alive
They're awake
While the rest of the world is asleep
Below the mine shaft roads
It will all unfold
There's a world going on
UNDERGROUND*

– Tom Waits
(Waits 1983)

Burying eggs complicated the activity of looking by introducing the possible destruction of the sought-after object. This was playfully turning the gaze toward an art object into a physically damaging activity, slightly more extreme than the possibility of accidentally kicking artefacts on the floor in Jason Rhoades' *Untitled (My Madinah: In pursuit of my ermitage...)*.

The eggs were found early in the evening. Interrupting the exhumation, I photographed the egg yolk oozing from the ground. After this, some of the real eggs were recovered undamaged. We put them under the table.



Interruption to exhumation of eggs, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

In *Doom Patrols: A Theoretical Fiction about Postmodernism* Steven Shaviro dedicates Chapter 5 to horror movie director Herschell Gordon Lewis. Gleeefully describing an array of scenarios featuring reanimations of the dead, Shaviro says dying loses its tragic aura when the dead won't STAY dead (Shaviro 1997, 53). When they return in grotesque new forms, they aren't what they used to be when they were alive. Shaviro references Giorgio Agamben's "The Irreparable" from *The Coming Community* 1990. Shaviro argues the dead who won't stay dead have become capable of NOT NOT BEING (ibid, 54). What we laid to rest peacefully had been set free underground and was now rampaging against us.

The image of egg yolk ooze sums up the discord between what we said goodbye to in poetic terms and the odd things that resurfaced. It has no tragic aura; it isn't poetic like an un-played violin. Perhaps those who refused Jason Rhoades his fresh tuna sushi idea

anticipated *this*. One MKAS member submitted *Fish*, a sculptural work constructed from fresh sausages and plaster. He delivered the work wrapped in a pink plastic bag. Despite transporting it in an ice-filled esky and burying it in its pink shroud along with another bag of ice, the work became rancid, a fleshy abject body ejected from the surface world. When it was exhumed, it was the only work promptly reburied. During the night, dogs dug up the work and ate the rotten sausages. And this is how we know, for sure, 21cm is a grave way too shallow.



Discovery of Fish sculpture sausage work in pink plastic, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.

Visitor requesting a Dog's assistance with digging, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.

Cleanup after the exhibition; rotten sausages dug up by dogs, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.

Revisiting Kramer's comment that in the postmodern condition, *anything goes*, we found out during the *21cm Underground* exhibition that nearly everything comes back (and more), but not quite how you want it to be. In contrast to the filthy rotten things, *Homage to Disco Bomb* was never recovered. It retains some tragic aura of death Shaviro describes. Having never faced the crashing shovels, I never have to know what a soiled, crushed *Disco Bomb* looks like. I never have to be repulsed by the returned, disfigured form. The new artefacts that came to the surface screaming were added to our own and there were already so many things. Instead of purging, we were being crowded by infinitely multiplying objects. What was dead is capable of reanimation, what was discarded is capable of re-establishing itself as important. We are stuck with what to do with them. We returned from the exhibition with a car loaded with eggs of questionable edibility, tiny potatoes, broken shards, coarse rocks, dirty bones... all these un-categorizable things.

I can't understand an object except by being involved its presence, and in activity form judgment by the handling of it. The object's resistance to simple categorization makes Kippenberger question every minor incident. To see objects as not a given but as unruly – or at least if we were to imagine them to be unruly – is more fruitful as far as creative exercises are concerned.



*Installation of glass skull, 2014, Joanne Richardson.
Studio documentation of a retrieved object 'glass skull', 2014, Joanne Richardson.*

Curtin Art Club requested MKAS deliver a presentation on the *21cm Underground* exhibition. KB and I bought objects to display, though a slideshow of the documentation ended up being the focus. After the presentation I helped pack up by taking a suitcase of exhumed objects with me. I wrote an essay for KB's Infinite/Impossible exhibition at Free Range gallery describing the consequences of taking responsibility for the suitcase of items:

When I agreed to take it, I thought I could just deal with it and be graceful and cool. Instead a bunch of people had to help me struggle with it and I kept dropping things and it dragged along the ground. I was a donkey fool. Too heavy, too much to carry it became an incredibly awkward fuckup... a tale of enacting excessive human failings.

(Richardson 2014c)



Studio documentation of a retrieved object 'Homage to The Night is Alright (1986) Bitte Nicht Nach Hause Schicken (In English Please do not send me home), 2014, Joanne Richardson.

I was overwhelmed by the possibilities of these things. I removed potatoes and eggs from the collection before they turned rotten. Other pieces – bones, pegs, sticks, wooden eggs – are still kept in the sandy collection. But they fail to inspire daily life. They failed to reintegrate into my daily life. Instead of resting underground, their mass is a problem. The objects exhumed are miraculous in that they survived, but these objects are not bad enough to throw away nor good enough to serve a future purpose. No MKAS member has expressed any further interest in them. They became the objects we originally requested. Their mass is a problem, a burden. I wish the visitors who found them had taken them home, or that they had stayed buried.

The hasty decisions we made as an afterthought seem sorely unexamined. We aren't the debasers we thought we were; we failed to destroy archaeology or purge the world of anything. We are archivists after all. At the bottom of boxes, on shelves and in a suitcase under a desk, there's an amorphous mass of things exhumed from 21cm underground. Andy Warhol said the best idea is to keep a box by your desk, and once a month, seal the box and send it to Jersey (Virgine 2007, 115). There are boxes, but there's nowhere to send them.

Virtually Not Actually

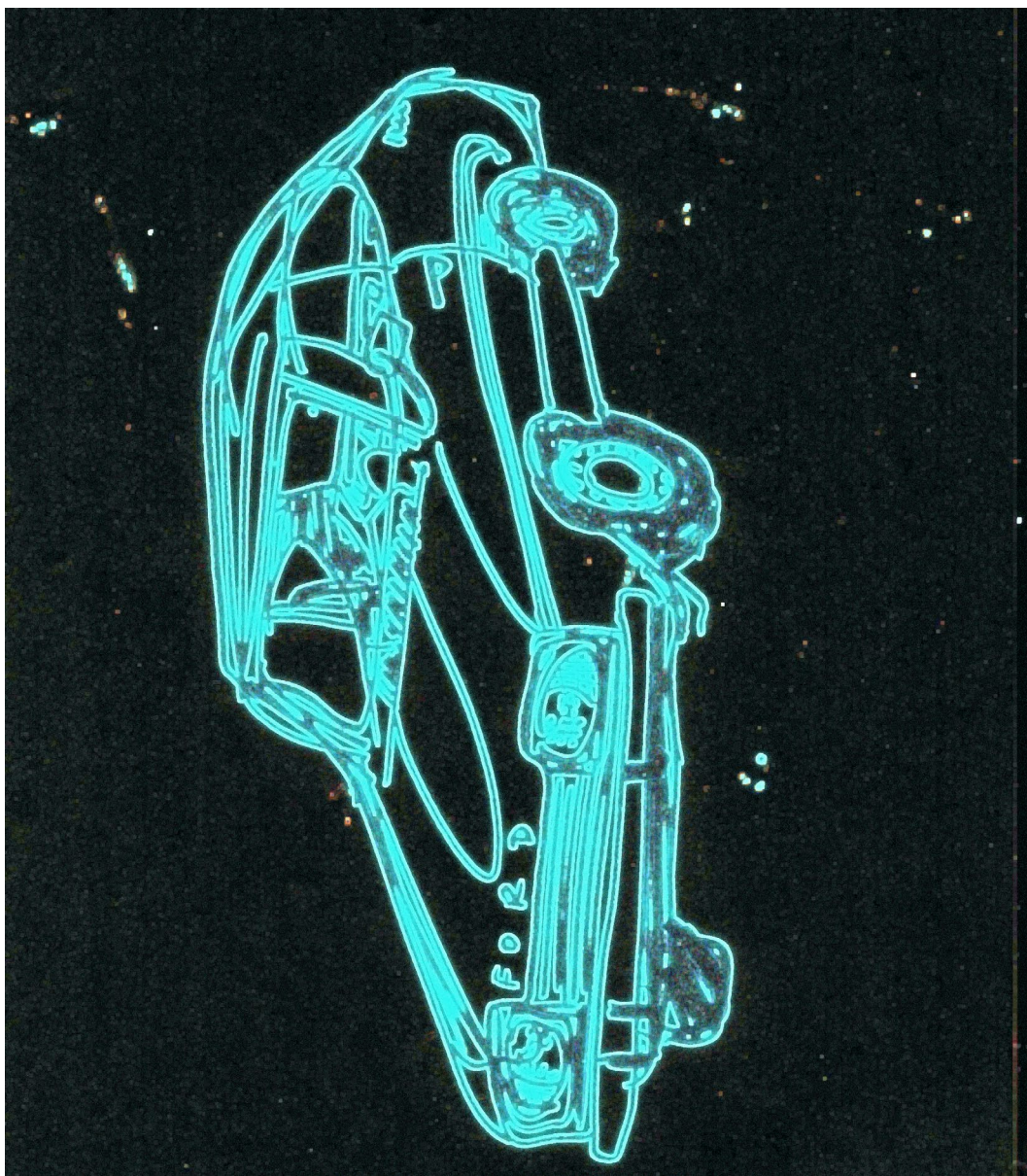
Found some dirt painted gold

- Black Lips
(Alexander 2011)

I'll keep it with mine

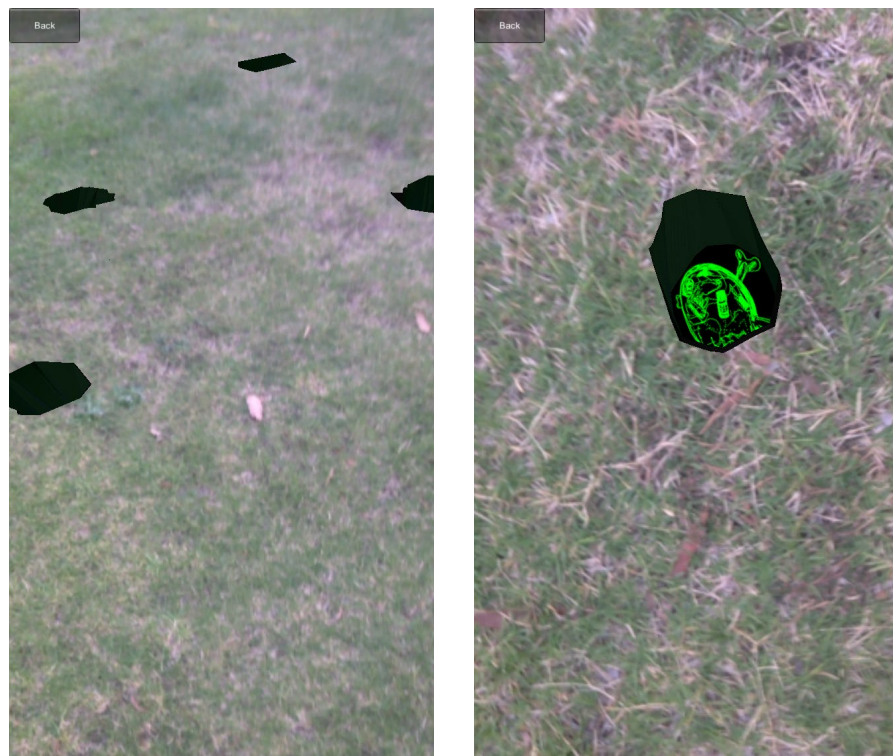
- Dean & Britta
(Dylan, Phillips and Wareham 2010)

In 2015, as part of Perth International Arts Festival, at the Subiaco Augmented Reality Sculpture Park: Subiaco pARk, MKAS presented *21cm underground: virtually not actually* (City of Subiaco 2014). MKAS made 21 drawings of Kippenberger homages. FelixLab produced a digital rendering of the 21 drawings appearing to be sunk in 21cm 'holes' in an area with a 21m circumference. The work is still available, but is only accessible to visitors with the Subiaco pARk app, available to download from the City of Subiaco Website. In keeping with the first *21cm Underground* exhibition, the visitors need the diligence of a pilgrim to endure a struggle to hunt down the digital images. *Virtually not actually* is a somewhat secretive and private experience, something of a digital replica of the first exhibition.



Virtual proposal drawing including Homage to Capri by Night (1982), 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Unlike the original, once in the correct location there is no digging. The digital renderings visible on smartphone or tablet imaging devices float above undisturbed garden beds and grasses. It could be considered much cleaner. It might also yield little or no additional matter. The placement and number of works to be discovered cannot change by sinking deeper underground or by accidentally including shards of plastic pot or potatoes. In the original *21cm Underground*, we facilitated singular, private viewing moments; each visitor communing with one object and each discovery was a one-off experience. In *virtually not actually*, this experience of discovery is likely to be an individual activity, but each discovery is infinitely repeatable.



21cm Underground: virtually not actually, 2015, Joanne Richardson.
Homage to Untitled (egg and cross bone resin works 1996) 2015, Joanne Richardson.

Our extrapolation of Groys' idea that the Internet will replace museums – that the digital archive could replace all art objects – might ring true for some visitors. For others, specifically Rhoades' ideal audience, a love of pilgrimage negates desire for the destruction of objects. Pilgrimage can be in the form of research, time spent exploring in anticipation, faith in making an interesting discovery as well as experiencing the sites, places, people and objects, not to mention setting off on journeys seeking relics and souvenirs. Art ideas need our faith in them but, no matter how strong our faith or our ideas, PILGRIMAGE needs OBJECTS: people, architectural structures, relics and souvenirs. Rhoades can't be satisfied with imagining Mecca and sends tuna. *Bell's Theorem* needs *Prelude to a Trial*. Kippenberger's METRO-Net needs entrances and ventilation shafts.

I took a screen capture on my smartphone, a copy of the digital hole and drawing. There was talk of enabling ordering 3D printed models of FelixLab's digital objects in the Subiaco pARK. Perhaps I would order a 3D model of the hole and a drawing of *Homage to Disco Bomb*. I could keep it in place of my tragically lost *Homage to Disco Bomb*. What would I do with that thing? Put it in a box. Send it to Jersey.

21cm Underground

The idea for *21cm Underground* exhibition came from noticing a small mistake during the process of documenting Lauren's aesthetic appreciation and discussing the document with other artists. In Merz practice any material can be used, so a small mistake has the potential to be developed into a creative activity. This Part, *21cm Underground*, is the story of noticing a peculiarity and following through to make something unusual happen.

My initial willingness to bury art objects subsided as I found the physical process of feeling the experience created complicated problems. Burying art objects underground has many unsettling implications. This activity challenged my ideas about the status of art objects before the exhibition, then presented new questions afterwards. I realized, once buried, I didn't want to face the undead things that were exhumed. Nor did I have a plan to deal with the rocks and potatoes that were named and gained new problematic statuses.

In retrospect, I liked *21cm Underground* exhibition as an idea best.

The study of aesthetic appreciation ended for me the moment I took hold of certificates and label gun. It was interesting to watch others have aesthetic experiences but I yearned to re-join in the activity of appreciation.

In a general way, what I observed the spectators deal with was a yes/no proposition. When they chose to interact, they chose to follow our direction. Kieron and I, representing

the MKAS, became like the invigilation crew at the New Museum, dictating a 'correct' way to approach the work. I felt I could not share in the visitor's experience of discovery, nor was I privy to the details of any visitors' possibly inventive aesthetic experiences. I also felt there weren't opportunities for the digging visitors to make a discovery we (Kieron and I) could be genuinely surprised by. We knew more or less what was in the ground. In the second iteration of *21cm Underground*, an augmented reality exhibition at Subiaco pARk, there is *nothing* to find we didn't bury; arguably providing an even more predictable set of experiences.

21cm Underground was a valuable research activity. But, in order to explore Merz creative practice and *Einfühlung*, I aimed for a more open-ended mode of production and exhibition in Five Forts to be discussed in the following Part. By including five artists and aiming to continually make over a longer period of time, I hoped to invite more unforeseen situations. I tried to remain very unclear about what exactly we were building so the artists could build something I couldn't imagine in advance. I hoped to blur our roles so that we could change between administrators and artists as we saw fit. I hoped our list of themed days would be more open-ended propositions that could operate as creative starting points for unpredictable activity. I wanted the visitors to be able to ignore our instructions. I wanted to be immersed and critically engaged in appreciation, and I wanted to be continually engaged in creative production.

Appendix 8: Submission Form B

21 cm Underground

A Homage to Martin Kippenberger Retrospectives Around the World
Submission Form

Artwork title:			
Artist Name: Pseudonyms Welcome			
Physical Description of Work: To assist with identification and handling			
Conceptual Description of Work: In relation to proposal guidelines - encouraged			
This work exists in three dimensions	Yes	No	
Can we bury this work?	Yes	No	

**The Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society cannot will not take any
responsibility for the safety or integrity of buried works**

Are you including documentation/sketches/proposals of/for this work?	Yes	No
Do you authorize further documentation of this work?	Yes	No

The following information is to assist with exhibition negotiations. The content of these negotiations may be published using the artists name or pseudonym listed above but the contact information provided below will not be disclosed unless specifically requested.

Contact details for exhibiting negotiations:

Email:		
FB:		
Phone:		

Are you available to assist the Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society on or around the 22 nd Feb 2014?	Yes	No
Moon Phase/sign		

Have you completed the submission form?	Yes	No
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Appendix 9: Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society Presents *21cm Underground* Catalogue edited by Kieron Broadhurst and Danni McGrath

This catalogue is not currently available in a digital format.



Appendix 10: aaaUnderground Playlist

Page 1 of 6



aaaUnderground1

199 songs, 12.6 hours, 1.25 GB

Name	Time	Album	Artist
1 Across the Graveyard	4:23	Junior	Röyksopp
2 After Hours	2:08	The Velvet Underground	The Velvet Underground
3 Air Giant	1:48	Punjabi Lounge (Disc 1)	Transglobal Underground
4 All Across The Sands	2:43	The Complete Stone Roses	The Stone Roses
5 Another One Bites the Dust	3:35	The Platinum Collection (Greate...	Queen
6 Astral Traveling	5:37	Back To Mine 24 - Mercury Rev	Pharoah Sanders
7 Badness Can't Work	3:30	Beatz & Bobz Vol 3 - Tayo	Care In The Community
8 The Beach / Sandwiches	2:12	As Heard On Radio Soulwax Pt. 2	New Order - Detroit Grand Pubahs
9 Big River	2:33	The Great Johnny Cash	Johnny Cash
10 Black Hole	2:14	Volume One	She & Him
11 Black Sands	6:49	Black Sands	Bonobo
12 Bless The Funk	3:44	Urban Underground (Disc 1)	NY Connection
13 Bury Me Deep In Love	4:07	Calenture (Bonus Track Version)	The Triffids
14 Bury Me With It	3:50	Good News for People Who Lov...	Modest Mouse
15 Castle Made Of Sand	2:45	Best Of Jimi Hendrix (Disc 2)	Jimi Hendrix
16 Caught By The River	5:55	The Last Broadcast	Doves
17 Centre Of The Earth	3:24	Solid Steel Presents 06 DJ Kentaro	DJ Food
18 Cold Cold Ground	4:08	Franks Wild Years	Tom Waits
19 Come Back Margaret	3:48	Let's Get Out Of This Country	Camera Obscura
20 Corner Of The Earth (Milk & Sug...	2:46	The Chillout Sessions 4 (Disc 2)	Jamiroquai
21 Deep Blue	4:28	The Suburbs	Arcade Fire
22 Deep Blue	5:03	Velocifero	Ladytron
23 Deep Blue Day	3:56	Trainspotting	Brian Eno
24 Deep Down	6:20	In A Space Outta Sound	Nightmares On Wax
25 Deep Honey	4:01	Black Cherry	Goldfrapp
26 Deeper River	6:10	A Life Less Ordinary	Dusted
27 Designer Boyfriend	3:58	Tremors - EP	My First Earthquake
28 Dig For Fire	3:02	Death To The Pixies	Pixies
29 Dig It	0:50	Let It Be	The Beatles
30 Dig This	4:51	Beatz & Bobz Vol 2 - Will White	DJ Rocca & 5th Suite
31 Dig Your Own Hole	5:27	Dig Your Own Hole	The Chemical Brothers
32 Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!	4:12	Dig!!! Lazarus Dig!!!	Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds
33 Diggin' A Watery Grave	1:36	Big Calm	Morcheeba
34 Digging In The Dirt	5:18	Us	Peter Gabriel
35 Digging The Grave	3:05	Who Cares A Lot? The Greatest...	Faith No More



	Name	Time	Album	Artist
36	Digital Underground / Uptown / C...	4:00	The Dirtchamber Sessions Vol. 1	LL Cool J
37	Dirt	3:52	Dead Elvis	Death In Vegas
38	Dirt Off Your Shoulder (as made...	4:14	Hip Hop Master Beats - Instrume...	Hip Hop DJs United
39	Dirty Hands	2:05	Let It Bloom	Black Lips
40	Dirty Harry	3:44	Demon Days	Gorillaz
41	Dirty Hole	5:36	Visual Audio Sensory Theater	Vast
42	Dirty Jeans	3:03	Dave McCormack and Friends	Custard Dave McCormack Polar...
43	Dirty Mind	3:50	The Hits/The B-Sides (Disc 2)	Prince
44	Dirty Needles	0:28	Short Music For Short People	Screeching Weasel
45	Dirty Paws	4:38	My Head Is an Animal	Of Monsters and Men
46	Dirty South	3:10	Urban Underground (Disc 1)	Meat Katie
47	Dirty Trip	6:13	Virgin Suicides (Original Motion...	Air
48	Don't Hide It	5:32	The Chillout Sessions 7	Alexkid With Lissette Alea
49	Down in the Tube Station at Mid...	4:43	All Mod Cons (Remastered)	The Jam
50	Down Like Disco	4:54	Odditorium Or Warlords Of Mars	The Dandy Warhols
51	Down to the River to Pray	2:57	O Brother, Where Art Thou? (Mu...	Alison Krauss
52	Downer	1:43	Bleach	Nirvana
53	Drops In the River	4:13	Sun Giant - EP	Fleet Foxes
54	Dumpster Dive	2:23	Arabia Mountain	Black Lips
55	Dust	4:56	The Chillout Sessions 8 (Disc 2)	Recloose Feat. Joe Dukie
56	Dust Lover	2:08	Back 2 Back Palz	Leslie Hall
57	Dust Of Ages	2:21	Blinking Lights And Other Revela...	Eels
58	Dusty	3:46	Rob Da Bank 1 Presents Sunday...	Khonnor
59	Dusty Fingers (Featuring Downs...	3:58	Audiofidelity	Fdel
60	Earth Intruders	6:14	Volta	Björk
61	Earth Manna	4:33	Dream It Down	Underground Lovers
62	Earth Sunrise	5:41	Punjabi Lounge (Disc 2)	Meridian
63	Emergency On Planet Earth	4:05	Emergency On Planet Earth	Jamiroquai
64	Escalation	1:56	Mallboy	Underground Lovers
65	Excerpt From "Seven"	0:42	Ways T' Burn	Underground Lovers
66	Fade In (The Program)	1:52	Urban Underground	Koma & Bones
67	Find You Lost	7:18	Wires	Art Of Fighting
68	Finding Beauty	3:41	As If To Nothing	Craig Armstrong
69	The First Cut Is The Deepest	3:01	Remember Cat Stevens	Cat Stevens
70	Full Throttle	5:05	A Life Less Ordinary	The Prodigy
71	Go Out and Get It	1:56	Arabia Mountain	Black Lips
72	The Good Gardener (On How H...	5:27	Sunset Studies	Augie March
73	A Good Man Is Hard To Find	3:06	If You Got To Ask, You Ain't Got It!	Fats Waller & His Rhythm

Name	Time	Album	Artist
74 Grave (Cello Concerto)	5:02	Grands Adagios Baroques	Giuseppe Tartini
75 Gravel Baby	4:03	Handy Farm	Trapazoid- Matt Trapnell
76 Gravel In My Show	2:34	Back 2 Back Palz	Leslie Hall
77 Gravel Pit	4:03	Legend of the Wu-Tang: Wu-Tan...	Wu-Tang Clan
78 Gravel Rash	3:55	DJ Andy Smiths Freestyle Mix	Cookin' On 3 Burners
79 The Ground Beneath Her Feet	3:45	The Million Dollar Hotel	U2
80 Hard Knock Life	4:01	Channel V - Soul Kitchen [Disc 2]	Jay-Z
81 Hard Work	4:12	Back To Mine 19 - Carl Cox	John Handy
82 Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger (...)	5:11	Daft Club	Daft Punk
83 The Hardest Thing In The World	2:43	The Complete Stone Roses	The Stone Roses
84 Harlem River Drive	7:51	Blue Break Beats Vol. 1	Bobbi Humphrey
85 Hearts Frozen Soil Sod Once Mo...	0:32	Short Music For Short People	A.F.I.
86 Heaven Is A Place On Earth	4:05	Complete Eighties	Belinda Carlisle
87 Hidden Crate	2:48	Back To Mine 07 - Morcheeba	Giant
88 Hide And Seek	4:50	The Best Of Howard Jones	Howard Jones
89 Higher Ground	3:41	Sampled 4	Ellen McIlwaine
90 Holding Sand	3:43	United By Fate	Rival Schools
91 Hole Around My Heart	3:43	On A Bridge / Hole Around My H...	Halogen
92 Hole In the River	3:58	The Very Very Best of Crowded...	Crowded House
93 Homage	3:29	Source Tags & Codes	...And You Will Know Us By The...
94 Homage To Patagonia	6:46	Lemonjelly.ky	Lemon Jelly
95 How Deep Is Your Love	4:05	Saturday Night Fever	Bee Gees
96 Hurt	3:39	The Man Comes Around	Johnny Cash
97 I Dig You	4:09	Rob Da Bank 1 Presents Sunday...	Demis Roussos
98 I Follow Rivers	3:48	Wounded Rhymes (Deluxe Versi...	Lykke Li
99 I Like Dirt	2:38	Californication	Red Hot Chili Peppers
100 I Wish I Was a Mole In the Ground	3:23	Ballads, Banjo Tunes and Sacre...	Bascom Lamar Lunsford
101 I'll Keep it With Mine (Scott Hard...	5:09	13 Most Beautiful: Songs For An...	Dean & Britta
102 In Deep	5:26	A Night On Earth	Crazy Penis
103 Kill Surf City	3:15	The Best B Sides Of All Time	The Jesus & Mary Chain
104 Kiss The Dirt (Falling Down The...	3:57	The Years 1979-1997	INXS
105 Kness Deep At ATP	2:46	Hold On Now Youngster...	Los Campesinos!
106 Land of a Thousand Dances	2:40	The Sapphires (Original Motion...	Jessica Mauboy
107 Lost In The Woods	1:56	Folk Off (CD1 British Isles)	Deep Elem
108 Love Like a River	3:41	Father Son Holy Ghost	Girls
109 Machines Work	3:58	2020	B(If)Tek
110 Man/Bag of Sand	2:27	The Winter of Mixed Drinks	Frightened Rabbit
111 My Name Is Mud	4:47	Pork Soda	Primus



	Name	Time	Album	Artist
112	New Age	5:10	Loaded	The Velvet Underground
113	Nice Work If You Can Get It	2:52	The Essential George Gershwin...	Maxine Sullivan, Claude Thornhil...
114	A Night On Earth	7:04	A Night On Earth	Crazy Penis
115	Not If You Were The Last Junkie...	3:12	Come Down	The Dandy Warhols
116	On Earth	2:24	Blind	The Sundays
117	Party Hard	4:02	Pulp Hits	Pulp
118	Planet Earth	3:58	Greatest	Duran Duran
119	Playground For A Wedgeless Firm	2:32	Exit Planet Dust	The Chemical Brothers
120	Playground Love	3:22	The Chillout Sessions 4 (Disc 1)	AIR
121	Potholes In My Lawn	3:50	3 Feet High And Rising	De La Soul
122	Quick Sand	4:38	Quantic - One Off's Remixes and...	Quantic
123	Quicksand	3:34	Ampology 2	Hoodoo Gurus
124	Quit Your Job	0:24	Short Music For Short People	Chixdiggitt
125	Read To Me [The Bookclub Mix]	4:13	Frequencies Will Move Together	B(If)Tek
126	Ready Lets Go	0:59	Geogaddi	Boards Of Canada
127	River to Consider	5:00	D	White Denim
128	River, Sea, Ocean	2:25	About A Boy	Badly Drawn Boy
129	Rock 'n' Roll Singer	5:04	High Voltage	AC/DC
130	Rock 'N' Roll Suicide	3:12	The Life Aquatic With Steve Ziss...	Seu Jorge
131	Rock N' Roll (Could Never Hip H...	4:21	So How's Your Girl...	Handsome Boy Modeling School
132	Rock on Top	3:48	Journey to Anywhere	Ugly Duckling
133	Rock Show	2:10	The Teaches Of Peaches	Peaches
134	Rock the Casbah	3:41	The Singles	The Clash
135	Rock The House	4:09	Gorillaz	Gorillaz
136	Rock Vs Single Parents	3:07	My Pain and Sadness Is More S...	Mclusky
137	Rock'n'Roll Lies	3:21	Gumball 3000 (OST)	Razorlight
138	Rocker	4:21	The Annual 2005 (Disc 2)	Alter Ego
139	Rocket Ride	2:37	Devin Dazzle And The Neon Fever	Felix Da Housecat
140	Rocket Scientist (Featuring Eve)	3:05	Devil's Music	Teddybears
141	Rockin' It	3:56	Back To Mine 26 - Bugz In The A...	The Fearless Four
142	Rockit	3:38	The Best Hip Hop Anthemz... Ev...	Herbie Hancock
143	Rocks	3:38	The A Files: Essential Alternative	Various Artists
144	Rocksteady	3:59	Audiofidelity	Fdel
145	Rocky Dennis In Heaven	1:02	Oh You're So Silent Jens	Jens Lekman
146	Rods On Crutches	2:31	My Pain and Sadness Is More S...	Mclusky
147	Running On the Spot	3:06	The Gift (Remastered)	The Jam
148	Sand	0:37	Title Of Record	Filter
149	Sand Steppin'	3:43	The Document II - DJ Andy Smith	Martin Brew

	Name	Time	Album	Artist
150	Sandcastles	1:46	Solid Steel Presents 07 Bonobo ...	Diesler
151	Sandy	2:36	Grease	John Travolta
152	Sandy Strip	1:26	Back To Mine 21 - Adam Freeland	Dykehouse
153	Sanningen om Dig	3:44	Black Music	Dark Horses
154	Shovel [Album Version]	4:22	Friends In Danger	Magic Dirt
155	Six Feet Underground	4:15	6 Feet Under	Gravediggaz
156	Six Underground (Perfecto Dub)	7:02	Back To Mine 02 - Dave Seaman	Sneaker Pimps
157	Slaves' Graves	3:04	Slaves' Graves & Ballads	Dirty Projectors
158	So Hard	4:01	Discography: The Complete Sing...	Pet Shop Boys
159	Soil	3:26	System Of A Down	System Of A Down
160	Song Of Sand II (Coastal Warnin...	3:51	Back To Mine 08 - Talvin Singh	Nils Petter Molvær
161	Suicide Underground	5:57	Virgin Suicides (Original Motion...	Air
162	The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine (Any...	3:29	Collection	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons
163	Supermassive Black Hole	3:29	Black Holes and Revelations	Muse
164	Supermodel (You Better Work)	3:46	Tommy Boy's Greatest Beats	RuPaul
165	Take Me to the River	5:01	The Best of Talking Heads (Rem...	Talking Heads
166	This Apparatus Must Be Unearthed	4:58	De-Loused In The Comatorium	The Mars Volta
167	Thought Vs. Action	3:50	The Taste of Rain... Why Kneel	Deep Puddle Dynamics
168	A Thousand Kisses Deep	6:28	The Essential Leonard Cohen (D...	Leonard Cohen
169	Tram 21	4:31	No Shouts, No Calls	Electrelane
170	Treasure Hunt	3:50	The Find	Ohmega Watts
171	Triumph	5:40	Channel V - Soul Kitchen [Disc 2]	Wu-Tang Clan
172	Under Control	3:07	Room On Fire	The Strokes
173	Under Influence	5:14	Au Réve	Cassius
174	Under My Thumb	3:42	Scott Pilgrim vs. the World (Orig...	The Rolling Stones
175	Under Pressure	4:06	David Bowie - The Platinum Coll...	David Bowie
176	Under The Influence	4:16	Surrender	The Chemical Brothers
177	Undergod (Live)	4:49	451 [Ep]	Headshot
178	Underground	4:14	Triple J Hottest 100: Vol. 4 [Disc 1]	Ben Folds Five
179	Underground	2:00	Swordfishtrombones	Tom Waits
180	Underground (Single Version)	4:27	David Bowie - The Platinum Coll...	David Bowie
181	Underneath The Radar	6:05	Underneath The Radar	Underworld
182	Understars II	3:23	Apollo Atmospheres & Soundtracks	Brian Eno
183	Undertow	5:22	Undertow	Tool
184	Underwear	2:50	69 Love Songs	The Magnetic Fields
185	Undiscovered First	4:59	Metals	Feist
186	Undone (The Sweater Song)	5:06	Weezer	Weezer
187	Undress for Success	2:45	Undress for Success	Mclusky

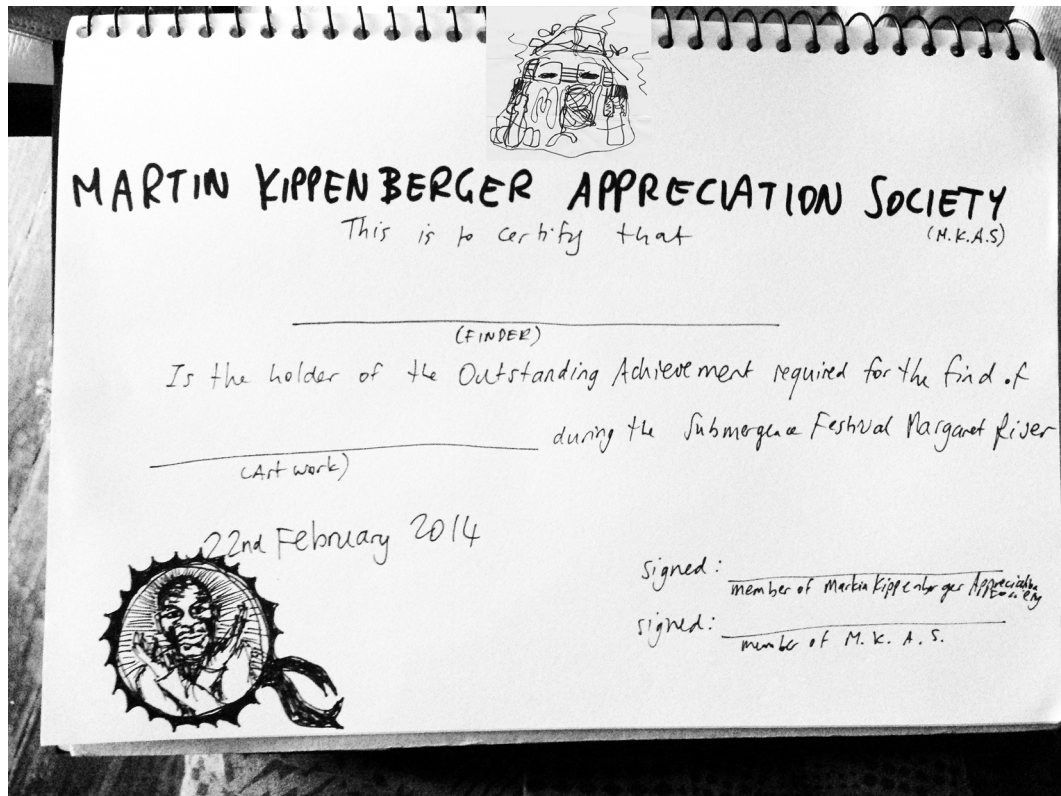


aaaUnderground1

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Name	Time	Album	Artist
188 Up from Below	4:09	Up from Below	Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic...
189 Ways Of The Underground	3:58	Frying The Fat	Funky Fresh Few
190 The Well and the Lighthouse	3:57	Neon Bible	Arcade Fire
191 Work (Remix) [feat. A\$AP Rocky,...	4:46	Work (Remix) [feat. A\$AP Rocky,...	A\$AP Ferg
192 Work It	4:59	Under Construction	Missy Elliott
193 Work It Out	2:48	DJ Andy Smiths Freestyle Mix	Speedometer
194 Work It!	8:06	Man With A Movie Camera	Cinematic Orchestra
195 Work Song	2:36	Fine & Mellow	Nina Simone
196 Wrong Number	6:03	Galore (The Singles 1987-1997)	The Cure
197 Zissou Society Blue Star Cadets...	2:53	The Life Aquatic With Steve Ziss...	Mark Mothersbaugh
198 3 The Hard Way	2:48	To The 5 Boroughs	Beastie Boys
199 30 Century Man	1:26	The Life Aquatic With Steve Ziss...	Scott Walker

Appendix 11: Certificate





Part 4

Five Forts

Please Note: In Part 4: Five Forts all images are listed in the Image List. On pages 273 - 445, however, some images are presented without conventional labels (as in previous Parts).

This Part is arranged into three sections. The first is an introduction to the overarching theories of the exhibition. It begins with “There are only three places lost things can be” and has three synopses:

The Shelf: For organization and visual display

The Katamari: resolutely inclusive

The World: *World Sick*

The second section is descriptive, detailing some ideas that influenced my fort *Total Fort of Art* and an imagining of a fictional visit walking through the installation called The Green Line.

The final section is a thesis on Five Forts, a critical contemplation of particular incidents and experiences using two neuroses: Gesamtkunstwerk Contamination and the neurosis of being contaminated by the Gesamtkunstwerk.

There are only three places lost things can be

Five artists – Kieron Broadhurst, James Cooper, Amy Hickman, Ashley Ramsey and Joanne Richardson (from this point referred to as ‘we five artists’ or as Kieron, James Cooper, Amy, Ashley and me or I) – worked to create the immersive installation, Five Forts, and encouraged creative participation from the people who visited it. Five Forts was held in Paper Mountain ARI in June 2014. I’ll capitalize some specific items mentioned more than once in the story to differentiate them from general ideas and materials, for example, Pink Rope and Green Line. The phrase for the exhibition, Five Forts, is not italicized to distinguish it from my fort, the *Total Fort of Art*. Artists’ individual works in Five Forts are italicized while the concept of a fort in general is not in italics or capitals.

This is a proposal statement written by Kieron and I:

Five Forts will be an interactive immersive installation. A series of five evolving makeshift sculptural/architectural forms will occupy the gallery Paper Mountain 267A William Street Perth from Friday 13th June to Sunday 29th June 2014. These forts will be constructed by artists: Kieron Broadhurst, James Cooper, Amy Hickman, Ashley Ramsey and Joanne Richardson. The forts will be literal and metaphorical models of each artists’ individual art practices or specific positions within those practices. This is an experiment in democratic negotiations, collective development and the practice of establishing and maintaining a

particular strategic position. Each fort will incorporate references to traditional art practices, iconic artworks, popular culture and local attractions. The audience will be invited to discuss the work with the artists, participate in construction and dialogue between forts.

The installation will take place over the course of two weeks, culminating in a Closing Party Friday 29th June. During the course of the exhibition visitors will be invited to actively take part in the construction and direction of the work through a series of activities. Five Forts will be dependent on the various pressures exerted on it by visitors to the space resulting in a rare form of immersive participatory art-making.

Five Forts had 277 visitors during opening hours and around 50 at the Closing Party. It was frequently overwhelming and chaotic. Afterwards I found it difficult to apprehend, I lost my way back in. When we had lost an object during the exhibition, there were only three places it could be: the Shelf, the Katamari, or the World. In this Part I use these three places as three themes to summarize Five Forts.

Paper Mountain exhibition space has a Shelf that runs the length of the gallery. I imagined the Shelf theme in two variations on the meaning of the word – as an architectural feature and as a set of organising structures – that formed loose frameworks for our creative activities. The Katamari was a sculptural object based on the video game, *Katamari Damacy*. The technique for forming a Katamari resonates strongly with Kurt Schwitters' Merz making techniques, particularly the idea of radical inclusion. The World in Five Forts meant everywhere else that's not on the Shelf or in the Katamari. Contemplating the idea of the World theme for Five Forts led to contemplating a moment of immersive noticing.

Five Forts followed *Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society Presents: 21cm Underground*, where the audience was asked to decide between watching or pursuing artworks by digging them up and possibly damaging them in the process. Five Forts aimed to allow artists to occupy roles other than administration and invigilation, and allow visitors to explore more open ended suggestions for creative activities, rather than to dig or not dig. In preparation, the five artists met and discussed what we were going to do: build five forts and have 'a war'. The five of us would spend 10 to 12 June preparing the installation, then from 13 June to the Closing Party try to 'be there' as much as possible to keep building the whole time.

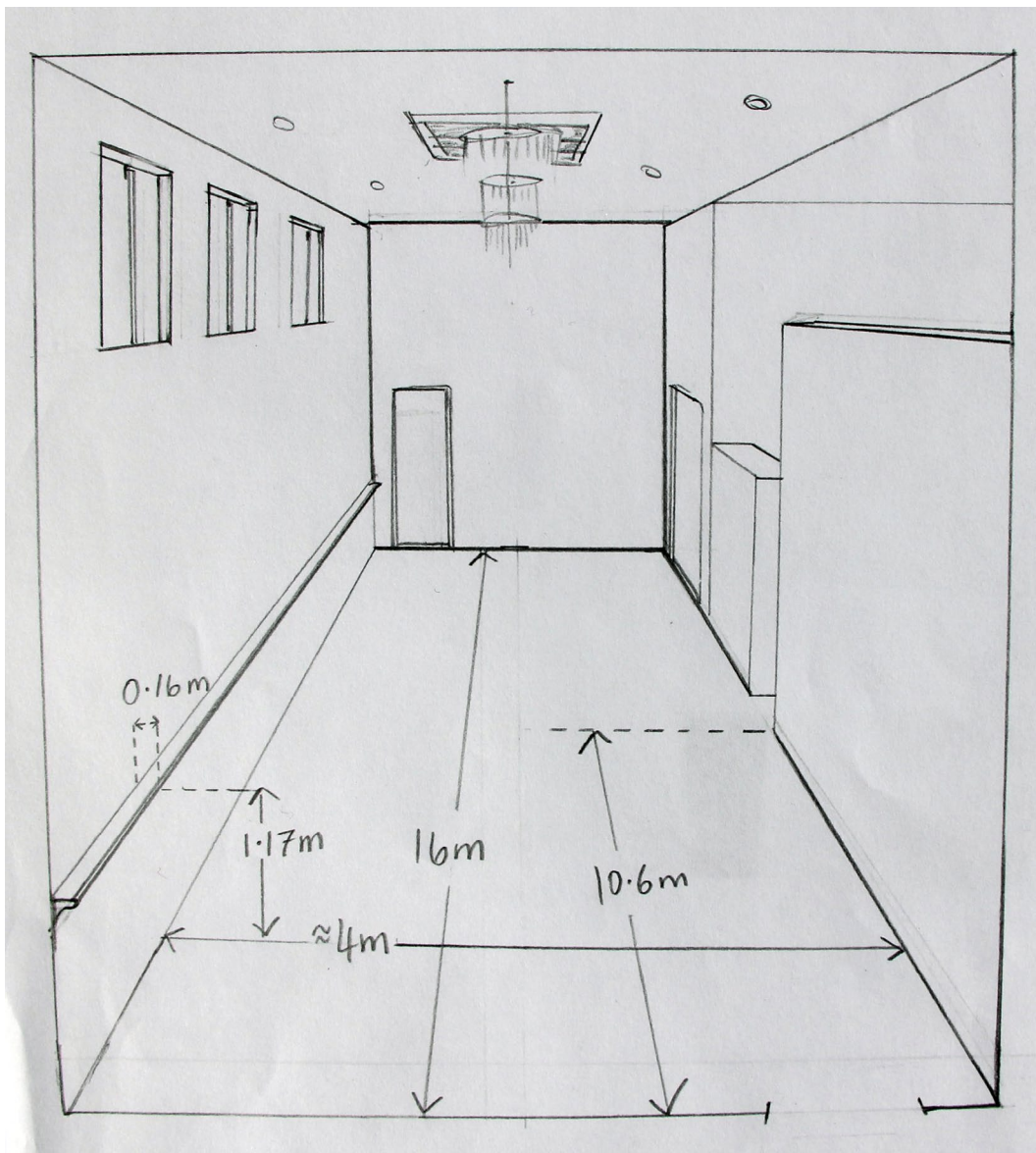
The Shelf: for organization and visual display

The Shelf is an architectural feature of Paper Mountain's exhibition space. To use this theme, I'll first describe the Shelf in its architectural form and function, then in a metaphorical way: as frameworks we (five artists) organized for interacting in Five Forts.

The Big Picture is a book dedicated to Jason Rhoades' artwork, *Perfect World*, a large-scale installation exhibited in Deichtorhallen Hamburg. "Europe's largest exhibition centre for contemporary art" (Hamburg n.d.), Deichtorhallen Hamburg was originally built as "the counterpart to Berlin's *Hamberger Bahnhof*" (ibid), where the Martin Kippenberger retrospective *Ser Ghut/Very Good* was held. *The Big Picture* includes a conversation between Hayward Gallery Director Ralph Rugoff and artist Paul McCarthy. They describe *Perfect World* as bounded by the architectural surrounding: "the building itself became the boundary" (Rugoff and McCarthy 2012, 23). The largest exhibition centre in Europe allowed Rhoades to construct his "most important work" (ibid, 4). He boasted *Perfect World* was the largest indoor art installation in the world" (Thorne 2015).

Five Forts was bound and influenced by the architectural features of Paper Mountain, the Shelf being one of those.

Paper Mountain is an ARI at 267A William Street, Northbridge, upstairs from Little Willy's café. At the top of the stairs there is a small landing leading to either the Common



Drawing of Paper Mountain Gallery Space, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Room or the gallery. A floating wall extends 10.6m along the gallery space separating it from the studios. The wall ends to allow access to the bar, behind which is a door to the pangender toilets. The high ceiling is covered in peeling paint between chandeliers and downlights. We decided against using the ceiling for any of our fixings. The lower ledges of four frosted glass windows on the Shelf wall approximately match the height of the floating wall opposite. We strung a web of fishing line between these two points. At 1.17m height by 16cm width, the Shelf runs the 16m length of the gallery space. On the Shelf side of the rear wall, a door leads to a staircase accessing a workshop, back alley and small courtyard where we used the open air area to spray paint.

The Shelf, the bar and chandeliers were inherited from prior use as a Gambling House. That is to say, we encountered those features because the Paper Mountain artists chose not to remove them. They could be viewed as natural parts of the architectural terrain of the gallery exhibition space, adjacent to the geographic location of our forts. At the beginning, the Shelf was something we used and ignored. It was not used as a zone unto itself, it merely separated objects from our forts, the floor and the Katamari. Through use, it became the most hopeful place for a thing to be: easily distinguished from the wilds below.

Because of the relative narrowness of the Shelf, items appeared to be laid out in an orderly fashion. In a home, a Shelf may operate as an area for display, or in a shop as an area for customers to see and access products.

Before and during the exhibition, each artist shopped and procured items for Five Forts. Kieron and I took a list compiled by all five artists on three shopping trips that yielded the largest contribution of materials to Five Forts (Appendix 12: Five Forts Shopping List). Jason Rhoades defines shopping as a “sculptural gesture” (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 5). The notion of a work with an open form and the idea of the activity of paying a special kind of aesthetic attention allow shopping trips to be considered a part of Five Forts. The shelves of our suppliers are where some decisions were made that affected the entire exhibition.

In 1961 Allan Kaprow wrote *Stockroom* a score for a happening. Kaprow wrote recommendations for the size of the space, listed materials and general instructions. The score

was explored at Sammlung Fridrichshof, an art museum 60km south east of Vienna, in 2012. A catalogue was produced for this event. Bastian Petz wrote that during part of this iteration of *Stockroom*, participants handed out their own instructions to visitors: “They want to further ask where the personal borders lie for the individuals who moved and still move in ‘dictatorships’ disguised as freedom” (Klocker 2012, 84). This challenge to the idea of democracy is mentioned in the “Where is your Rupture?” section later. The *Stockroom* score is an organizing principle set by the artist allowing reinventions of *Stockroom* to be produced after his death. Both the score and the activity are considered as the artwork. *Stockroom* has been reinvented many times (ibid, 12).

In geographic terms, a coastal Shelf is an area of shallow water extending the boundary of a continent out into the ocean. This Shelf is understood as a shifting boundary, a moving rule, an invisible frame forming a border between land and the deep sea. Our preparations were metaphorically shifting boundaries, moving rules, invisible frames forming borders and defining activities for the visitors. Kaprow typed specific instructions out in the *Stock-*



Shopping List with Kieron Broadhurst at Bunnings, 2014, Joanne Richardson
After Bunnings with Loot, 2014, Joanne Richardson

room score. Our activities of preparing and building included some subtle and some overt gestures that set boundaries for the visitors' interactions.

One example of a subtle gesture was a pattern we noticed in our procurement of materials. Five artists separately and repeatedly chose to bring or buy neon and pastel-coloured things. Many items were orange and pink, there was only one blue (tarpaulin and blue masking tape), one green (video paint and floor tape) and very few items that were yellow or red. We named the palette *Fort Colours* (Appendix 13). This was an unanticipated discovery that could be attributed to a cooperative pooling of resources in the beginning, which led to a certain level of uniformity of colours that continued to be used throughout.

One example of a more overt gesture was the tarpaulins we laid out on and taped to the floor. We laid mats at the entrance and toilet door as anchors to prevent the edges being kicked up. We did this in the days before visitors were allowed to contribute. The tarpaulin operated as a kind of physically imposed rule: *Do not to touch the Paper Mountain floor*. It was set before the visitors arrived and they did not attempt to break this rule. The mats did not move. The tarpaulin was never penetrated. In a similar fashion, there was a notable lack of marks made directly onto the gallery wall. Visitors followed our habit of directing their attentions toward our constructed surfaces.

We began to install without visitor input. We set boundaries and habits. Stephen King recommends an author write with their door closed first: "The door closes the rest of the world out; it also serves to close you in and keep you focused on the job at hand" (King 2010, 156). Later, the door may be opened to invite trusted readers to review and critique the work.

We five artists organized some strategies to welcome visitors and invite them to contribute. We also decided on some strategies to direct their contributions.





To invite visitors to Five Forts, we advertised during a popular breakfast program on a local community radio station, RTRFM. The first day the exhibition opened to the public, Kieron and I were interviewed on RTRFM's *Artbeat* program. Paper Mountain issued posters and a press release that was picked up by Crawl (ARI network), aroundyou.com.au, and the Six Thousand calendar (Sandilands 2014). We five artists handed out printed invitations and set up a tab at Little Willy's to offer the Paper Mountain Studio Artists a complimentary beverage using the password "I fort the law" (a pun on Sonny Curtis' *I Fought the Law*) (Curtis 1966). We sent email invitations and shared images online. We set up the Welcome Visitor Centre where we left drawing materials and lists of suggestions for activities. We laid down a piece of green floor tape known as the Green Line to lead visitors in and through the installation.



We arranged a schedule of themed days to define activities:

18th Skype Day aka Eastern States Friends Day
19th daytime Weapons Building Workshop
19th evening, performance by Heathcote Blue and David Craft
20th Bizzaro Day
21st Snow Day
22nd Bring Your Dad
25th Danni McGrath Mardi Gras
26th Off the Street/Critique
27th Shrine Day Alex McIver opens at Oats St Gallery
28th Closing Party/ James Coopers Birthday
(Paper Mountain ARI 2014)

We invited artist and Printmaker Danni McGrath to produce, edit and print our catalogue. We invited academic and freelance writer Francis Russell to contribute an essay. Danni McGrath made an extravagant full-colour A5 concertina catalogue (Appendix 14: Five Forts Catalogue by Danni McGrath). Jack Wansborough told me a story of a book about outer space he had as a child. He remembered opening out its concertina to sit inside. McGrath's catalogue functions as a small fort.

To direct the visitors' activities, we hid items such as spray paint and cordless drills behind the Green Screen in an area we cordoned off as the No Entry Zone. We occasionally stepped in to interrupt activities. We amended or drew over visitors' drawings or put them in the Katamari. We led the way by being there and doing more.



Five Forts Catalogue (2014) by Danni McGrath in my backyard 2016 Front cover, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Five Forts Catalogue (2014) by Danni McGrath in my backyard 2016 Open out, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Five Forts Catalogue (2014) by Danni McGrath in my backyard 2016 Aerial view, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Five Forts Catalogue (2014) by Danni McGrath in my backyard 2016 Catalogue Fort concept by Jack Wansbrough, 2014, Joanne Richardson

See Also Appendix 14: Five Forts Catalogue by Danni McGrath

The Katamari: resolutely inclusive

One time, I was talking to a colleague about my ideas on Kurt Schwitter's Merz as a practice of considering all ideas and materials as potentially relevant, a type of creative production that is *resolutely inclusive* (Gamard 2000, 4). Merz could consider any material suitable to be incorporated into an art project, like a snowball effect.

He added: "Like a Katamari?"

He then explained to me a Katamari is a ball you roll collecting other things. It grows bigger and bigger until it is big enough to become a new planet. I wondered if, in an alternate universe, an uninterrupted Kurt Schwitters could make resolutely inclusive artworks until he made a new planet?

In 2004 Keita Takahashi created a computer game for Playstation 2 called *Katamari Damacy* (Takahashi 2004). The player assumes the role of a tiny prince. The player's father, the King of the Cosmos, has accidentally destroyed all celestial bodies. He gives the player a magic sticky ball called 'Katamari'.



Drawing after *Katamari Damacy* rolling up a *Playful Punk*, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

The Katamari adheres to anything smaller than itself. The player begins the game by rolling the Katamari. The head-up display shows the diameter and briefly lists each object as it is included. On top of the catchy Katamari theme song, a noise sounds as each item adheres to the Katamari. Cars honk horns, animals moo or bleat, humans scream. As the Katamari grows, it picks up items ascending in size from drink crates, to kettles, briefcases, chairs, mailboxes, desks, vending machines, flower beds, small trees, cows, street signs, pedestrians (such as delivery men and playful punks), lamp posts, oil drums, sailboats, submarines, warehouses, factories, oil tankers, soccer stadiums, office blocks, bridges and islands.

“Katamari Damacy” is loosely translated from Japanese as *clump spirit* (Know Your Meme 2015). The plural for Katamari is Katamari.

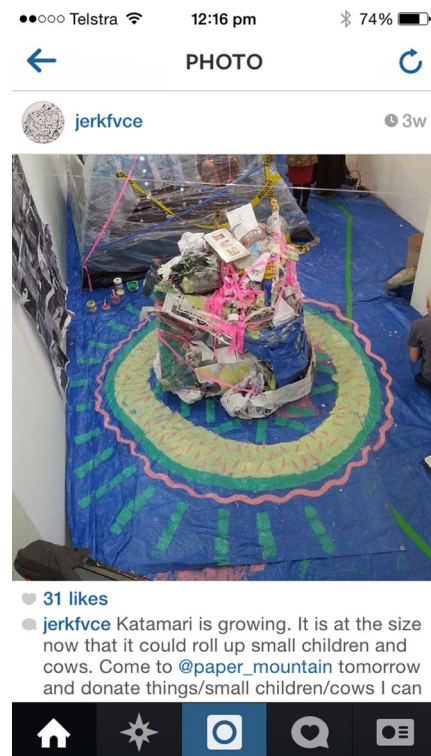
Deep in the middle of the Fort Katamari was a piece of faceted plastic painted to resemble a gem in the shape of a heart.

James Cooper grew this Katamari. While the Forts, Drones, weapons and propaganda films in the exhibition were observed with interest, the Paper Mountain Studio Artists saw



Katamari Heart Katamari Start, 2014, Joanne Richardson.
James Cooper Grows the Katamari, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

the Katamari as a *real* threat. They were concerned it would roll up their studio. When we were searching for an object, there were only three places it could be: the Shelf, the World or the Katamari. If it was on the Shelf, it would be easy to find. If it was in the World, it would be somewhat more difficult. If it was in the Katamari, it would never be seen again.



Instagram screen capture James Cooper seeks small children and cows, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

The Katamari making process resonates with the idea of Merz creative practice. Both are “resolutely inclusive” and “operate immediately in a mode of continual creative production” (Gamard 2000, 4) (See Part 1). There were Katamari formed as a method of clearing walkways between the forts. Some of these were then added to James Cooper’s Katamari,

some small Katamari were hung from the ceiling as 'stars' for the Closing Party. Ashley sold tiny Katamari Starters in the *Gift Shop*.

Not everything in Five Forts ended up being rolled into Katamari. Some items were stored for future projects: drawings, Shrines, mysterious objects, machines, tools and stacks of PVC pipe. An example of a material reused after Five Forts is some of the plywood panels from my fort that were re-primed and cut into smaller surfaces to support some of the drawings included in this work.

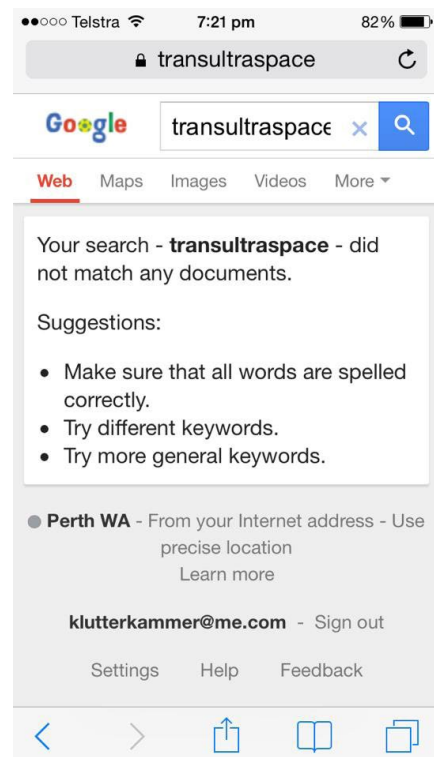


Installation of Love Hotel with Kieron Broadhurst Katamari Detail at Free Range Gallery in Wellington Street Perth, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Beautiful Fort with Kieron Broadhurst and Tim Yuen for the Beaufort Street Festival Mt Lawley, 2014, with censor 2016, Joanne Richardson.

Later in 2014, Kieron and I made some Katamari in the Love Hotel exhibition at Free Range Gallery. Some plastic lawn flamingos, struts, barricade mesh, danger tape, lights and disco balls were reused in *Beautiful Fort* built with Tim Yuen for the Beaufort Street Festival. Kieron and I also made an installation expanding our Fort-induced idea, *Transultraspace*, for Staffroom at PSAS art space in Fremantle. The recycling of materials and ideas is part of operating in a state of Merz continual creative production.



Screen capture of text conversation with Amy Hickman including first mention of Transultraspace, 2014, Joanne Richardson.
Screen capture of a fruitless Google search for Transultraspace, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Transultraspace detail with Kieron Broadhurst at PSArt Space Fremantle, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

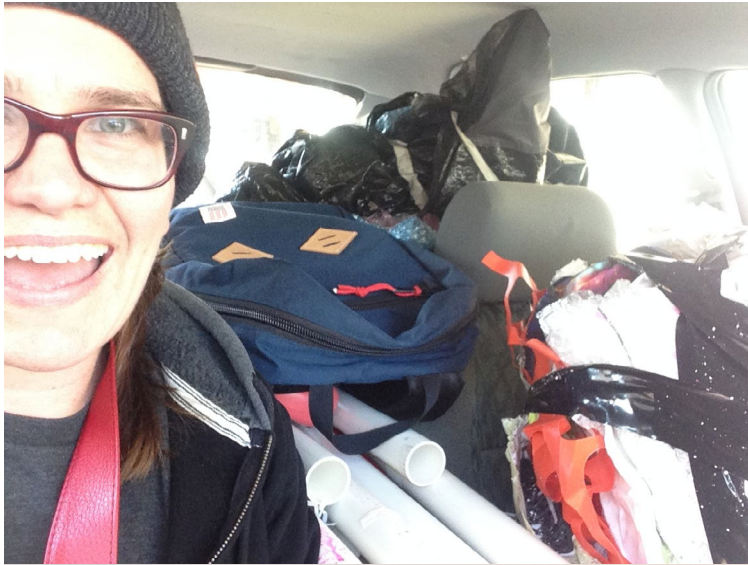


Transultraspace at PS Art Space Fremantle Opening Night, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.

During the uninstall of Five Forts, Kieron and Ashley rolled their forts into Katamari. This was a partial realization of the Paper Mountain Studio Artists fears: a compression of all matter into one mass. All of these Katamari were put on the curb. It was a pleasant coincidence that hard waste collection happened the same time as uninstalling Five Forts. The Katamari rolled straight out of the gallery to landfill.



On the last morning of packing up, I excitedly took photographs of the Katamari on the kerb outside my house.



Over the weekend I had made about seven car trips between my house and Paper Mountain to completely remove the Five Forts exhibition. On the last morning, I was so exhausted that I did not notice I had put my jeans on inside out.



Paint Spill on Francis Street, 2014, Ashley Ramsey.

This could speak to my state of mind later in the day. I spilled white paint on Francis Street and almost called Crime Stoppers on myself.



A truck came by, but left without taking the Katamari.



I had to leave again to get the last load out of Paper Mountain. When I came home, the kerbside Katamari were all gone.

This is the end we wished for *21cm Underground* but did not achieve.

We cleared the Shelf, gave back the keys to Paper Mountain, sent the Katamari to landfill where it continues its existence. We are left with The World.

The World: *World Sick*

I found it difficult to begin writing on Five Forts as I did not keep a journal during the exhibition. I had notes from the planning process. I could sit inside Danni McGrath's Five Forts concertina catalogue and contemplate my archive of digital images, but mostly I was out in the open form of everyday life, loose on the streets and ordinary places. For a while (until I wrote the Green Line) there seemed to be no imaginative way back into Five Forts once the exhibition was physically gone.

During the uninstallation, as I was driving around the Katamari, I listened to Broken Social Scene's 2010 *Forgiveness Rock Record*. This is a Canadian baroque pop band made up of other bands (Elan 2007). Evan Sawdey wrote a 2010 review of *Forgiveness Rock Record*: "each track has its own distinct identity, the songs never once threaten to bleed together, and the whole thing only gets better with repetition" (Sawdey 2010). I repeated it a lot.

Listening to *Forgiveness Rock Record* one night, I filmed the light hitting the underside of bridges as I drove some Katamari home (Richardson 2014a). Later I played *Rock Record* as I was trying to arrive at a totalizing idea that would grant Five Forts an overarching purpose and bind it all together. All I could sense of the exhibition were wild fragments all resisting compression and ever expanding on every inspection. I thought listening to Broken Social Scene would unlock a mystery, attributing that music with a magical power of evocation. The *21cm Underground* playlist had helped me with that project. I tried playing Broken Social Scene for Five Forts during time spent writing at Moana Studio, at my house, at IKEA and travelling between these places.

Some nights when I was going home from Moana Studio, it would be getting dark. Waiting for the bus at Stand A, Stop 10129, on St Georges Terrace, I beheld the lights of Council House (Offen 2010), a full saturation of colours on a slow cycle each fading into the next: green, blue, pink, red. It held my attention in a new way after being overwhelmed by Five Forts. THESE ARE FORT COLOURS (Appendix 13: Fort Colours).

I put on the first track of *Forgiveness Rock Record* and waited. Track 1, *World Sick*, goes for 6 minutes 47 seconds (Broken Social Scene 2010). It is quiet for the first 30 seconds. This is an unusually long time to wait for a pop song to be properly audible. In that time, I always think, “Maybe I forgot to press play? Maybe I can hear something? Maybe I’m imagining it?” The gentle guitars come in. The middle builds to what Pitchfork reviewer Ryan Dombal calls a “blitzkrieg of crush, shock, glory, and melody” before it “dips out for its last two minutes. It’s giving you time to consider instead of just ramming through your brain stem full bore” (Dombal 2010).

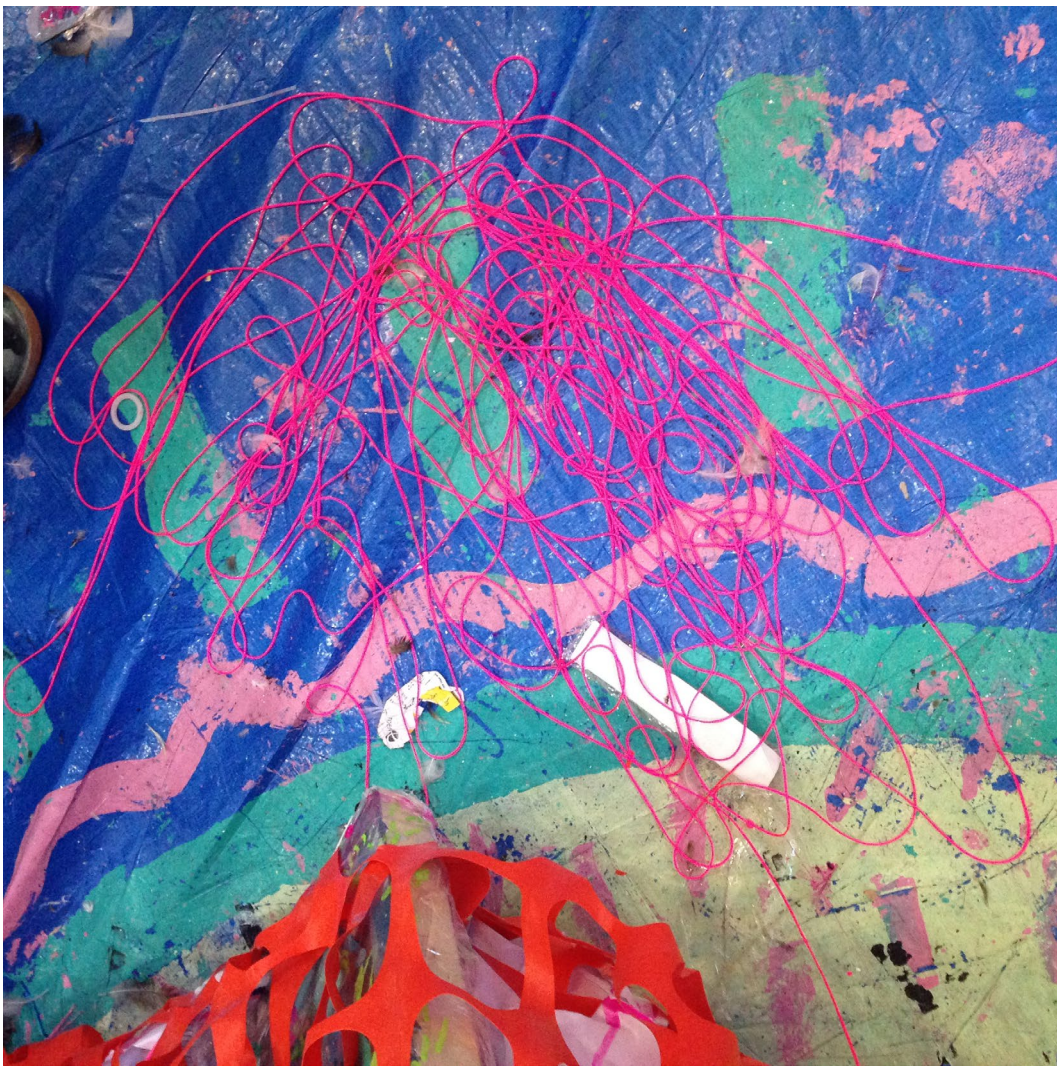
One night I was listening to *World Sick* on my headphones on the way home. At 2 minutes 31 seconds, the second chorus was reaching its full orchestral scope and the bells came crashing in at the same time I arrived at the bus stop:

I get world sick

Every time I take a stand (Broken Social Scene 2010).

The bells seemed louder than ever. I felt a great intensity as Council House mesmerized me again. I felt a perfect experience. Five Forts achieved a unity, a great aesthetic cohesion in my mind. I then noticed the bells in my headphones were complemented by St Georges Cathedral bells in a quarter peal. They did not allow the song to dip out. My brain stem was being rammed through full bore. I turned the music off and listened to the street. I was bewildered at the possibility of my headphones, the Cathedral, the Council House lights and my bus all aligning just that once, despite probably thousands of visits to the same bus stop with no affect. I revelled in a paradox of needing so many objects, so much help, spending so long a time and a huge undertaking at a gallery to get to this immaterial moment of unity in the street.

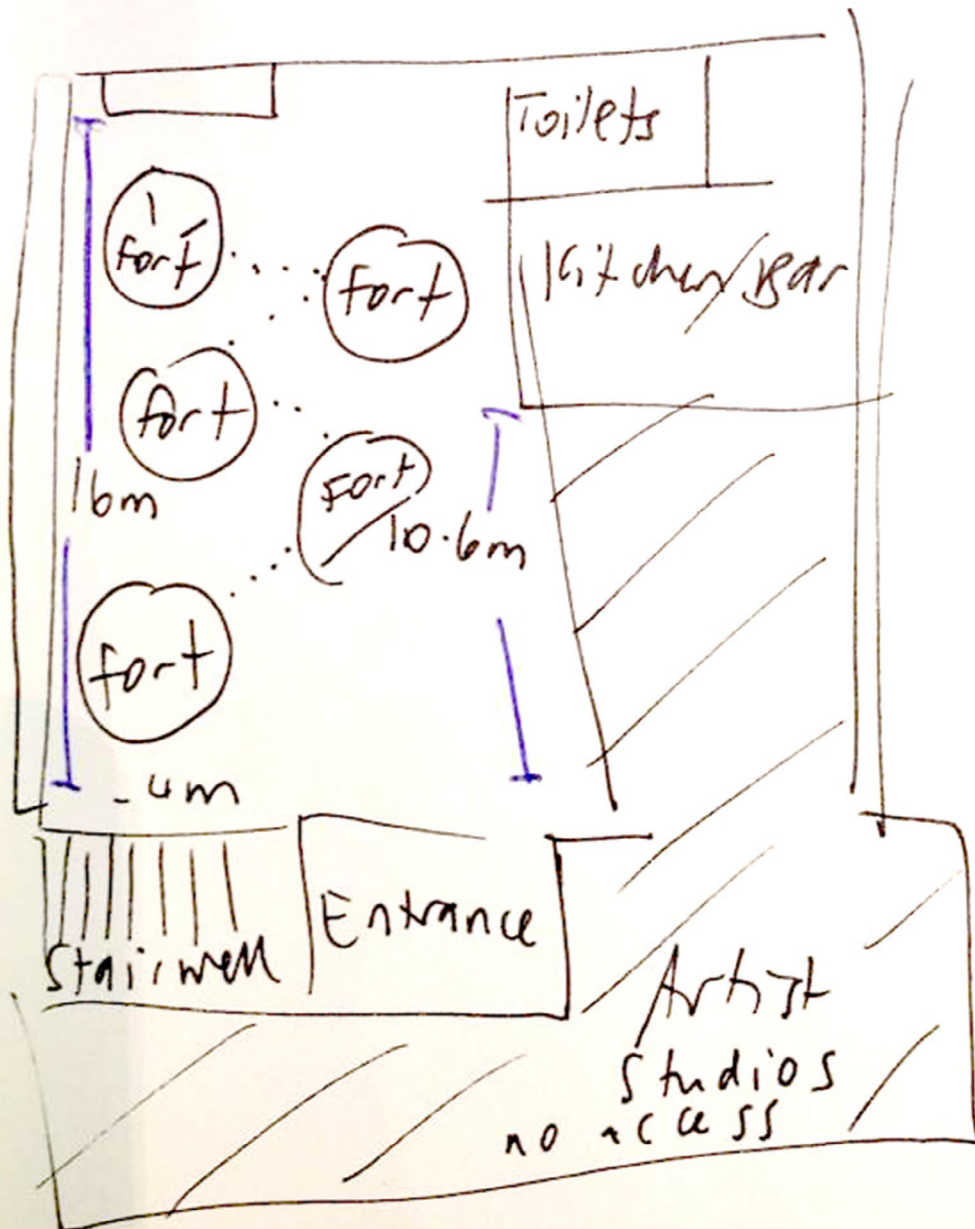
The St Georges Cathedral bells continued to peal, and Council House shone like a beacon. Time flattened, my already fragmented memory of experience shattered itself and expanded again, letting pieces of now and then speak with each other fluently then fit together too neatly. This moment was profound but fleeting and impenetrable. The unity effectively reduced the work to one totality.



Fort Colours. Photograph concept by Jill O'Meehan, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

It might be ok to compress a set of objects into one mass, but attempting to compress the Forts into one idea – or even four colours – is a diabolical mistake. It is the opposite of producing an immersive and creatively productive experience. We five artists had worked hard to disrupt the possibility of a singular vantage point that would allow the work to be apprehended as a whole. It is necessary for the fragments to resist each other. *World Sick* is a complex composition played by many musicians. The song has soft and brutal parts that are given time to develop and not diminish each other. This resonates with the importance of examining separate parts in order to investigate distinct conflicting fragments and interesting contributions from artists and visitors who worked on Five Forts.

FIVE FORTS



Total Fort of Art

The Shelf section described structures prepared by five artists encouraging creative production and participation. This section is about how my fort, the *Total Fort of Art*, was formed. The ideas that developed my *Total Fort* eventually influenced how I reflected on visitor interactions in the whole Five Forts exhibition.

My fort was first visualized as a blob scribbled in a notebook. After meetings with the five artists, my intention was to build one of five forts as ‘a metaphoric model’ for my art practice. My fort was formed from weaving together ideas and materials. To describe these, I focus on four major influences: immersive experiences at IKEA; Merz and collage; reused materials from previous works; and reading catalogues and books, most notably, *The Total Work of Art: from Bayreuth to Cyberspace* by Matthew Wilson-Smith.

As mentioned in Part 1, I spent time attentively during visits to IKEA. I was interested in the idea of Jason Rhoades being influenced by the meandering paths of IKEA when he constructed installations such as *The Creation Myth*. One day I visited IKEA Innaloo and endeavored to document the experience by writing notes on complimentary slips of paper. I used the IKEA café, Showroom and Self-Service Furniture Area as locations for my writing. I discovered a fascinating place between the racks in the Self-Service Furniture Area. This space is not a cultural destination or a particularly interesting architectural feature but I

found a cathedral-like affect of disorientation and spatial disorientation and reversal in the stacks of cardboard boxes and a trick of the lights. This is wishful thinking, like noticing the glint of broken glass on the side of the road and thinking: *they might be diamonds!*

Pcs	Product name	Article No	Price	Rack	Section
1	Billy Bookcase 80 x 202 white	801.801.01	£79	4	1

Shopping list

That I have to tell myself is ~~not~~ something is off
 but exactly what I can't really detect stolen glance
 aesthetic appreciation of warehouse-ness playing in an unsafe place
 comparing religious cathedrals to empires of commerce spiritual
 extacy to shopping. What did the farmer say to the cow
 on the roof. Get down. That's what's wrong... just slightly off
 off just enough to be...?? instructed to stop, get down.
 In the next aisle over I can't find an entry so I go
 down the yellow place for trolleys only. Here I know for
 sure is unsafe incorrect not right place to be
 I slip under a bar and stand straight. I take several
 photos. Intensity is heightened here. I'm absolutely in the right
 Remember some products consists of more than 1 package. place for this one some
 Don't forget to collect your flat bed trolley at the end of Market Hall. awe inspiring very feeling

Book tucked under my arm cardigan draped over my shoulder
 I slip, between ~~the~~ some products I step on an empty box that
 into a space leaning in I peak between two giant rows
 flattens under my boot learning the do of the covenant
 of products here a giant warehouse the do of the covenant
 here somewhere! Small shafts of light filter down on the screen of my
 phone it's impossible to distinguish fluorescent lights from skylight
 or the hall of god pouring down. then a cathedral of
 unopened boxes heavenly light I breath shallow knowing
 any second a co worker or another customer will break me
 from this breathtaking vista. without are many I am back in
 the aisle, usual-looking... holding a bracket & anti-slip mat and
 some netting I intend to use to catch a drone in Farts
 "I have a reason to be here" I tell myself "I blend in, I'm not
 doing anything wrong"



I don't have a name for this photograph yet, Ikea Innaloo, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

(AUTO CORRECT MADE THIS SENTENCE:.) A process of Merz Collage would modify the idea of collage and merz forming collage as a form the fort.

Schwitters wrote in 1920:

The medium is unimportant as myself. Essential is only the forming. Because the medium is unimportant, I take any material whatsoever if the picture demands.

(quoted in Motherwell 1951, 59)

One my main ways of Merz forming, following what a picture demands, could be described as collage. Collage translates from French as ‘to glue’ (Craig 2008, 7). It is the practice of cutting and pasting together fragments. In a 2007 article “The Ecstasy of Influence”, author Jonathan Lethem called collage “*the* artform of the twentieth century, never mind the twenty-first” (Lethem 2007, 60, original italics). Lethem describes how authors and artists ‘inhale’ influence, and why inspiration comes from chaos:

most artists are converted to art by art itself. Finding one’s voice isn’t just an emptying and purifying oneself of the words of others but an adopting and embracing of filiations, communities, and discourses. Inspiration could be called inhaling the memory of an act never experienced. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void but out of chaos.

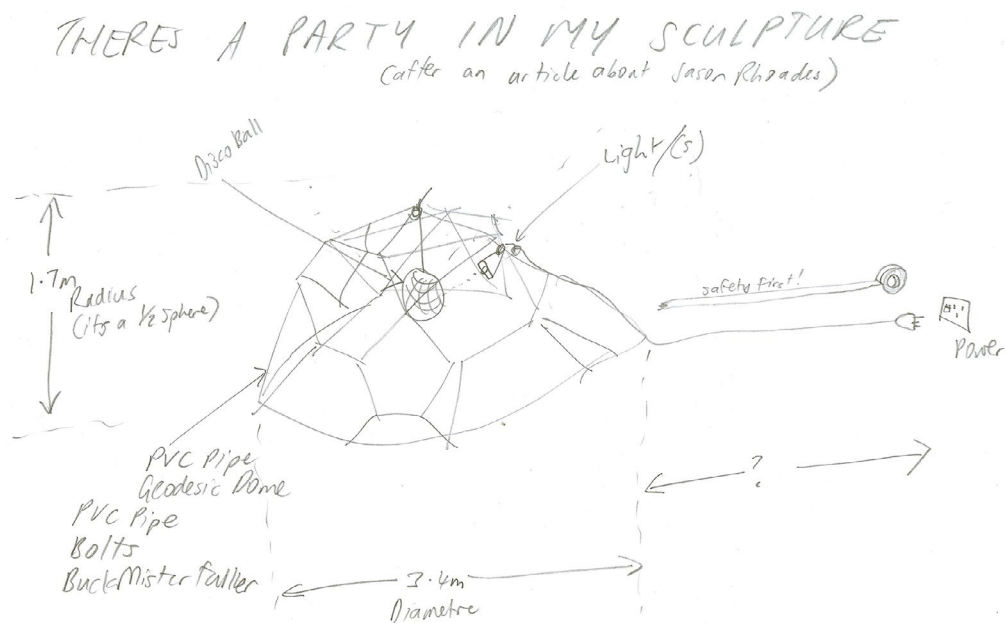
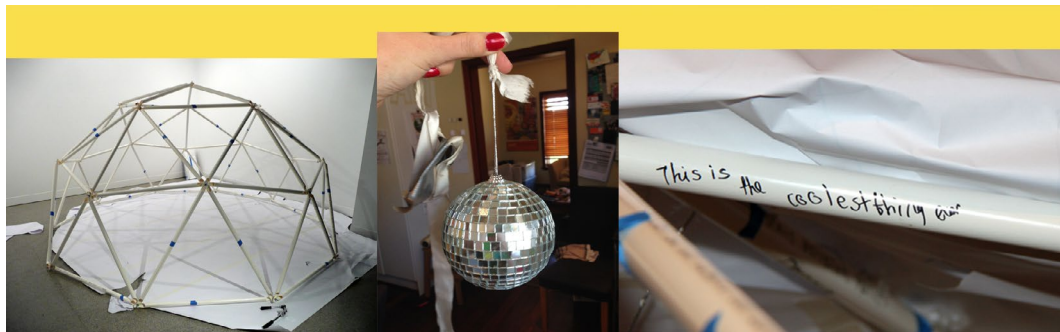
(ibid, 60)

I think Merz practice functions on the premise that the world is saturated with materials ready to be used and reused. Ideas come from interactions with other artists and exposure to films, songs, TV and books. Forming the fort was a matter of taking whatever materials it demanded.

I looked for materials I could reuse from constructing previous works. This is the strategy I used to begin the Star Wars project (when I looked in the bathroom hamper for materials I had at hand). In my back shed was a pile of PVC pipe I last used in the 2013 Staffroom exhibition that was held on the third floor of Many, a former department store building in Fremantle managed by the same company that leased us Moana Studio in Perth.

I exhibited a work named *There's A Party In My Sculpture* (named after an article on Jason Rhoades by Jack Bankowsky, former editor-in-chief of *Artforum*) (Bankowsky 2007). The party included a geodesic dome.

The third floor of Many had some dark spaces on the periphery that looked like stock rooms. I decided to co-opt one as a space for an underground rave party. I rebuilt the PVC geodesic dome I used in *Igloo Building 3.0* at John Curtin Gallery (2011).



Sculpture proposal for *There's A Party in My Sculpture*, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

I installed a sound system, mirror ball and pin-spot light. At that time, I read an essay by Eva Meyer-Hermann in *The Big Picture*. She writes about tracking the material diffusion of Jason Rhoades' *Perfect World* through "subsequent works between 1999 and the artist's untimely death in 2006" (Meyer-Hermann, McCarthy and Rugoff 2010, 93). For Rhoades, ideas and materials from any work could be reused again and again in subsequent works. This is consistent with the idea that he was only ever making one work.

Ingrid Schaffner quotes Rhoades in the *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads* catalogue:

I don't understand my works as being separate from one another, there are a few breaks, but I basically understand them as one piece. In order to see one work, you have to look back in reference to the others.

(quoted in Schaffner 2014, 14)

From Schaffner's perspective:

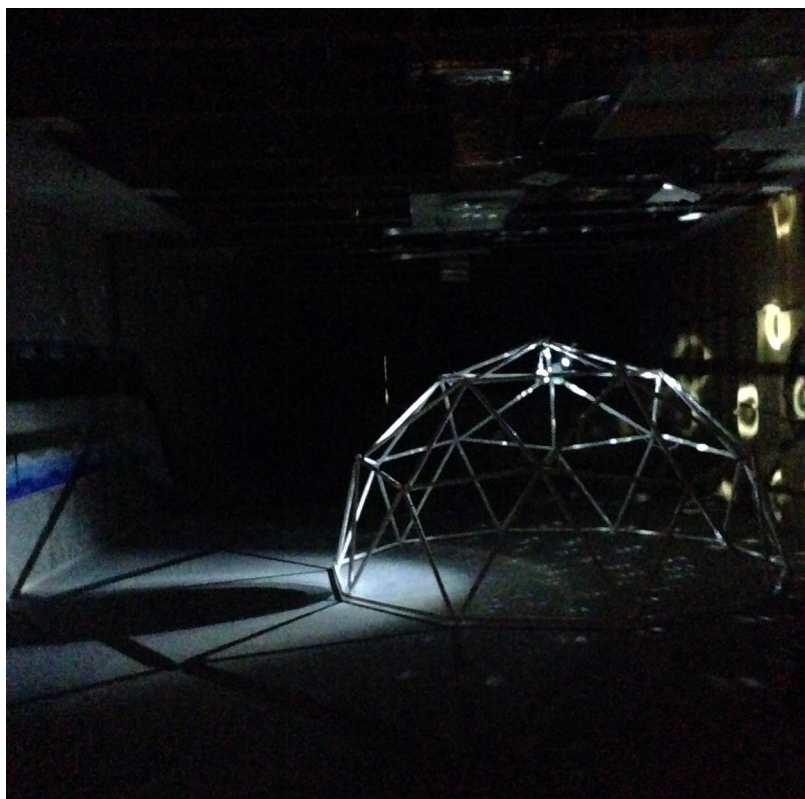
That's an enormous proposition: to create a work of art that absorbs and connects to everything entering its orbit while constantly moving ahead.

(Schaffner 2014, 14)

As mentioned in the Katamari section, pieces of Five Forts persisted afterwards. There were also pieces of Five Forts that came from works I had done before (this is also true of each contributing artist). The Star Wars project continued after I sent the images to Oliver Hull. I continued to draw stickers and embellish t-shirts during the process of writing about the experience. I made new t-shirts for Scott and I to wear to the premiere of Episode 7: *The Force Awakens* in 2016. Merz is creative practice without end.

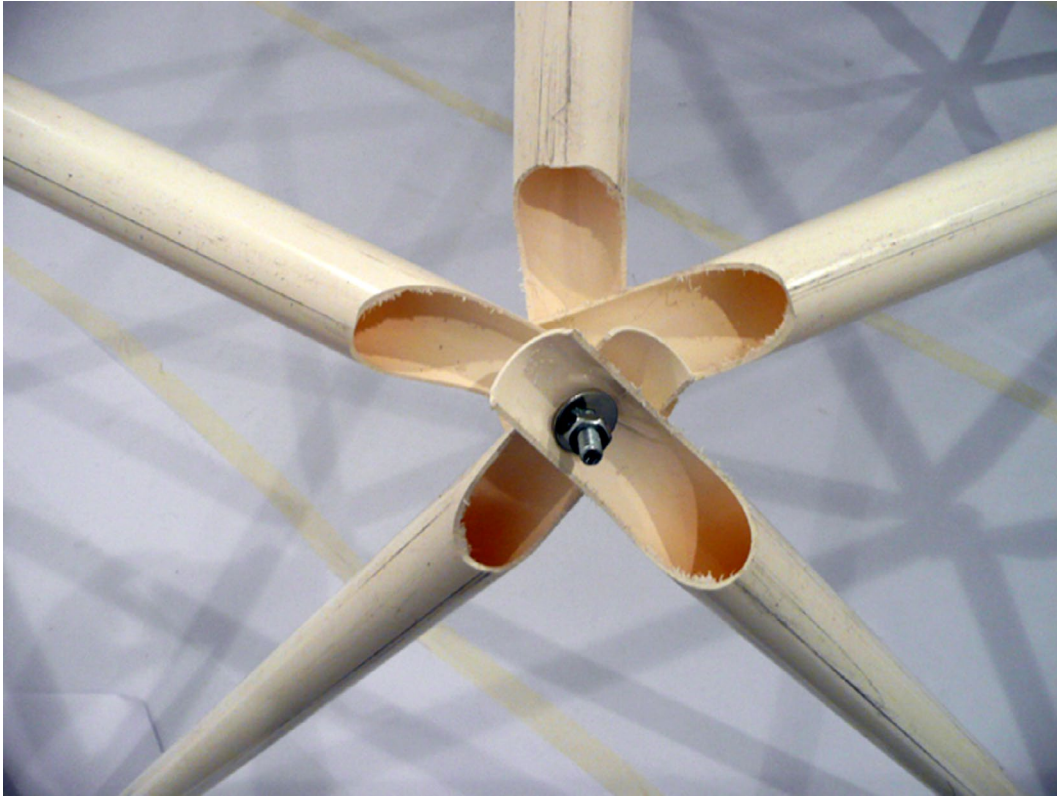
Johnathon Keats summarized architect, author and inventor Buckminster Fuller's work in a radio interview promoting his new book *You Belong to the Universe: Buckminster Fuller and the Future*. Buckminster Fuller invented the geodesic dome as he was "looking for the ways in which to cover the most ground with the least material" (Keats 2016). Keats described Fuller as committed to his vision: "once he had come up with an

idea, he could not see the faults in it” (ibid). This explains why despite Fuller’s ambition to create anticipatory designs that would save humanity, we do not each have a personal airplane, drive a three-wheeled car and live in cities covered by large geodesic domes (ibid). Nevertheless, the dome nods to Fuller’s utopian ambitions and is strong structurally so I wanted to build one.



There's a Party in My Sculpture at Many, Fremantle, 2013, Joanne Richardson.

To do so, I referred to a blog by Curt Drury, president of the Bonsai Club of Central New York (Drury n.d.). Drury built a dome and covered it in a large sheet of plastic to form a tiny microclimate. He used Tara Landry’s Dome Calculator and diagrams for assembly. Landry built domes for the Burning Man festival (Landry n.d.) – both full spheres and half spheres



Geodesic Dome join in PVC pipe inspired by Landry and Drury for Igloo Building 3.0 at John Curtin Gallery, 2011, Joanne Richardson.

(domes) using either bamboo or steel. Drury cut all lengths of pipe an inch too long then cut out part of each end and drilled holes at the calculated length. When the pipes were screwed together they could flex and splay into a join. This is a novel solution to avoid the task of finding multiple appropriately-tilted four, five and six sided PVC joinery, or in the case of steel rods, avoid pressing each end and manually bending them to the appropriate angle.

Drury and Landry describe their methods for constructing Fuller's geodesic dome and shared these on their blogs in the spirit of allowing a person with no professional construction experience to build a relatively sound structure at a relatively low cost. This is like a gift given freely like the gifts of the Situationist International. Information is made available and "useable by everyone" (Wark 2011, 70) (See Part 2: Practice for *The Death of Starwars*).

The PVC dome can be assembled and disassembled by one person. It is easy to transport. It can be packed away. When assembled, it is about 1.7m high and 3.4m wide. I decided it was too wide for the 4m Paper Mountain gallery space, and possibly quite low considering the space has a very high ceiling. I sought a shape with a lesser footprint, but taller with no unusable space inside or out. I decided to continue to use PVC pipe because I found it easy to source, cut, assemble and transport.

To create a quick sketch for a fort, I used materials I had at hand: struts salvaged from *Sugar Exchange Program* (2013) and a drawing that had a tarpaulin as backing called *Map of East Perth* (2013). The struts were rebuilt and painted orange for Five Forts. Kieron and I later purchased larger tarpaulins.



*Sketch for a fort using found materials at Moana Studio
Hay Street Perth, 2013, Joanne Richardson.*

I drew a set of six rectangular shapes then cut them out of PVC pipe. The rectangles were reinforced with diagonal silver rods. They could be tied together to form a hexagon or expanded out to form a large partition. It references Perth's Art Gallery of Western Australia (AGWA), a building which incorporates hexagonal shapes and uses angles of 120 degrees to "stimulate peripheral vision" (AGWA n.d.). A hexagon creates no unusable space inside or outside.



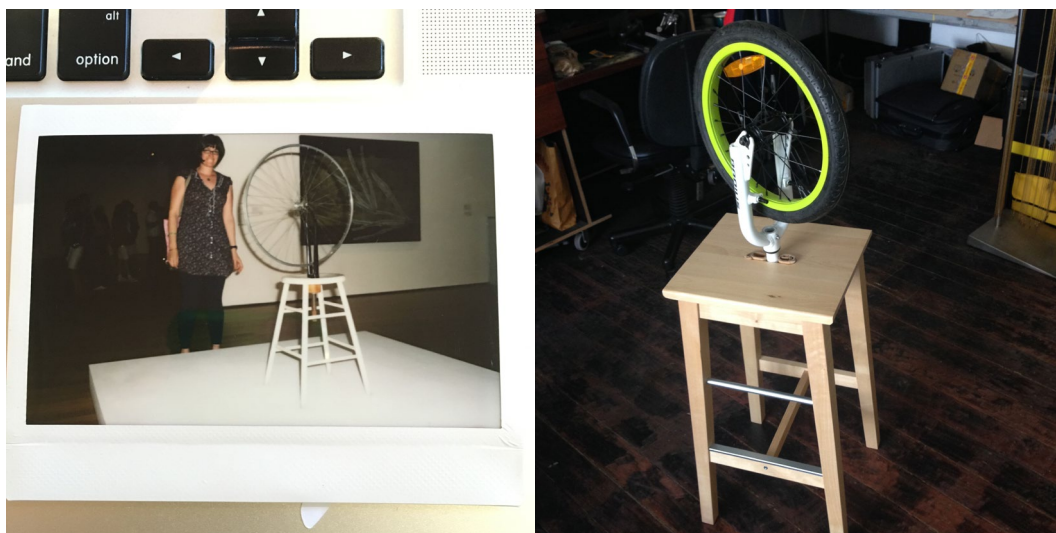
Backyard sketch for a fort early days my backyard in St James, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

A visitor to the fort, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Sketch for spying capacity, 2014, Joanne Richardson

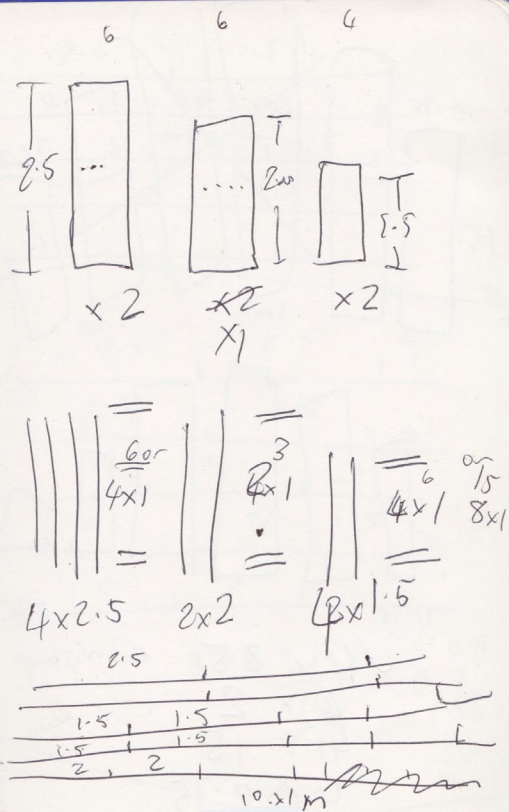
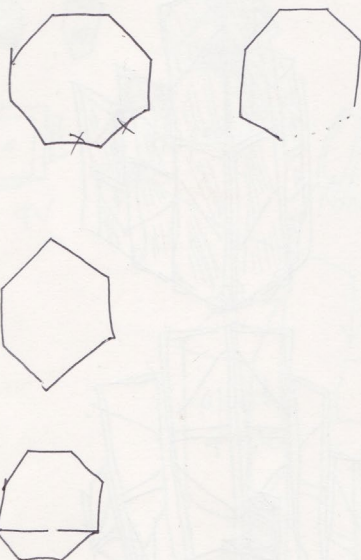
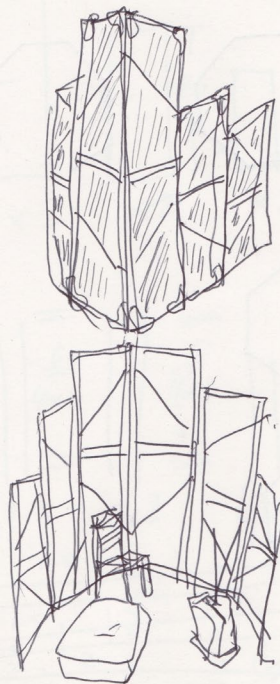
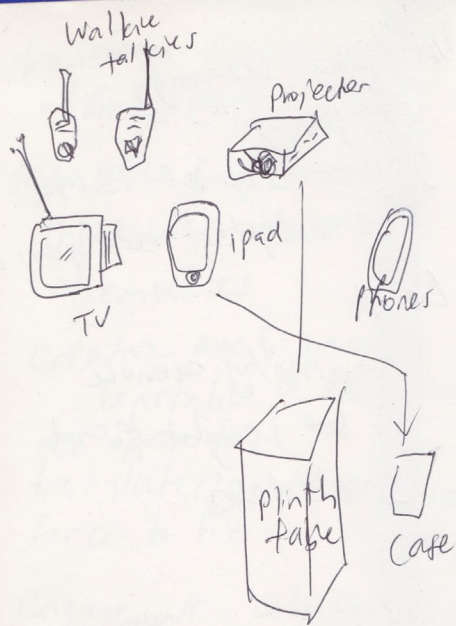
I planned to attach various lightweight materials to the PVC frame to form barriers that could be modified. One material was orange barricade mesh used for temporary structures that guide pedestrians away from hazards. This material does not physically prevent intrusions into the dangerous area in the way that a wall made of wood or brick might, but it does function as a visually persuasive material. Barricade mesh can operate as a temporary stand-in for a more permanent structure. A tarpaulin can operate as a temporary stand-in for shelter, taking the place of a wall or roof damaged by a storm. I thought these and other lightweight materials would evoke a sense of temporality and transience. My fort was built as a temporary structure not capable of withstanding a physical demolition but operated as a visually convincing barrier. It was complete enough to stand but incomplete enough to invite modification.

I incorporated reference to temporal states by including a disco ball with a spinning motor and a disco light with a sensor that responded to audio changes by adjusting the spin speed and/or colour. The lights reminded me of Jason Rhoades including smoke and lights as ephemeral parts that stood for the spirit of the sculpture (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 48).



Photograph of instant photo taken by Scott Northcott in New York 2009, portrait of Joanne Richardson looking at Marcel Duchamp's *Bicycle Wheel* (third version 1951, after lost original 1913), 2016, Joanne Richardson.
Homage to Marcel Duchamp's *Bicycle Wheel* (third version 1951, after lost original 1913) at Moana Studio Hay Street Perth, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

I made a homage to Duchamp's *Bicycle Wheel* (third version 1951, after lost original 1913). I bought a *BOSSE* bar stool from IKEA and visited George's Bike Shop in Willetton to find a wheel. I asked the owner if he would sell me a spare fork and wheel of any size. I told him it was for an art project. He looked in a back room and returned to ask if it could be *any* size, which I confirmed. He gave me a fork and 16-inch wheel for free. Duchamp's work was built for a corner of his studio and he said he liked to watch it spin (Tate n.d.). I thought of it as an object for thinking. What a joy to see *Bicycle Wheel* in a museum! How morose to find it inaccessible on a massive plinth in the middle of the room! In my fort you *could* spin it. People did.

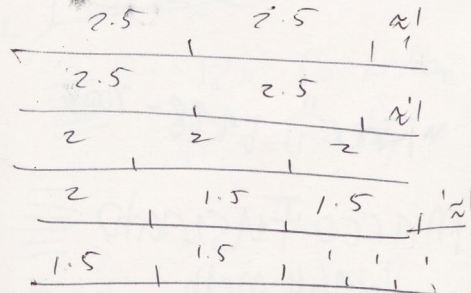
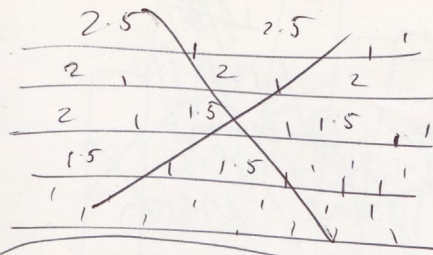




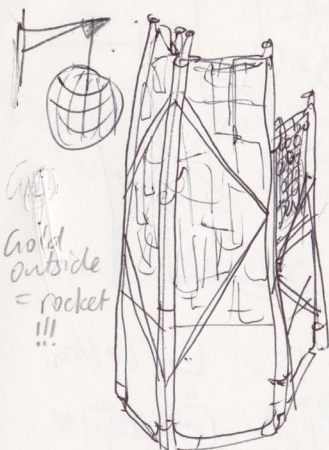
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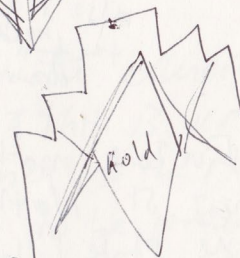
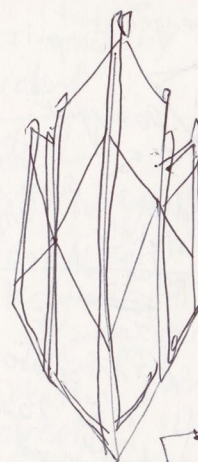
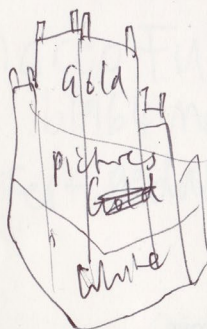
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 4×0.75



$$\begin{array}{r} 6 + 7 = 13 \\ \hline 16 \\ \hline 3 \end{array}$$



Gold
outside
= rocket
!!!



Quoted from
the best Utopias.



Barricade Mesh at Central Business District Perth, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Matthew Wilson Smith's *The Total Work of Art: From Bayreuth to Cyberspace* is organized into chapters on different Gesamtkunstwerks, including: Richard Wagner's Festspielhaus, Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* (1935), Disney theme parks and Andy Warhol's art practice. I mentioned Gesamtkunstwerk in Part 1; Smith translated it from German as "total work of art". Smith argues Gesamtkunstwerks are formed from a "longing for unity amidst fragmentation" (Smith 2007, 8) and operate as utopias in "the shape of radical hope" (ibid). Like Buckminster Fuller's dreams of cities united under geodesic domes.

The paradox of building a utopia is they are formed at the exclusion of certain people and ideas, or at their expense. Smith paired the longing for unity with the sinister notion that Gesamtkunstwerks are totalitarian: "Its moments of fullest realization are the moments of history's greatest horror" (ibid). This darker aspect reminded me that a fort is a battlement, a strategic device built to win war. The sentiment of building forts came from an anticipation of *taking over* the gallery space in Paper Mountain.

I was interested in Smith's ideas about spectators and their hope and/or horror in Gesamtkunstwerks.

I read the catalogue for *Utopie Gesamtkunstwerk*, a 2012 exhibition held at 21er Haus Vienna that included works by Martin Kippenberger and Jason Rhoades. *Utopia Gesamtkunstwerk* begins where the seminal 1983 exhibition, *Der Hang Zum Gesamtkunstwerk*, ends (Husslein-Arco, Krejci and Steinbrugge 2012, 6).

The *Utopia Gesamtkunstwerk* catalogue includes an essay by historian, curator and academic Holger Birkholz titled “Fantasies of Fusion: Alice on Her Way Through the Birth Canal (for the Second Time)”. In a section called “The Cave as a World”, Birkholz describes Plato’s Allegory of the Cave as a “text cave” (Birkholz 2012, 25) built to house his arguments on art. Birkholz then turns to the forts children improvise using immediately available blankets and furniture. These forts are built to form a world concentrated on a precious object:

Seclusion in this small confined world, and concentration on a beloved item likewise become an entanglement of one’s Self and the world. | Total installations often resemble such ‘shelters’. They are carefully arranged worlds of their own that close themselves off to the outside world.

(Birkholz 2012, 25)

A text or an art installation is a created world that authors and artists write or build for a spectator.

In *Aesthetics of the Total Artwork: on Borders and Fragments*, writer and art historian Maria Stavrinaki contributes a chapter titled “Total Artwork vs Revolution: Art, Politics and Temporalities in the Expressionist Architectural Utopias and the *Merzbau*”. Stavrinaki describes the *Merzbau* as shut off from the outside world in order to allow for concentration on the interior:

The physical space of the *Merzbau* also guarantees a contemplative power... since it absorbs and envelopes the spectator within it, in a silence that is often described by its visitors.

(Stavrinaki 2011, 274)

I thought of the fort as a secluded part of an open form that envelopes a spectator and allows for concentrated focus on a created world.

The circular blob I drew first; I imagined it as a cave, but as I read and worked on gathering materials, the idea for a low, camouflaged trench receded and was replaced by a fort more like Superman's Fortress of Solitude as featured in the 1978 *Superman* movie (Donner 1978). The Fortress of Solitude is unapologetically hopeful and shiny. Superman throws a crystal across the ice. Where it lands is where glowing crystals thrusting heavenwards form the Fortress. Inside, Superman is able to receive a message about his origins, true identity and place in the universe recorded by his deceased space-alien father Jor-El. The Fortress functions as a separation from Earth that allows Superman communion with a precious object: Jor-El's message.



Drawing after Superman Fortress of Solitude, 2016, Joanne Richardson.

The Gesamtkunstwerk forms a border then renders that border invisible (Birkholz 2012, 26). Birkholz mentions Wagner's darkened theatre and the surroundings of video projection artworks being dimmed. This allows the spectator a focus on the work. The Fortress of Solitude is white-on-white. It shuts out the Earth but once Jor-El's message plays it might as well disappear.

In another chapter in *Aesthetics of the Total Artwork*, academic writer Anke Finger contributes "Idea/Imagination/Dialogue: The Total Artwork and Conceptual Art", a manifesto arguing the idea of conceptual artwork as a form of Gesamtkunstwerk; "I intend to bring into dialogue the idea or the 'art-proposition' of the total artwork and conceptual art" (Finger 2011, 112). Finger concludes: "ultimately the total artwork is an idea" (ibid, 127). The art world viewer assembles aesthetic fragments forming a type of conceptual Gesamtkunstwerk in their mind.

I think the idea of *Einfühlung* as an activity that occurs in the spectator's body as a node of understanding, is consistent with the idea that a spectator of Gesamtkunstwerk needs to assemble fragments in their mind to form an understanding that what they are seeing is all a part of one work.

Finger's chapter extends ideas explored by Harold Szeemann, who curated *Der Hang Zum Gesamtkunstwerk* (1983) at Kunsthaus Zurich. Academic Julian Myers writes an exploratory essay as a "partial tour" of this exhibition following a "line of thinking" (Myers 2009, 100) through it, contemplating what the artists (including Kurt Schwitters) had in common:

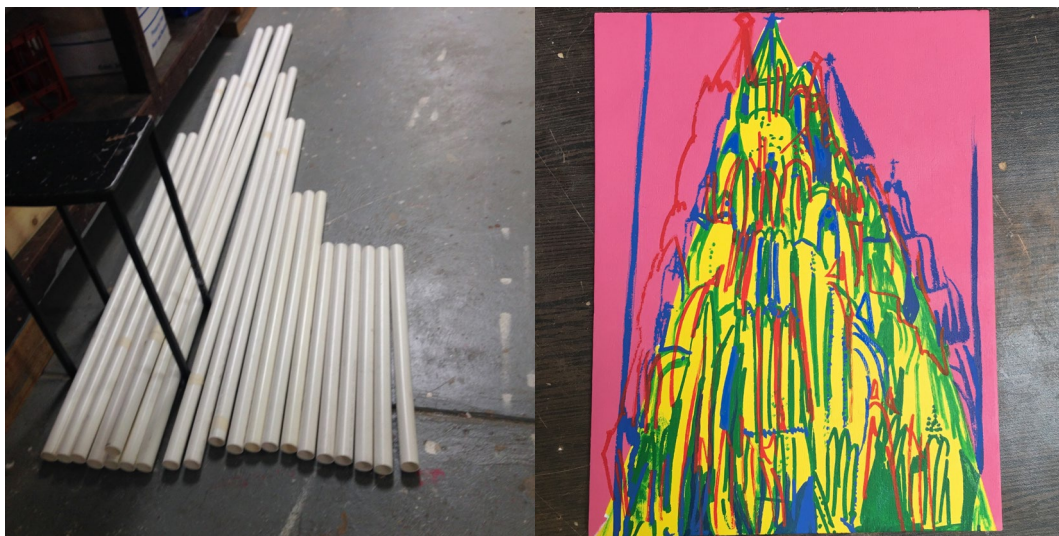
According to Szeemann's thesis, they were united by their drive to create a 'total art work'; in this drive he discovered the very best and worst of European culture in the twentieth century – utopias of beauty, social justice, sexual liberation and emancipation from labour on the one hand; consumer spectacle, totalitarianism and genocide on the other.

(ibid, 101)

Myers argued Szeemann believed the Gesamtkunstwerk to be safe as an idea in the poetic contemplative space of the art gallery. However, even there, the utopias put forward would not be practical plans, rather they appear “partial, failed or unfulfilled” (Myers 2009, 106). The spectators assemble the partial fragments in their minds to form the Gesamtkunstwerk but remain able to resist its authoritative powers.

Martin Kippenberger’s *Utopia Gesamtkunstwerk* was *Alt Wien, Großplakat* (great poster) (1991) is a large print of a photograph of posters at Café Alt Wien, a traditional Viennese café he used as one of many international studios. Like his Metro-NET entrances, the work signals both a glorious global connection and its impossibility (Husslein-Arco, Krejci and Steinbrugge 2012, 194). In Metro-NET each entrance leads straight to a dead end: an amazing failure.

I was interested in the ideas of hopeful ambitions for a new utopia, the sinister horror of establishing a totalitarian state and the failure of both. I intended to build these ideas into a fort from materials that are used as immediate versions of more permanent structures or solutions, indicating the *Total Fort of Art* would fail to operate as a model for a perfected new way of life.



Cutting up PVC in the sculpture workshop at Curtin University Bentley, 2014, Joanne Richardson.
Drawing after Andy Warhol's Cologne Cathedral (1985), 2016, Joanne Richardson.

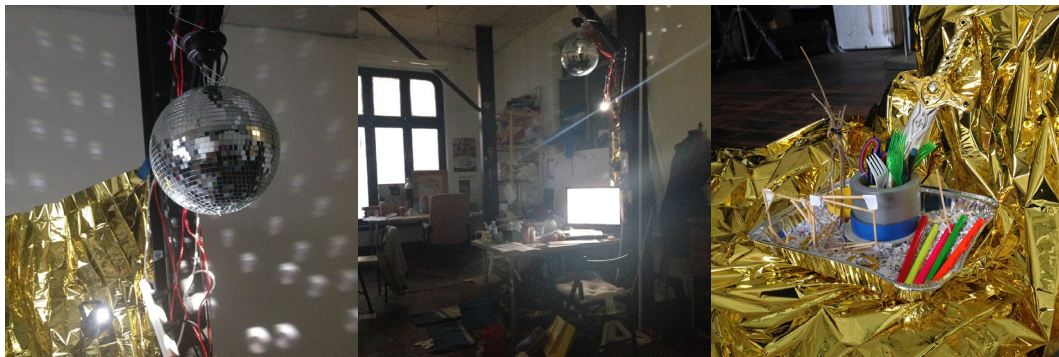


Fort Preparations overspray from orange struts and weed spray gun my backyard in St James, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

To allude to the horror of Gesamtkunstwerk, I thought barricade mesh pointed not only to a temporary situation, but also to the presence of a road hazard. I bought toy weapons: guns and knives. I made spying holes for surveillance and a flag. I cut plywood boards to fit the PVC frame then primed them to make some drawing surfaces. Some of these were used as drop-sheets when preparing other items; orange struts, black guns, gold barricade mesh. So some of the boards arrived marked on one side with patterns or the outlines of gun shapes. I intended to take territory from other forts using my *For The Love of God* skull stencil with Silver Super Chrome spray paint. I also filled a weed spray unit with pink acrylic paint, modelled after the 1966 Joker's weapon used on Muzzy's paintings.

To reflect a sense of hope for utopia, I made the fort very tall and looked for the most brilliant, shiniest things I could find at the time. These included: lights, mirror balls, my toy sword collection and sheets of metalized plastic film also known as Space Blankets. Metalized plastic film has various commercial names. NASA originally created it in 1964 to use in spacecraft (NASA n.d.). I found mine in the Wellington Army Surplus store where they are sold as camping equipment. They can be used in emergencies to signal rescuers and, in a case of exposure, to preserve radiant body heat.

Space Blankets nod toward both hope and horror, being invented as part of the exciting Space Race during the sinister Cold War. Metalized plastic film could remind us both: of satellites facilitating the amazing benefits of international communications and that people can die of hypothermia.



Mirror ball and motor tests with Space Blanket at Moana Studio Hay Street Perth, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

As Wilson Smith's *The Total Work of Art: From Bayreuth to Cyberspace* defined the terms of making my fort, I named it the Total Fort of Art and included my copy of the book in my fort library, just as Jason Rhoades included guns and dictionaries in his sculptures (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 53).



Gun Workshop: Weed Spray gun conversion to something that looks more like the Joker's paint gun in 1967, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

The *Total Fort of Art* – or at least some kind of fort – needed to be built in order to begin. I was interested in the possibility of the materials I chose reflecting my ideas, but the intricacies of these ideas don't matter much beyond this point, because my plan was to build something that, in turn, encouraged others to continue building it. As Vernon Lee wrote in *Laurus Nobilis*: “the lover of the beautiful seeks for beautiful impressions and remembrances, which are vested in his soul, and not in material objects” (Lee 1909, 58). The *Total Fort of Art* is not interesting in and of itself, only so far as it functioned as a site for activity: the way the Fortress of Solitude forms a boundary to shut out the world in order for Superman to focus on impressions and remembrances. The structure and contents of the *Total Fort of Art* would fade into the background in favour of focusing on what happened there.



Sketch for a fort using PVC pipe rectangles reinforced with silver rods my backyard in St James, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Collage combining Sketch for a fort, Workshop photograph and Disco Light packaging at Moana Studio Hay Street Perth, 2014, Joanne Richardson.







Video still from *Reading A Journey Round My Room (1871)* in *The Total Fort of Art* including part of drawing after *True Detective* and *Super Chrome silver* by the young Marxists, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

What Writing is (about The Green Line section)

I approached the task of writing about Five Forts with horror that any account would fix Five Forts and appear as a definitive authority at the exclusion of other interpretations and their possibilities.

Stephen King describes writing as a magic transmission from the author in one time and place to the reader in another (King 2010, 103). Using tools such as grammar and basic style, building paragraph by paragraph, the fiction writer creates a world from words. King uses J.R.R. Tolkien as an example. Tolkien created a world that even after a thousand pages the reader doesn't want to leave. The many attendant fictions concerning hobbits on quests attest the *Rings* trilogy and *Silmarillion* were not enough (King 2010, 136). First, I build a fort for the Five Forts using Merz, then I build an account of Five Forts using words. I found it easy to consider *Total Fort of Art* as a changeable thing, less so as writing.

I hoped to transmit a fictional account of what being there might be like as a way of extending the possibilities of Five Forts. This idea of a document operating as an extension of the work, rather than a fixed account, comes from Jack Bankowsky's view that Rhoades' "multi-ringed performances", including events in and out of the gallery *and* publishing catalogues and book, were "understood not as documentation but as a performative extension and counter to the gallery or museum show" (Bankowsky 2007, 114). Paul McCarthy describes in *The Big Picture* how Jason Rhoades would add new twists on his ideas each time he discussed his work: "when talking about the work, he would continue the work" (Rugoff and McCarthy 2012, 27). If it is all one work



he was working on, then new ideas, discussions and critiques were probably building form for the next part. The Green Line is a continuation of Five Forts.

Writing a description of Five Forts was an exercise inspired by Xavier de Maistre writing his fanciful travel fiction *A Journey Round My Room*, which saw him journeying around his bedroom for 42 days while under house arrest (de Maistre 1871, 87). Chapters of various lengths articulated ideas and remembrances sparked by objects de Maistre encountered in the room. The Green Line section is a composite tour that describes some things as they were at the end, close to the Closing Party, and includes some details of how they developed from particular events and themed days. De Maistre was dressed in his travelling clothes – as mentioned in Part 2.

Unfortunately, I did not write from inside Five Forts. I was later buoyed by King's notion of building a world from words: the possibility of writing an engrossing description. I spent time *Einfühlung* with the documentation images.

Rugoff described the artworks in the Hayward Gallery exhibition, *Walking In My Mind*, as laying “out mental landscapes that we can inspect and reflect on as if we were walking around in the artist's mind” (Rugoff 2009, 6). Five Forts had contributions from five artists and many visitors, so this is a walkthrough of a kind of communal mind, as each fragment was generated through collaborative effort.

The tour is organized following the Green Line: a piece of green-coloured tape laid out on the tarpaulins to lead visitors in and through Five Forts. It was an allusion to paths in IKEA and in *The Creation Myth*. We kept the Green Line more or less clear by rolling small Katamari along it, or flying the Drone low enough to push aside debris like a leaf blower.





The Green Line: a walking tour of Five Forts

I would arrive in William Street a bit damp around the shoulders. I'd be dressed in warm clothes. I'd walk up the stairs to the second landing, glance right, say "Hi!" to the invigilator sitting just inside the doorway of the Common Room. Then I'd turn left into the gallery. I'd stand under the orange barricade mesh canopy over the Welcome Visitor Centre. The table was covered by a large map, barely visible under a roll of neon Pink Rope, confectionary, pens, comments box, hard hat, a half-used ream of A4 copy paper, white gloves, and lists of suggested activities for visitors. Scrawled around the letters of the Welcome sign were notes like: TOUCH ALL THE THINGS, Enter at own risk!! (keep your shoes on etc.), Mums Welcome, DON'T STEAL OUR SHIT, and #fiveforts Instagram Tumblr Twitter.

I'd rifle through the comments box. I'd read the new ones and put them all back in the box. It got quite full in the end. The Green Line beneath my feet was barely visible, only occasionally glimpsed through the paper confetti I will be calling snow from now on.

Opposite the Welcome Visitor Centre were cardboard walls covering the larger of two cubes making up Kieron's fort *Private Star*. It was painted black and covered in conspiracy theories scrawled in neon pink and pastel blue. In and around were slurs: *Kieron is a lizard*; *Kieron is Dad Meat*, which was crossed out to say: *James Cooper is Dad Meat*. The lower cube had walls made of painted cling wrap stretched around a PVC frame. Two yellow safety signs rode on the roof like a pair of chariot drivers. A roll of red *Danger* tape was

tied to lengths of orange flag bunting and pink survey tape festooned along the length of the room. Tying it all together.

I had to crouch a bit to enter the lower front cube, which was bathed in a strange green glow. As I moved to stand upright in the second cube, I probably hit my head again on a large green glass bauble. It was supposed to glow in the dark though we saw no evidence of it. Kieron called it a security system because it hit so many visitors on their way in or out. A TV sat on a box of A4 copy paper. Showing Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* (1935); or episodes of American sitcom *Home Improvement* (1991-99); or *Trilluminati*, a Five Forts Bizzaro Day video featuring Ashley dressed as Kieron lip-synching to Kieron reading one of his books. *Private Star* had a bookshelf made of white-painted cardboard boxes. It held hats and artefacts shaped from aluminium foil and a small library of texts on conspiracy theories, witchcraft and alien control. Two pink flamingos guarded a wall full of diagrams of alien invasions and how lizards wear people as suits.





Private Star fort Outside on Snow Day, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst









Private Star detail conspiracy Diagram, 2014, Lance Ward.





Outside the entrance to *Private Star*, a projector sat on the green plinth. Ashley and I used it with the Green Screen to make a video of us flying through space. It played films such as: John Water's *Cecil B Demented* (2000), John Carpenter's *They Live* (1988), or episodes of British sitcom, *The Young Ones* (1984), or parody talk show, *The Eric Andre Show* (2012-15), on the wall next to the Welcome Visitor Centre.



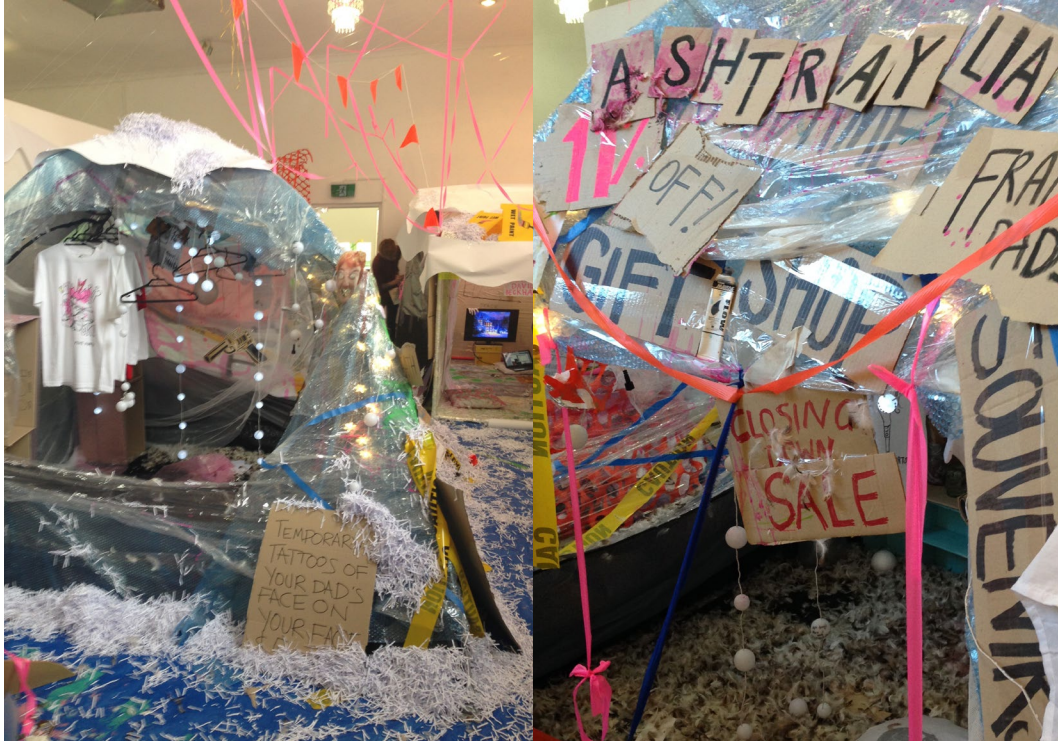


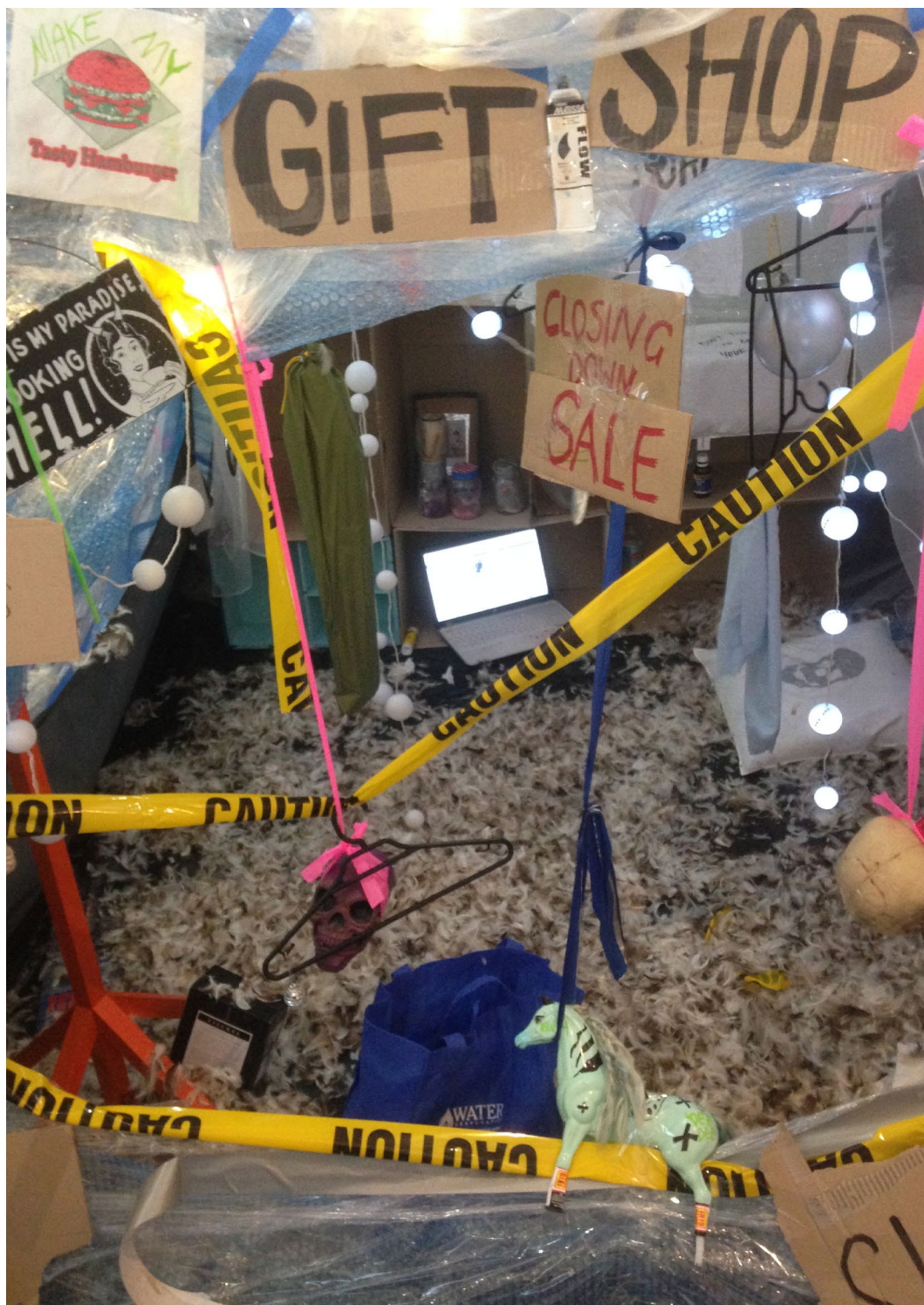
Cords were taped across the floor running power from the Shelf wall to Ashley Ramsey's *Gift Shop*. Oddly-shaped cardboard signs almost obscured a dome tent. They read: *Art from Art ists*, *Artist Breath*, *Closing Down Sale*, *Reopening Sale, 11% Off!*, *YOUR HOLIDAY NEVER HAPPENED* and *TEMPORARY TATTOOS OF YOUR DAD'S FACE ON YOUR FACE*.

The *Gift Shop* accepted cash money, but also advertised a trading system encouraging visitors to steal items from other forts in exchange for souvenirs. This relates to ideas about gifts previously addressed in the Star Wars section.



Snow gave way to feathers as I ducked into the tent. Cool white decorative lights illuminated the inside. It was nearly impossible to stand in there without being entangled in hanging objects: the lights, skulls tied to pink survey tape, and souvenir t-shirts for sale. On the far wall, cardboard shelves were stocked with postcards, voodoo ashtrays and glass jars full of curious items serving as DIY souvenir snow globes. There were cushions to sit on. There were struts propping up the *Gift Shop*, as if it had been violently attacked and come off second best. Which is what happened.





Gift Shop, 2014, Ashley Ramsey.





Outside, on the Shelf, I would attend to the Shrines for comedian Rik Mayall and artist Gordon Bennett.

On the Shelf, there were more gifts including a jar full of hair, a jar full of artist eyes cut from Bizarro Day masks and a jar entombing the severed head of a plastic pigeon. One time, standing there, I heard footsteps echoing up the stairs. Anticipating another visitor, I turned, saw a shadowy form vanishing from the door, then the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. This happened a few different times during the exhibition.





The Green Screen was three panels painted with green Video Paint. A life-size cardboard cut-out drawing of Honey Whitlock, a character from the film, *Cecil B Demented*, was holding a gun guarding the No Entry Zone behind the Green Screen. We installed barricade mesh and danger signs at either end of the Green Screen to create the No Entry Zone. There, we would hide spray paint and our backpacks, cameras and laptops. We kept a jumble of supplies and spare materials including: orange barricade mesh, power tools, cameras, paper, cardboard boxes, aluminium foil and bubble wrap.

The struts supporting the Green Screen were weighed down by the heavier of the spare supplies. Moving those supplies around could cause the Screen to lean forward toward Amy Hickman's *Live from the Internet/Death By Drone*, comprising two computer towers and their monitors on a table still partially covered in aluminium foil (remnants of an earlier prank). One monitor had a drawing of a desktop background from when James Cooper played Amy on Bizarro Day. The other played footage from the Drone as it flew through the gallery space.

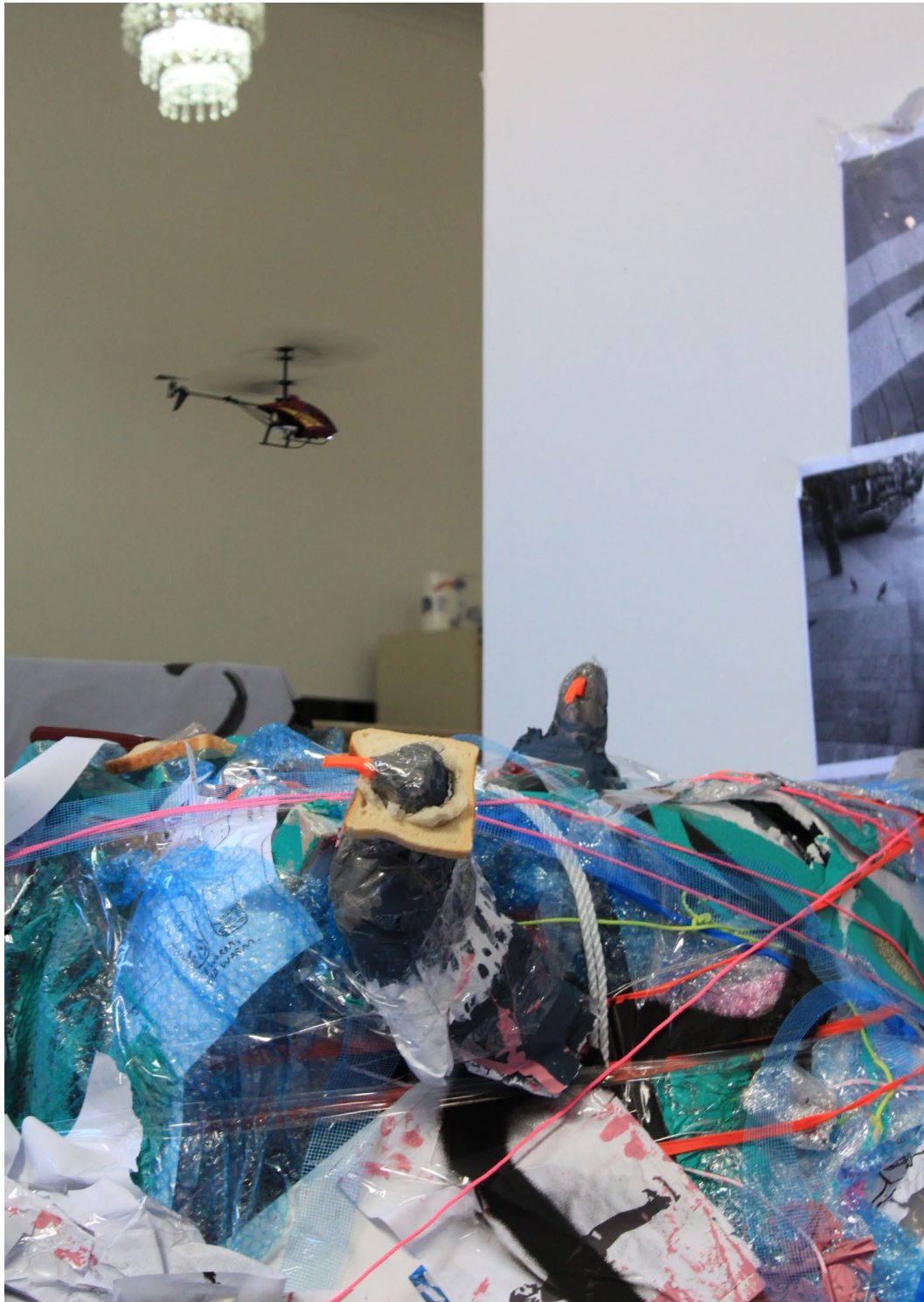






Opposite the Green Screen, behind James Cooper's *Katamari*, was the *Pigeon Gang Hideout*, where a section of the floating wall was covered with black and white prints of photographic documentation of various pigeons of Perth. There was also a page of drawings of weapons from the Weapon Building Workshop. Some large prints of James Cooper's illustrations hung on an A frame with the Pigeon Costume. Above the A frame was the *Danni and Mardi Shrine of Shared Interests* built during the Danni McGrath Mardi Gras. This area was somehow sticky. Without knowing, I might have stepped on something and that small thing was now growing underfoot as I walked around. In this area, the snow had higher accumulations of mysterious objects: glitter, bottle tops, cable ties, texta lids and PVC dust.

Around the Katamari were the remnants of a ring painted by James Cooper when the Katamari was beautiful. It grew to be terrifying and was partially dismantled to produce smaller Katamari that were hung as celestial bodies for the Closing Party before being reunited on the curb. Nothing stopped people putting paint cans, used pens, disposable coffee cups, sandwich wrappers, and other supposedly empty containers in there. I suppose that's why it leaked and was sticky and smelt faintly of old milk, wet paint and Aeroguard. Atop the Katamari was a plastic pigeon sculpture wearing a necklace of petrified bread.

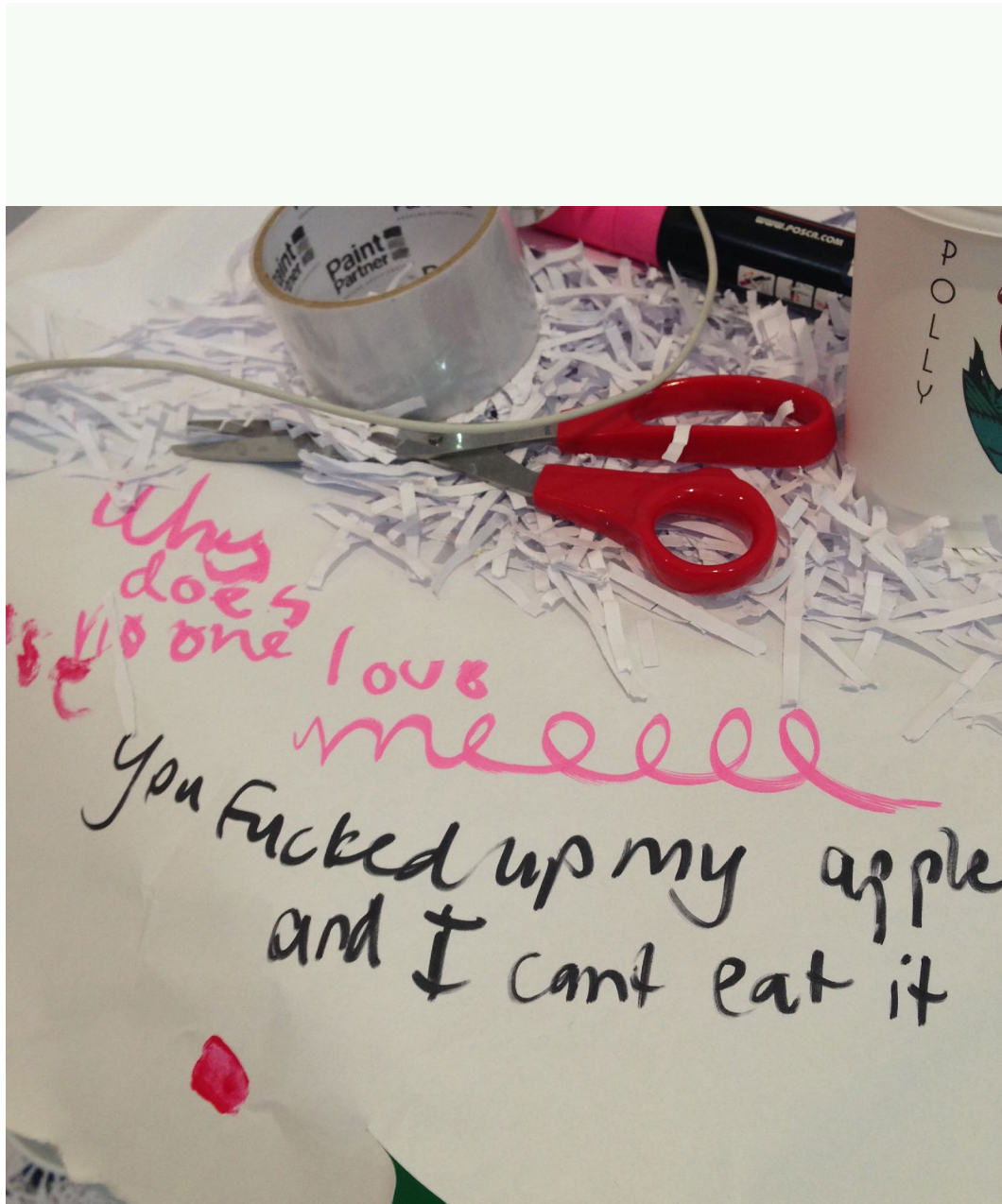


Katamari with pigeon and remote control helicopter, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.



Opposite the Bar, at the far end of the Green Screen, the Green Line veered off toward the Shelf and ran into the wall under a painting of a skull, *Matthew's Headwound*. This painting was first hung at a music show called Massive Headwound in 2003. In 2011 it served as a projection surface to screen *Diamond Day of Disappearance* on the ceiling of John Curtin Gallery. In Five Forts, *Matthew's Headwound* was held up on one end by a plastic anatomical model of a skull and on the other end an apple I ate as a snack. *Except*: the two times visitors wedged the apple in the mouth of the skull and drew on it, leaving *Mathew's Headwound* drooping slightly. I found the drawn-on apple repulsive and threw it away.





The Green Line ended abruptly, plotting an impossible path through the wall. A few visitors were disappointed and confused by this. By leading to a dead end, the Green Line disrupted their meandering. It didn't function like the paths in IKEA that inspired it. In IKEA all paths lead to another location: the Showroom, a staircase, the Market Hall, the Self-Service Furniture Area, the checkout registers, then the carpark. Our dead end drew the visitors' attention to themselves; to an awareness of being led. It forced them to make their own decision about where to go next.

A separate Green Line circled my *Total Fort of Art*. The front panels were 2.5m high, the tallest structure. The gold side of a Space Blanket dominated the front top section. A disco ball attached to the gallery's rear wall and a disco light on the *Fort* floor occasionally caught each other and flung faint dots of coloured light across the walls and ceiling. They would lead my eye to the irregular web of fishing line strung between the floating wall and Shelf wall covering the gallery. The fishing line ceiling both supported the pink survey tape and orange flag bunting that tied *Private Star* to the *Total Fort*, and prevented Amy's drone from escaping, which only happened once.

I followed the Green (circle) Line around the *Total Fort*. The lack of a roof in certain ways made it more closely resemble a privacy screen than a fort. Some visitors asked where the 'five' forts were, as they described *Private Star* and the *Gift Shop* as the only 'properly' enclosed structures. I thought of the title for the exhibition, then asked five artists to do whatever they wanted and this is what happened. Anyway: "Five Artists, Many Visitors, Merz production, Some Forts and Some Weaponized Aesthetic Forms" just doesn't fit nicely across the knuckles.

The *Total Fort's* walls were tied and taped together pieces of drawings, collage, bubble wrap, barricade mesh and plywood boards. On the rear gallery wall near the disco ball were a few toy swords Amy had raided from the Total Fort and stuck on the wall with a piece of clear cellophane tape. Each day I would check to see if any more swords had fallen off the wall and use them to rearm the *Fort*. The entrance, at the rear, was only 1.5m high. Orange survey tape was wound around the horizontal beams to prevent visitors from hitting their heads. It blended with the orange barricade mesh adjacent, creating a loss of depth perception. I hit my head on it nearly every day. After that, I would often accidentally look straight down into the disco light and be temporarily blinded.



Total Fort of Art, 2014, Lance Ward.



Total Fort of Art, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.









Inside, bubble wrap popped underfoot. The floor was cold. Unlike the *Gift Shop* and *Private Star*, there was only a tarp between you and the concrete. On the innermost right wall (Shelf side) was a large drawing done when Amy played me on Bizarro Day. It was a homage to a drawing from *Seeing Things*: Episode 2 of TV series, *True Detective* (Fukanaga 2014). The detectives find the mysterious drawing of a figure with antlers on the ruins of a church. Adjacent (toward the Shelf wall) was gold painted barricade mesh covered in embellishments. A film still featuring the corresponding set piece in *Cecil B Demented* was included opposite on the left (bar side wall) in a collage of plans for the *Fort*, along with a timetable of events, and a printout of Andy Warhol's *Stadium* (1982).

On the floor were cushions and a cardboard box of equipment including pens, different types of tape, spare sheets of paper, a stencil of a skull, a can of Silver Super Chrome paint, cap guns, and water pistols painted black, grey and chrome. There was a weed spray gun full of pink acrylic paint that I modified to look more gun-like. I used it to write “SLEEP” on the *Gift Shop*, among other assaults there, and on *Private Star* and the *Katamari*. The homage to Marcel Duchamp’s *Bicycle Wheel* (1913) was covered in drawings. A visitor wrote *GHETTO DUCHAMP* on the tire. James Cooper had drawn a playing card and taped it to the fork so it flicked through the spokes when the wheel spun to make a motor noise. Next to the disco light was a small set of books including Matthew Wilson Smith’s *Total Work of Art* and Xavier de Maistre’s *A Journey Round My Room*. I read sometimes. I liked to look through the silver side of the Space Blanket, watch it moving gently, reflecting light from the mirror ball and disco light. If I looked carefully, I could see through it to the nearest chandelier. I could sit on the floor and look through the gap between the lower panels and the middle, it was the correct height to spy on the rest of the space. On the bar side panel, I kept a small collection of surveillance photos taken with an instant camera. Below the images I wrote notes about each artist’s activities.

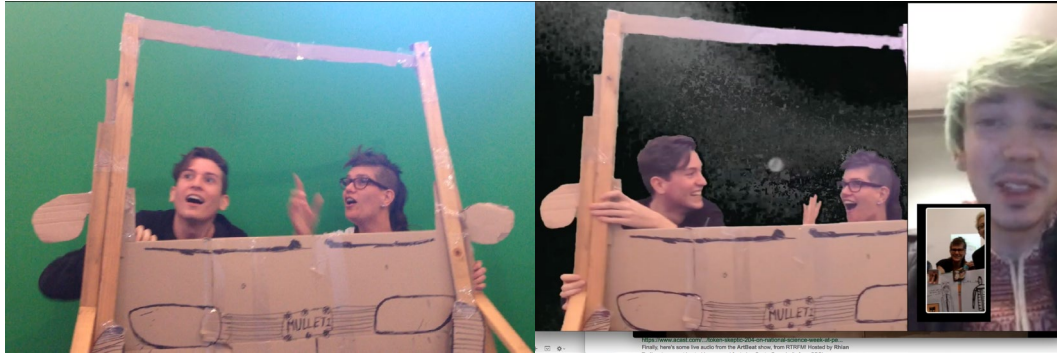


Total Fort of Art with Joanne Richardson, 2014, Lance Ward.

Outside was a paper shredder and reams of white paper for making more snow.

A visitor trying to follow the Green Line and/or Circle would have to turn and walk back through the way they came in order to leave. On the day of the Closing Party, I videoed a version of this walk from my *Fort* to the Welcome Visitor Centre. It is rarely in focus because I shot it very quickly (Richardson 2014b).

I would turn from inspecting my Fort to the middle of the Five Forts exhibition. Perhaps while carrying a bucket full of fresh snow. I would continue to engage in Merz practice. On themed days I would join in the activities, on other days Kieron wrote out lists and drew more conspiracy diagrams. Ashley made merchandise for the *Gift Shop*, James Cooper grew the Katamari, and Amy flew the Drone or a remote control helicopter to Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*, an evocation of Francis Ford Coppola's 1979 *Apocalypse Now* (Coppola 1979). We drew, videoed, took photographs and posted them online, we raided other forts, or repaired our own. Visitors bought or stole items to trade for souvenirs from the *Gift Shop*. One set of visitors took on a suggested activity from a list in the Welcome Visitor Centre: conducting a Safety Inspection. This resulted in violation notices being littered throughout the exhibition.



Stills from film by Amy Hickman with Liam Colgan and Joanne Richardson on Green Screen car trip, 2014, Amy Hickman.

One day, artist Liam Colgan came and we built the façade of a cardboard car so we could fly through the Universe. Amy filmed us cruising, asking at one point:

“How much do you want me to film?”

“How big is the Universe?” I replied.

Amy replaced the green parts of the footage with an appropriated animation of flying through the solar system and played it to Enya’s *Sail Away*.

At some point I’d search for tools: glue sticks, pens, scissors, paint brushes, rolls of survey tape, masking tape, cellophane tape, phones, laptops or chargers. I would be joining other visitors and artists wandering in search of these things or calling out for them. Are they on the Shelf, in the Katamari or in the World?



Five Forts detail with Ashley Ramsey and Joanne Richardson, 2014, Lance Ward.

Two Neuroses

There are many ways to reflect on what happened in the Five Forts exhibition. To begin the final part of Part 4: Five Forts, I chose to use two ideas from Matthew Wilson Smith's *The Total Work of Art: From Bayreuth to Cyberspace*. I use the two ideas presented to frame the reflection.

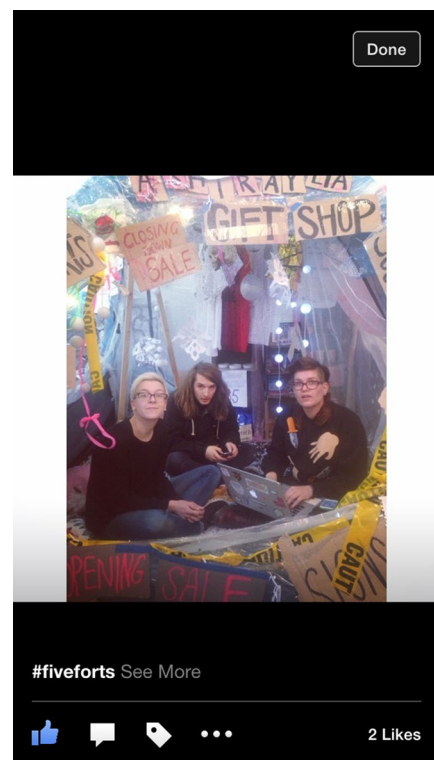
To reflect on visitor spectatorship and creativity in Five Forts, I began by contrasting it to the activities of artists and visitors in *21cm Underground*. During the *21cm Underground* exhibition, the artists' main activity was administrative, and the visitors were offered the choice of digging or not digging. In Five Forts, after the initial set-up period, the collaborating artists' and visitors' activities were complex.

Five Forts, in its totality, can be considered as a Gesamtkunstwerk as it was an immersive installation that included many fragments such as drawings, printed images, video projections, performances, creative production activities, music, and sculptural structures. It was consistent with Finger and Follett's definition of a Gesamtkunstwerk as an "uneven cluster of aesthetic elements" (Finger and Follett 2011, 2).

Smith identified two distinct neuroses raised by involvement with Gesamtkunstwerk (Smith 2007, 5). Smith describes that one neurosis occurs from the point of view of the creator: that the Gesamtkunstwerk may be infiltrated by an outside contaminant (Smith

2007, 151). It is the creator/artist's job to control a boundary around the total work. Another neurosis is from the point of view of the visiting spectator, that upon engaging with the Gesamtkunstwerk they may become absorbed into its totality, or become contaminated by it (ibid, 10).

On reflection, many of our activities seemed to work to alleviate or exaggerate these neuroses. In the following, I use Smith's idea to organize our strategies of disruption and their consequences.



Screen shot of Ashley Ramsey photograph of Amy Hickman, James Cooper, Joanne Richardson in the Gift Shop, 2014, Ashley Ramsey.

**Neurosis of Gesamtkunstwerk Contamination:
“Where is your Rupture?”**



Ashley Ramsey's souvenir postcard: FIVE FORTS: WE WISH YOU WEREN'T HERE, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Chapter 7 of *The Total Work of Art* is devoted to Andy Warhol and his art practice in its entirety as a Gesamtkunstwerk. Smith contemplates two Warhol screen prints – *Tuna-fish Disaster* (1963) and *Where is Your Rupture?* (1964) – and discusses these artworks as evidence of the first neurosis. Smith argues these works characterize Warhol’s anxiety that his Gesamtkunstwerk was “under constant threat of leakage and thus of contamination” (ibid, 151). *Tuna-fish Disaster* includes a cut-out fragment of newspaper from an article about two women poisoned by spoiled cans of tuna. The fragment reads: “seized shipment: Did a leak kill...”, repeated over and over. The repetition evokes a sense of panic – the idea of an outside force penetrating a boundary and spoiling an inner sanctum (Smith 2007, 151). The Gesamtkunstwerk has a frame that contains some fragments and prevents penetration by other, unwanted fragments.

In the 1991 High/Low Spring issue of *October* magazine, Annette Michelson considered the same Warhol work in an article, “‘Where is your rupture?’ Mass Culture and the Gesamtkunstwerk”. Michelson described Andy Warhol’s “tin-foiled studio” as a Gesamtkunstwerk (Michelson 1991, 55). She wrote how Warhol’s factory varied from Wagner’s idea of Gesamtkunstwerk in that it was creatively productive and carnivalesque. Implying that Wagner’s audience, sitting quietly in the dark, were less involved in the goings-on onstage. They seem corporeally paralyzed compared with potential activities for visitors to Warhol’s studio.

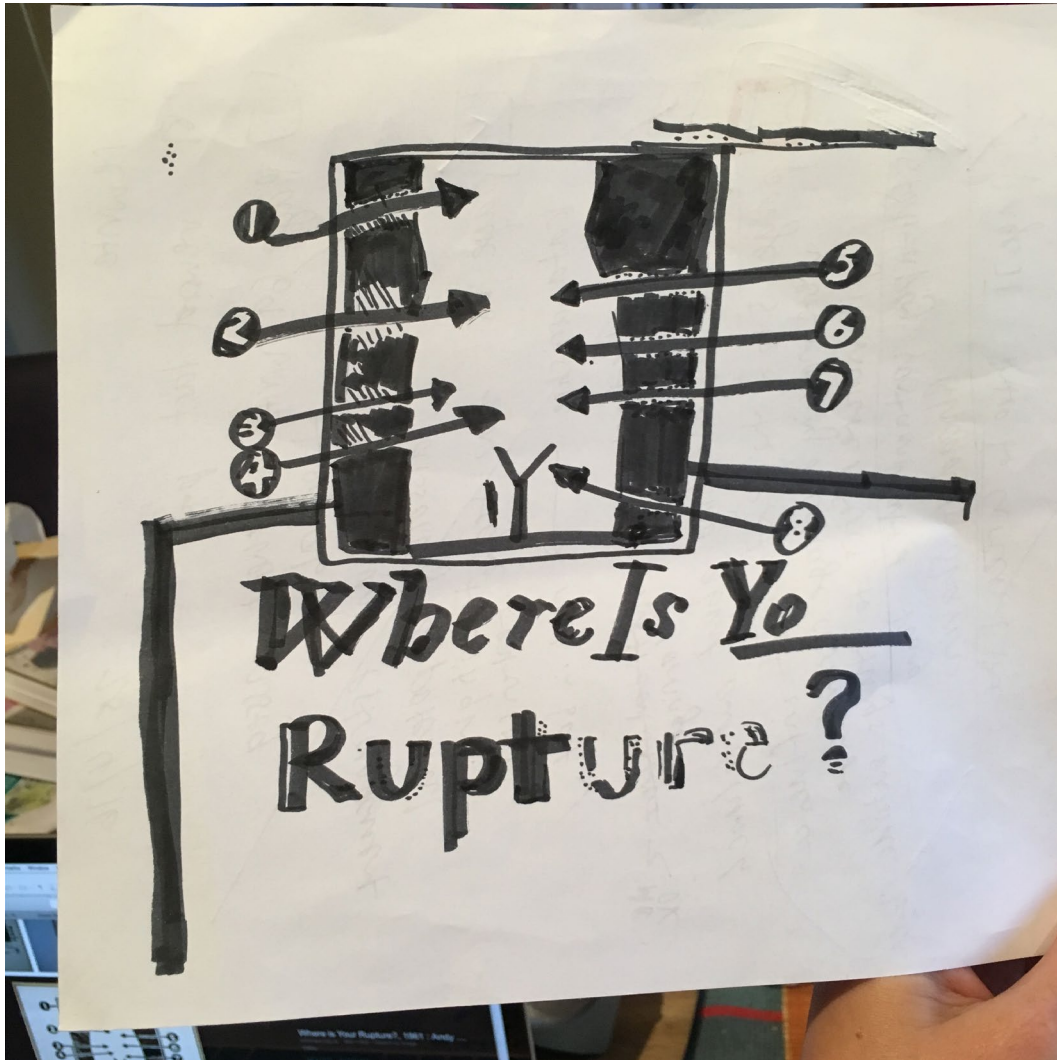
Anke Finger raised a question quoted in the introduction to *Utopia Gesamtkunstwerk*:

Wenn wir vom Gesamtkunstwerk sprechen, verstehen wir darunter ein Gesamt-Kunstwerk oder rein Gesamtkunst-Werk?

(Husslein-Arco, Krejci and Steinbrugge 2012, 9)

When we speak about Gesamtkunstwerk we mean a Total Artwork or a piece of Art Factory?

A nuance of emphasis in the un-translated word seems to allow a consideration of Gesamtkunstwerk as both artwork and art production!



Drawing after Andy Warhol's Where is Your Rupture? (1961), 2016, Joanne Richardson.

To expand on the notion of Warhol's factory as carnivalesque, Michelson cites Mikhail Bakhtin's depiction of carnival:

As theatrical representation, it abolished the dividing line between performers and spectators, since everyone becomes an active participant and everyone communes in the carnival act, which is neither contemplated, nor strictly speaking, performed: it is lived.

(quoted in Michelson 1991, 56)

This passage resonates with a description of Jason Rhoades' art practice mentioned in Part 1: that he "lived" his work (Rhoades 1998, 68). The idea of a carnival abolishing the dividing line between performers and spectators also recalls how Allan Kaprow sought to eliminate his audience (Kaprow 1966, 195-6). The idea of playful inversions and deliberate attempts to allow lived creative experience for everyone seems incongruous with an artist 'controller' controlling a boundary. On top of that, a lot of our work in Five Forts was already contaminated. It was made by building with reused materials and ideas. We appropriated, copied, cut and pasted nearly the whole thing!

Smith argues that the process of boundary maintenance around the Gesamtkunstwerk is the responsibility of the Gesamtkunstwerk's Dictator. The artist is a controller. The artist is a dictator. Warhol may have maintained the demeanour of a detached bystander: "One might say there were two Warhols behind the multimedia shows, just as there were two Warhols at the Factory: one a controlling impresario/artist and the other a shy spectator/collaborator" (Smith 2007, 139). English critic and author Dave Beech writes in an article entitled "Include Me Out!" that participatory art works are "ultimately controlled by the artist" (Beech 2008, 316). Warhol's *Exploding Plastic Inevitable (EPI)* was a "participatory multimedia event" where anyone could work the lights, but someone wrote to Warhol asking for the lights to work better. No one was in control, but actually, Andy Warhol was in control.

The artist is able to occupy two roles: the artist dictator and the artist spectator. The artist dictator assumes the role of directing the Gesamtkunstwerk. The artist dictator is present in the work as it unfolds, able to critique and adjust the work as it is happening. The artist spectator is able to spectate, to inspect and reflect on their work.

Some of our gestures, as listed in the Shelf section, aimed to interrupt the habitual use of the Paper Mountain gallery space; visitors observing a set of finished forms. We worked to establish a new pattern that might include both an observation of artistic production and the activity of Merz creative practice. We intended to disrupt the dividing line between artists and visitors. Some of our gestures reinforced it, others allowed visitors to make interesting and significant contributions.



Visitor Welcome Centre, 2014, Lance Ward.

In one example of allowing visitors to contribute to construction and destruction, two young Marxists settled into the *Total Fort of Art*. I was initially proud, then curious, then paranoia crept in. I started to think of them as marauding invaders occupying *my* space. The feeling had a lot in common with the feeling of watching shovels crashing through the ground toward the safely buried things in Part 3: 21cm Underground. I heard some clunking that could only be the sound of a gently shaken spray paint can. I thought I had hidden it in there. I should have hidden it in the No Entry Zone! My *books* were in there!

I just had to wait outside.

A problem with inviting people to contribute is that what they do cannot be anticipated. Given a similar situation, the invigilation crew at the New Museum or Philadelphia ICA, or the Joker, would likely re-take control of a situation like this. They would step in as artist dictator (or proxy), like the Joker, and saves the Bacon and the Mayor of New York when he declared Banksy's street art a sign of "loss of control, decay" (Brady 2013). The dictators create then control a world of their vision.

I chose not to intervene with the Marxists shaking a can of Silver Super Chrome in my *Fort*. In this instance, I was an artist spectator. This choice, waiting and listening, also describes our inspections of the Five Forts and comment box after returning from an absence. It is the capacity to choose between two roles that enabled me to write a section on the second neurosis.

Five Forts was creatively productive and featured many carnivalesque disruptions, like running a helpful guiding Green Line into a wall. We set the score by attempting to blur the lines between artists and visitors so that any one 'becomes an active participant'. In leaving the exhibition unattended and deviating from our schedule, we created temporary carnivalesque inversions of the ordinary social order, playing with the idea of a Dictator role and their loss of control.

The Ultimate Source of Redress

One of the ways I tried to diffuse the idea of a dictatorship in Five Forts, particularly the idea of my role as would-be Ultimate Dictator, was by listing the five artists' names in alphabetical order by surname: Kieron first and me last. Paper Mountain website stated the Five Forts exhibition was "curated by Joanne H Richardson" (Paper Mountain ARI 2014). I did not request nor correct this. It was my intention that all five artists work together and if there was to be any curation, there would be five curators or none at all. The ARI saw fit for someone to take responsibility for the show. I was named as an individual in the Gallery Agreement and personally paid a security bond for the space. "Warhol, if not quite the wizard behind the curtain, was the governing spirit of *EPI*, and its ultimate source of redress" (Smith 2007, 140). Even if I succeeded in failing to enforce my vision over those of the other artists, I was named as the orchestrator. I was inescapably the "governing spirit... [and] ultimate source of redress".



Five Forts Poster outside the Gallery with Visitor Welcome Centre in the background, 2014, Ashley Ramsey.

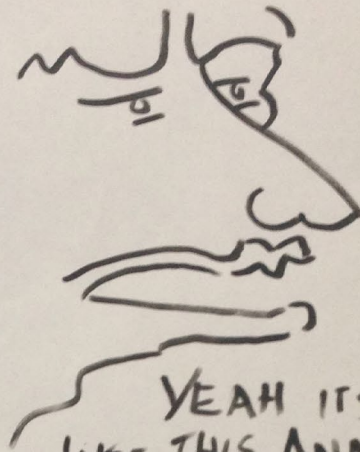
this ANARCHIST COLLECTIVE

In some instances, the invitation at the Welcome Visitor Centre to ‘Touch all the things’ caused friction between the artist dictators and the visitors. Visitors moved the scissors, spoiled apples, and painted and drew on things, but the conflict over the use of the Green Screen produced *written evidence*. We five artist dictators had decided on a single use for the Green Screen and the visitors challenged this.

To begin with, some visitors added a small drawing to the middle of the Screen. Amy and I responded by buffing it out, then composed a sign: NO FUCKING DRAWING ON THE FUCKING GREEN SCREEN YOU FUCKS. We hung it on the top left corner of the Green Screen.

In the second incident, I interrupted a visitor who had accessed a cordless drill from the No Entry Zone and was attempting to remove the Green Screen supports. This would have resulted in the Screen falling either toward the Shelf wall, crushing the visitor, or toward the floating wall, crushing Amy’s computers and the Katamari. The would-be dismantler-visitor and friends contributed a second sign to the Green Screen: a drawing of a perturbed face saying, “YEAH ITS like THIS ANARCHIST-COLLECTIVE-AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION SPACE. BUT DON’T TOUCH THE GREEN SCREEN”. The would-be dismantler-rebel scum-visitor extrapolated the invitation to touch things as an invitation to ignore the barricades and No Entry signs in order to create anarchic mayhem.

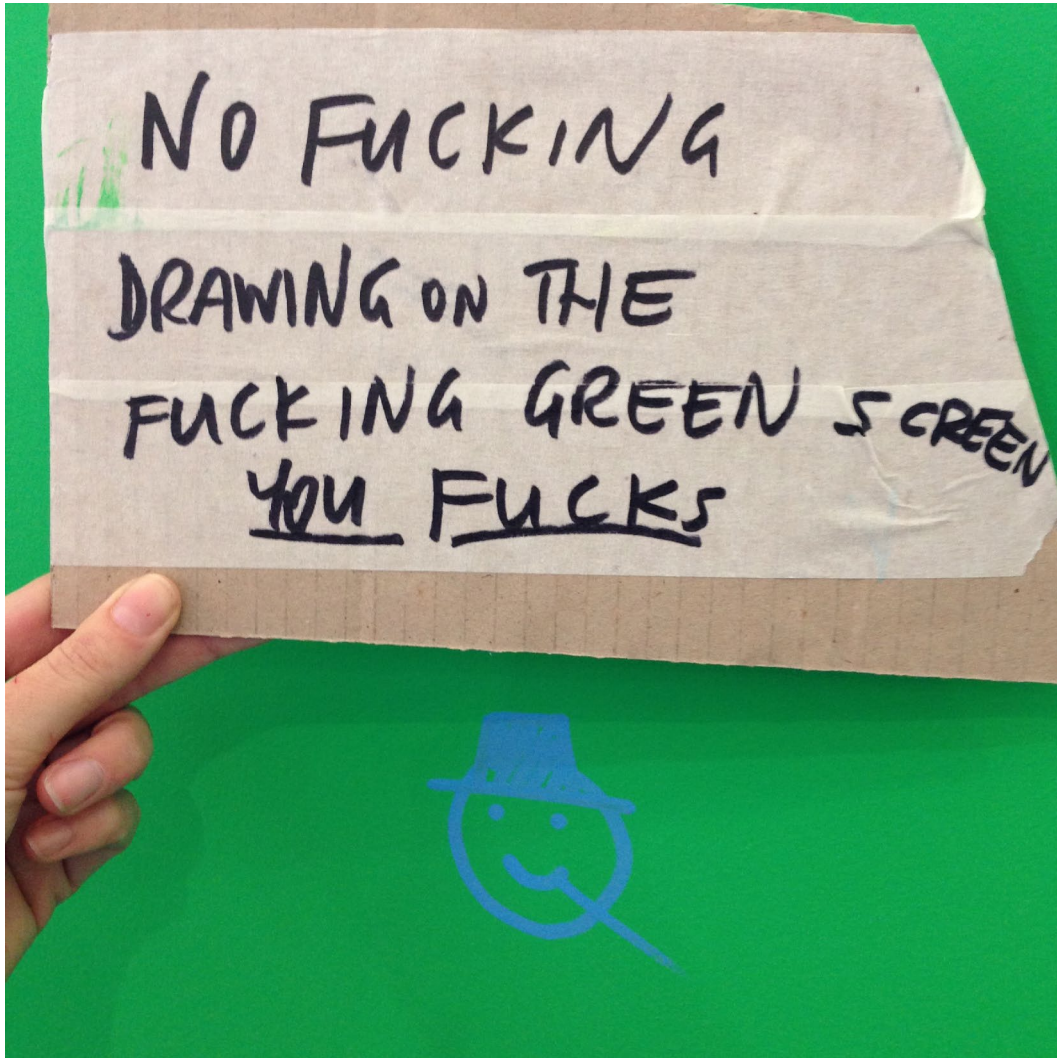
NO FUCKING
DRAWING ON THE
FUCKING GREEN SCREEN
YOU FUCKS



YEAH ITS
LIKE THIS ANARCHIST
- COLLECTIVE - AUDIENCE
- PARTICIPATION SPACE.
BUT DONT TOUCH THE
GREEN SCREEN.

Yep.

The green screen
is the limit
of participation.
The end of
potential. pls
Fuck off.

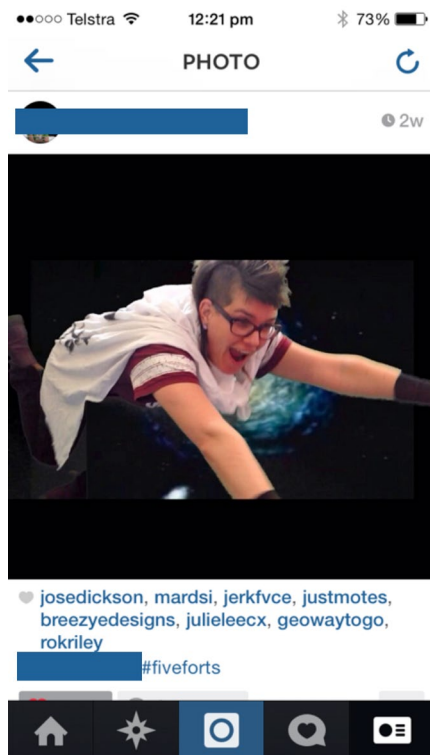


The artist dictators continued to limit the use of the Green Screen to their purposes, stepping in to compose another fascist response: "Yep. The green screen is the limit of participation. The end of potential. pls Fuck off."



Cecil at the No Entry Zone, 2014, Ashley Ramsey.

Arguably, this and other Gesamtkunstwerk only ever allude to egalitarian democracy and are ultimately controlled by a Dictatorship working to maintain a boundary around their utopia. The influence of visitor spectators (would-be collaborators and participants) is only welcome to the degree that it complies with the 'governing spirit' of the Gesamtkunstwerk. The ANARCHIST visitors' critique is aligned with the critique from 2012 participants in Kaprow's *Stockroom*. Both point out the fact the artist writes the score and the visitors comply. Warhol's *EPIs* and Factory facilitated only particular activities – other creative contributions were imagined as a threat, a leak that could kill. If Warhol acted, he decided to act as artist dictator, but if not, then he remained a detached artist spectator. We decided to act on the Green Screen, I decided not to act on the Marxists spray painting my *Fort*. I let the *Total Fort of Art* be silvered inside, we five maintained our rule of the Green Screen's single purpose.



Flying through Space still from video, 2014, Amy Hickman.

Bizarro Day

One of the most productive and disturbing activities in Five Forts was Bizarro Day, a carnivalesque gesture. The invention of the word 'Bizarro' is attributed to writer Otto Binder and artist George Papp who produced *Superboy* Volume 1 #68 in 1958 (Wikia 2015). The term was co-opted and developed in subsequent Superman comics. Bizarro Superman is "an imperfect duplicate" (ibid) who is sometimes antagonistic to Superman. Urban Dictionary defines bizarro as the opposite of the real world: "round wheels are square, goodbye means hello" (billbert 2005). It can also mean a negative effect.

In *Seinfeld* Episode 3 Season 8, *The Bizarro Jerry*, bizarro means a type of negative effect rather than an opposite where hello means goodbye. Elaine meets a new friend who becomes known as Bizarro Jerry (Ackerman 1996). He is reliable, polite, considerate and asks permission, a negative version of real Jerry who is changeable, cynical, selfish and forgetful. For part of the episode, Elaine prefers the company of the Bizarro Jerry to the real Jerry. In Five Forts, Bizarro meant an imperfect duplicate. We intended to act as a poor copy or caricature of the real person, rather than an opposite or negative version.



Bizarro Day group photograph by Kieron Broadhurst using timer, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst.

Five Forts Bizzaro Day involved us writing ourselves a list of tasks, then drawing the name of another artist from a hat the day before:

Kieron was Ashley

James Cooper was Amy

Amy was me

Ashley was Keiron

I was James Cooper

We dressed up and/or wore face marks. We swapped art practices and acted as our assigned artist for a day: completing the tasks listed by the real artist. We posed for individual portraits in front of the green screen, then in a group portrait using Kieron's camera on a timer. Kieron wore a mask of Ashley's face, James Cooper wore a mask of Amy's face, Amy wielded two guns and wore double denim with a small black cat in her hair to be me. Ashley

wore a mask of Kieron's face and painted LIZARD KING on a red t-shirt in response to Kieron accusing everyone of being lizards in human suits. I wore a hoodie and blonde wig to be James Cooper.

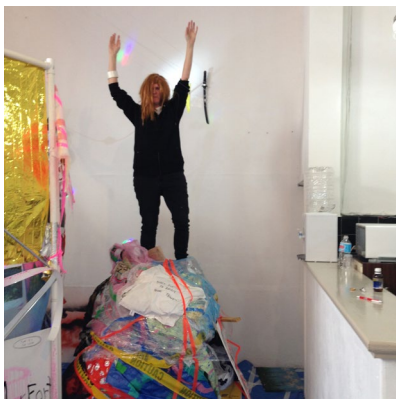
Ashley and Kieron shot *Trilluminati*: a video with Ashley acting while Kieron read one of his conspiracy books. Amy drew an image from *True Detective* in the *Total Fort of Art*. James Cooper drew an image of the desktop background on Amy's monitor misinterpreting the instruction to load new software onto it and subverting the usability of the machine. I rolled James Cooper's Katamari from end to end of the gallery and cut equivalent sized holes in *Private Star*, the *Gift Shop* and the *Total Fort*.



James Cooper tried unsuccessfully to teach me how to make a sad face.

We called each other by our assumed names and worked on our to-do lists. It became troubling after a few hours. The process of assuming another artist's identity in their presence involved a close examination of someone closely examining your behaviour and appearance.







Arguably the diffusion of control between the five of us did not achieve a loss of control overall. It may have successfully blurred lines between each artist's practice, but it was at the exclusion of visitors' influence. Bizarro Day most likely reinforced our Dictatorship.

At one point, James Cooper put on the wig I used to dress as him and wore the mask of his own face. James Cooper was more James Cooper than James Cooper.

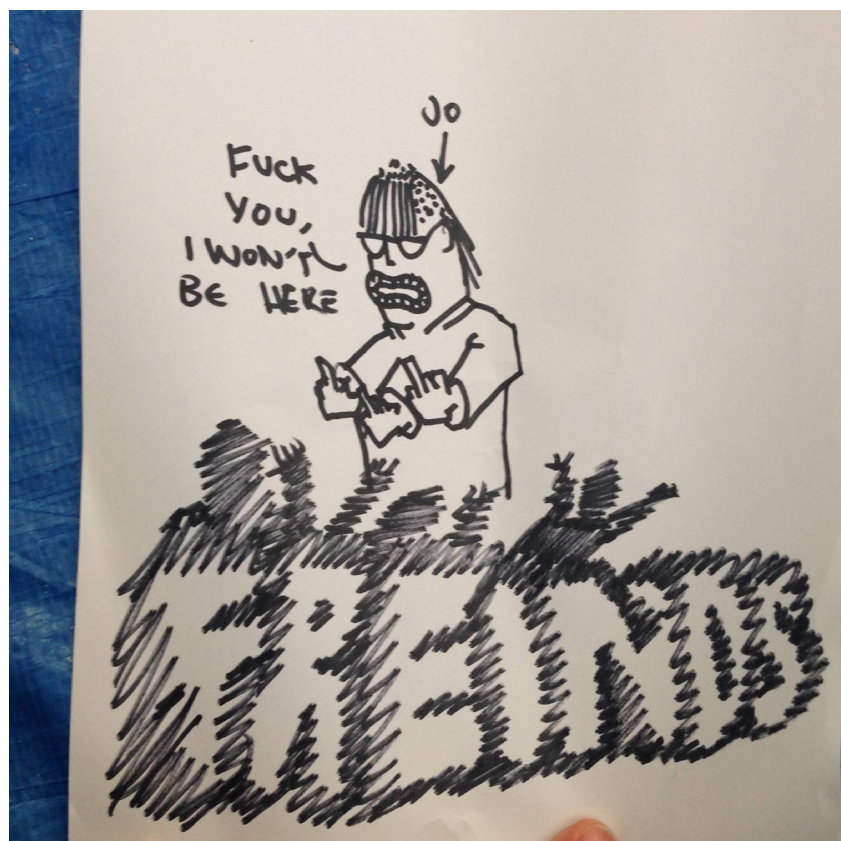


Einfühlung can be understood as mimicking and feeling into the skin of the observed, or replaying the drama of what you watch as your own drama. Both Bizarro Day and the Joker's Grand Arabesque scene are gestures that allegorize a movement toward unity with the observed and a creatively productive activity building on that observation.



Along with the individual tasks we carried out, we five artists each produced a portrait of the other, both in our performance and in the form of digital photographs. We each used these images as our profile pictures on Facebook for months afterward. A large print of our Bizarro Day group portrait superseded the Welcome Visitor Centre sign at the Closing Party, and Danni McGrath used the image for the cover of the catalogue.

You'll always find us out to lunch



Callum Hope's note left in comments box, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Paper Mountain generously provided invigilators who sat in the Common Room and kept record of audience attendance during the opening hours. This allowed us flexibility with our schedule. We could leave the gallery. When we returned, we could clearly see the visitors' creative contributions. Without artist dictators intervening, the visitors produced work based on their own ideas.

So our most successful strategy to disrupt our grip on Total control was just that: to leave. Creating a vacancy was a subversive disruption, like the Sex Pistols howled in *Pretty Vacant*: "You'll Always Find Us Out To Lunch" (Cook et al. 1977). Out on the streets doing different things, we deviated from the set schedule, being creative outside the bounds of our allocated space and time.

We spent hours at Little Willy's and went on frequent expeditions for more supplies. We took a loaf of bread to the park to try and get a photograph of James Cooper in pigeon costume with a flock of pigeons but they flew away.

Smith's description of the neurosis of Gesamtkunstwerk being ruptured can be detected in our efforts to set boundaries and lead by example with the door closed to visitors in the beginning. The five artists invited particular ruptures to happen. When the ruptures happened, we five had to decide to either step forward to intervene and take control of the Gesamtkunstwerk as an artist dictator, or step back as an artist spectator. At each moment, we had to decide if we felt the rupture was a leak that could kill, or if we felt pretty vacant.





**Neurosis of Being Contaminated by the Gesamtkunstwerk:
(a conceit)**



Ashley Ramsey souvenir postcard: FIVE FORTS NOT MY CUP OF TEA, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Smith argues that a Gesamtkunstwerk can cause a neurosis about “the absorption of the spectator into the artwork (which turns the audience into a reified object of calculation” (Smith 2007, 10). Addressing the second neurosis around becoming contaminated by the Gesamtkunstwerk from the point of view of the artist dictator, former or otherwise, could be a conceit, hence the inclusion of some experiences with other immersions in aesthetic environments by other artists! This section is written with the belief there are two roles an artist is capable of switching between: artist dictator and artist spectator. What follows is a contemplation of our efforts to playfully abate and/or exacerbate visitors’ concerns about contamination.

This neurosis of spectator contamination could be described as a visitor being immersed, then being changed by their experience. The change could be in their ideas. Examples of this include my experience on St George’s Terrace looking at Council House and



seeing Five Forts, and the time the plane was landing and I realized Jason Rhoades' *My Madinah* had followed me half way around the world. There is also a physicality to consider. Creative production has a tendency to contaminate bodies in a material way. Banksy's description of an ideal city includes a warning: "don't lean on the wall – it's wet" (Banksy 2006, 97). In Five Forts, we five artists would often return home and find paint marks, snow or feathers falling out of our clothing, or tiny Katamari stuck to the soles of our shoes.

Mystical Shivers

In Kurt Schwitters' *Merzbau: The Cathedral of Erotic Misery*, Gamard noted prominent art critic (in 1920) Alfred Dudelsack "wrote upon entering Kurt Schwitters' Merzbau he felt a 'Holy Shudder'" (Gamard 2000, 124). Gamard linked Dudelsack's reaction to the Merzbau, to scholar of medieval architecture and art history Otto von Simson's descriptions of experiencing cathedrals in *The Gothic Cathedral*. The Cathedral "seems to reverse the movement of gravity" (Simson 1964, 123). Gothic architecture "creates a condition where the discrete difference between subjects and objects are questioned; without clearly defined objects, there can be no separate identifiable subjects" (Gamard 2000, 115). It was this passage I thought of when looking at the towers of boxes in the Self-Service Furniture Area in IKEA. The body entering influential architecture reacts and this forms our thoughts. The artist has designs on the visitor, just as the author has designs on the reader, as introduced and discussed in Part 1: *The Creation Myth*.

In the Merzbau, Dudelsack's Holy Shudder is evidence of Schwitters' attempts to induce "shock therapy" or kinds of "mystical episodes that would compel a new, albeit concrete reality" (Gamard 2000, 115). Schwitters' purpose was to transform his visitors. Wagner's purpose was to transform the world into a new utopian fellowship of all humans as artists (Smith 2007).

Smith's concept of the contaminated spectator resonates with arguments around *Einfühlung*. Academic Juliet Koss argued *Einfühlung* was used as a conceptual foil in Worri-

ger's highly influential thesis *Abstraction and Empathy* (1908). Koss considers Worringer's use of the term *Einfühlung* lacks nuances of three decades of scholarship (Koss 2006, 148). However, I find Worringer's interpretation resonates strongly with Smith's concept of the contaminated spectator. Koss describes that Worringer wrote:

the empathetic spectator, letting down his emotional guard, permits himself to dissolve into the work of art. Such a process of absorption... entailed a loss of self that was felt as estrangement, not comfort.

(ibid)

This sentiment is also consistent with Dave Beech's article "Include Me Out!", a critique of participation. Beech proposes that "the rhetoric of participation neutralizes everyone" (Beech 2008, 315), effectively neutralizing difference by inclusion (ibid). As the article title suggests, Beech's remedy is to avoid participatory events altogether. His argument is consistent with Worringer's and Smith's assertions that the immersive artwork exerts itself on the spectator and is a contaminating force. Entering an immersive environment is entering the mind of SOMEONE ELSE – presumably also under their total control.

In Danni McGrath's Five Forts catalogue essay, Francis Russell wrote a script for a short play with a cast including Wagner, a Drone, Katamari and "A handful of terrified visitors trembl[ing] within the gallery walls as they whisper silent prayers" (Russell 2014). Wagner answers a visitor's question about the exhibition: "Everything is made total. Even your cries are not excluded; grating as they are, they still serve a purpose" (ibid). Russell was possibly referring to the sound effects when playing *Katamari Damacy*. Deliverymen and playful punks are easily rolled up into the totality of a Katamari the same way any other object is. The spectator gets carried away, a new outer layer is formed, and they are buried inside.

Building on Koss's critique of Worringer's affiliation of *Einfühlung* with passivity, Nowak asserts *Einfühlung* is an experience of two states in dialogue: a spectatorial state and critique forming twin parts (Nowak 2011, 322). This allows for a consideration of the

nuances of disorientation, dissolving and estrangement as well as the capacity to critique and the agency to take creative action. Dissolving into the artwork could be like Dudelsack's Holy Shudder in the Merzbau. Performing a creative gesture could be like the Joker's action of knocking Degas' *Grand Arabesque* off its plinth and dancing away.

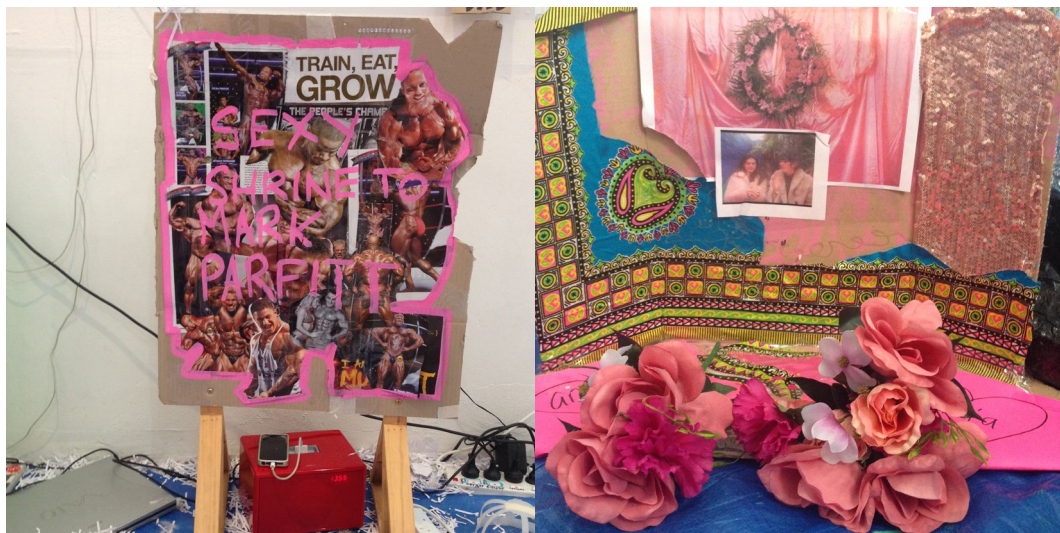
If we were to consider the practice of *Einfühlung* as actively paying a particular kind of embodied attention, it is pertinent to reflect on the nuances of disorientation and dissolving *as well as* maintaining the capacity to be creative and critical. An immersed spectator could experience both. The Star Wars section is an example of the twin parts of *Einfühlung* working together, a self-observation that allows for both dissolving into the observed and being creatively productive.

One day, while transporting materials to Paper Mountain at the beginning of Five Forts, I felt elated: I experienced a huge sense of anticipation and excitement. I noticed a small rock in my boot but decided against taking it out. This anecdote goes some way to describe the perceived problem of becoming too engrossed or carried away in the creative process. At the time of writing, the top Urban Dictionary definition for the phrase "Hold Down the Fort" mentions that some forts are of such low density they have a tendency to float away (guyboy625 2010). I felt the rock would stop me from floating away.

A point of recognition

In an effort to abate a sense of dissolving into the artwork, we offered points of recognition in the form of Shrines to particular artists we invited to visit.

There were two kinds – Memorial Shrines and Shrines for Artists including Grace Gamage, Olivier O'Donnell, Mark Parfitt, Ben Kovacsy, Tom Penney, George Egerton-Warburton, Danni McGrath, Mardi Crocker, the Director of AGWA Dr Stefano Carboni, the



Sexy Shrine to Mark Parfitt, 2014, Joanne Richardson.
Shrine for Grace and Olivia, 2014, Joanne Richardson.



Shrine for Ben Kovacs, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Shrine for the Church of Slatterday Saints, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Shrine for Tom Penney, 2014, Lance Ward.

Shrine for George Egerton-Warburton, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Shrine for Dr. Stefano Carboni, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Shrine for Leigh Robb, 2014, Lance Ward.



Danni McGrath Mardi Gras Shrine of Shared Interests, with Mardi Crocker and Joanne Richardson on Closing Party night, 2014, Scott Northcott.

Curator of PICA Leigh Robb and The Church of Slatterday Saints featuring Nicole Slatter, Bruce Slatter, Susanna Castleden, Jarrad Martyn, Carla Adams, Emma Buswell, Danny Bourke and Fiona Harman. The Shrines were inspired by Kurt Schwitters' grottoes in the *Merzbau* containing small works by and for his friends.

We did not imagine all visitors as the same visitor. For some, we offered a Shrine as a 'Road', like Ingrid Schaffner's essays for the *Jason Rhoades, Four Roads* exhibition. It formed a fragment that resisted dissolving into the whole of Five Forts. We photographed the Shrines and shared the images online in the hopes of attracting those individuals to the exhibition. These were like calculated gifts forming a Micro-society (Wark 2011). They were intended to be personal and specific, operating in the kind of way I had produced and delivered *Star Wars* stickers by request.

Clusterfuck or Die!

During Five Forts I had a long conversation with a visitor I will call the Critic from now on. I found the conversation frustrating as it seemed neither of us conceded a point to the other. Thanks, Critic, for staying and not running back down the stairs to the street. Recounting this discussion led us (five artists) to not bother looking for more critics on the Off The Street/Critique day.

The Critic and I were at the bar during an intermission the night the band Heathcote Blue and musician David Craft played a gig in the Paper Mountain Common Room. A Paper Mountain studio artist Alina Tang typed notes on her laptop between serving drinks. The Critic made it clear he came to Paper Mountain for the music and had walked through Five Forts to get to the bar.

He asked questions about the exhibition like: What does it mean? Where is the beauty? And where is the skill? They were/are important aesthetic concerns but, that night at the bar, I just didn't see them as the type of questions that could lead a person into the space between the racks in the Self-Service Furniture Area in IKEA to have a Holy Shudder at the weird lights there. I tried to describe many things: Duchamp's Readymades and the Conceptual Idea being more important than a polished product. I talked about punks and



Closing Party Clusterfuck or Die! T-shirt in the Gift Shop, 2014, Scott Northcott.

DIY and immediacy. I described the effect of entering a Cathedral. I tried to say good art is Bad or pointless in order to inspire making more Art.

In daydreams, I relive the conversation and have the nerve to say what I really wanted:

“THE SKILL IS **IN YOU!** or it could be: **IN YOUR BODY!**”

Of course, this would be an attack on what Kaprow would call the Critic’s “talents for engagement” (Kaprow 2003f, 11). If I had made this comment, it would imply the Critic failed to pay the particular kind of attention that may have allowed our found objects to be appreciated in an aesthetic way. He didn’t feel into it. He didn’t have faith to dig for gold. In the mind of the Critic, Five Forts failed to be assembled from fragments into a conceptual Gesamtkunstwerk.

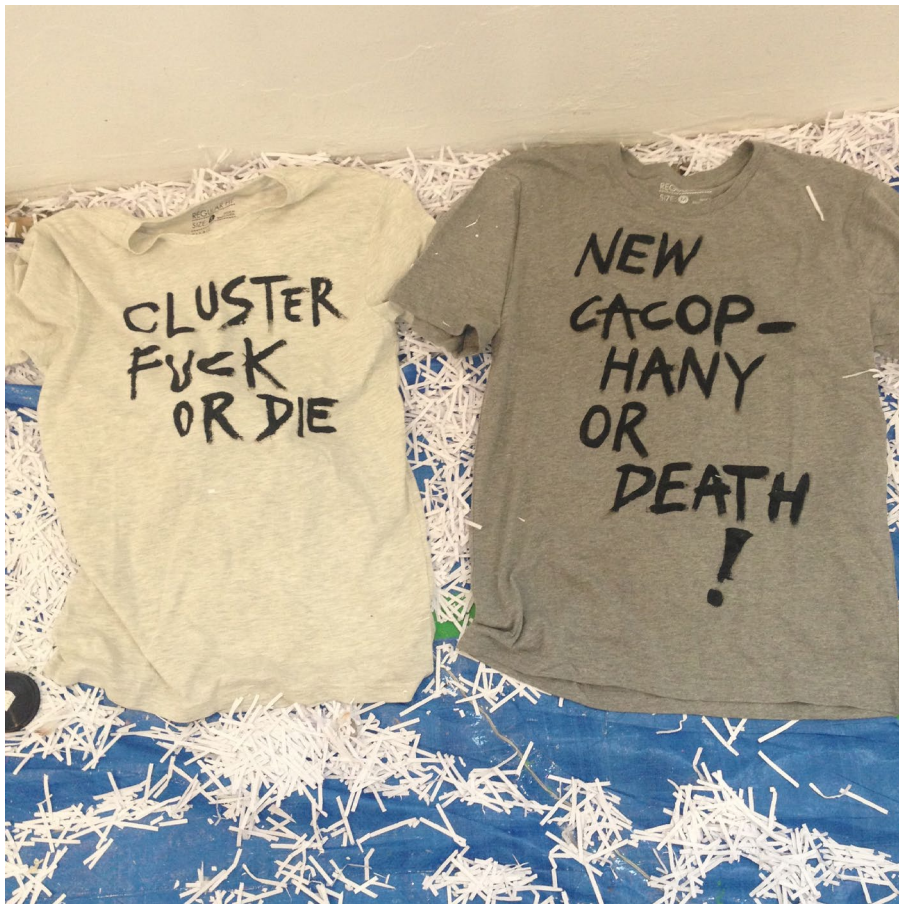


I could argue the Critic failed Five Forts but, really, Five Forts failed him on that day. It failed to engross him. It failed along the lines that Kaprow said an immersive installation can “succeed on some days and fail on others” (ibid). If Five Forts failed the Critic, that is OK. It failed to exert itself as a new utopian Merz way of life, a new totalitarian future. Kippenberger’s METRO-Net also fails, in that it fails to mobilize the planet, it even fails to maintain a single faux entrance against permafrost. I think it is OK to fail because, creatively, to make Bad Art operates as a perpetual impetus to create *more* art.

But I think it is a mischief to interpret the Critic’s comments as proof we can disappear the artness of a full room into Nothing! Though I take great joy in restating the virtues of failure, this is the least useful consideration of the Critic’s comments. It leads to a dead end where the visitor only has a choice of accepting or rejecting our premise: choosing to dig or not dig. If I conclude the Critic merely chose to ‘not dig’ Five Forts, and he was merely looking at it the ‘wrong’ way, then there’s nothing to discuss.

In another statement, the Critic argued Five Forts looked like kids fucking around in a room full of junk.

On first experience, Eva Meyer-Hermann was irritated by Jason Rhoades' work (Meyer-Hermann 1998, 5). Jack Bankowsky thought Rhoades was "a total dick" (Bankowsky 2007, 115). Meyer-Hermann and Bankowsky described familiarizing themselves with Rhoades' oeuvre in order to appreciate the immediate fragments they were looking at. The Critic's comment that Five Forts was a room full of junk was abrasive, but it is consistent with observations written by Meyer-Hermann, Bankowsky and Saltz. It can be difficult to approach an installation that appears to be a self-indulgent utopia.





The Critic's comments are also consistent with Jerry Saltz's idea of Clusterfuck Aesthetics. Saltz described immersive installations by artists including Jason Rhoades and Martin Kippenberger as resembling "junkyards" and "disaster films" (Saltz 2005). As mentioned in Part 1, Clusterfuck has etymological roots as a military profanity related to a fubar; *fucked up beyond all recognition*, indicating a failure of organization and leadership. The phrase 'beyond all recognition' resonates with the idea that an immersive installation such as Five Forts denies a spectator a single point of apprehending the entire work. The loss of difference between subjects and objects sounds the same as Gamard's description of entering Gothic cathedral architecture, which: "creates a condition where the discrete difference between subjects and objects are questioned; without clearly defined objects, there can be no separate identifiable subjects" (Gamard 2000, 115).

Other visitors asked: “Who’s going to clean that up?” Or they commented: “Hate to be there for de-install!” These comments alluded to us crossing a line and not coming back. They imply we five artists were not capable of the work required to remove what we had created. We were bound to shirk our responsibilities and hang out in the café instead of holding down the fort.

The appearance of leisure resonates with Situationist sentiment: *Never Work!*, Playful elements are prioritized over ordinary hierarchical separations. McKenzie Wark wrote in *The Beach Beneath the Street*;

Debord’s *Never Work!* frees time from its binary form of work time and leisure time. The *Dérive* then becomes the practice of lived time, not divided and accorded a function in advance; a time inhabited by neither workers nor consumers.

(Wark 2011, 25)

When I saw Jason Rhoades’ *The Creation Myth*, what I thought was the driving seat was the seat for leisure. This is not a mistake. Practicing an appearance of leisure outside of allocated areas could operate as a critical gesture and a method of creative production. Leisure could be a driving force. Finding us out to lunch might free us and others from the binary of work and leisure time.

In *The Situationist City*, author Simon Sadler states: “situationism emphasized the subversive power of ‘carnivalization’ – the opportunity for unofficial and popular elements to playfully invert social and cultural conventions by elevating the everyday and ‘uncrowning’ the elite” (Sadler 1999, 34). This method of production flies in the face of the notion of artists suffering to produce their work. It destroys the notion that a special kind of paying attention required to be creative, has a segregated zone for segregated items encased in their tombs, sealed off from other, less important, less aesthetically interesting, less serious parts of life.

We adopted a playful stance and were deliberately working at ways to confuse roles, times, places, objects and ideas. On some level, we five, our Critic, Meyer-Hermann,

Some Assumptions to Examine:

Art is beautiful

Artworks are skilfully realized

The artist is a genius/gifted/talented
an individual (born not made)

The artist is responsible

The artist reinforces the moral superiority
of the monotheistic middle class

Artworks something something MEANING

~~The artist reveals mystical truths~~

The artist will suffer to make their work

Art is not funny

Art is not flippant, confusing or troubling

Artwork should offer the viewer some comfort

Artwork should reassure the viewer of their
good social standing

Artwork ^{could} be imagined as a
loving companion in a comfortable
home

(There is a Fort in comfort!)

Artwork should be separate from other things
people, places, signs and
footballs from the floor

Art is revere

Art requires

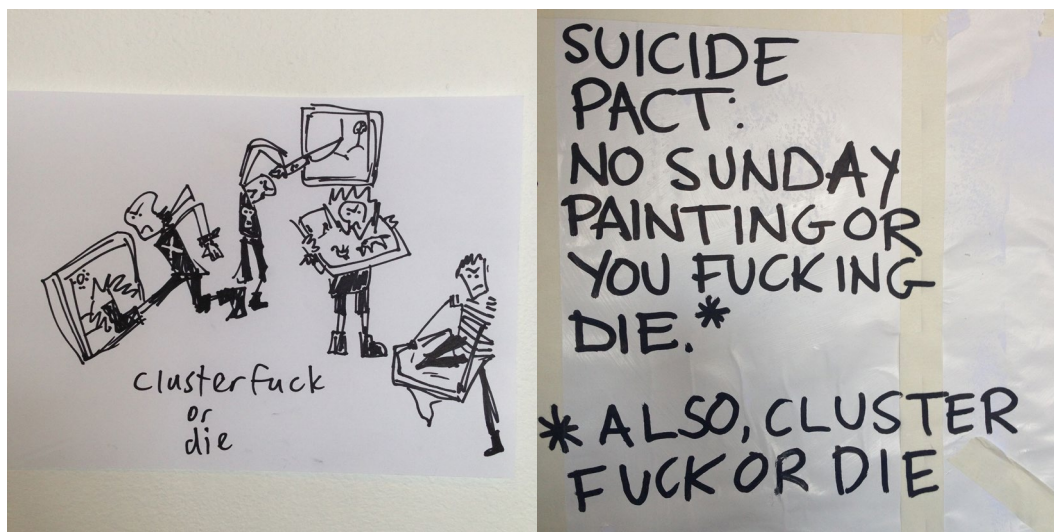
Art can be

What ways can
activity

Bankwosky, Saltz and the messy-room commenters are all in agreement: Five Forts *was* a bunch of artists playing around in a roomful of junk.

I discussed my conversation with the Critic with five artists and some visitors at length. The Critic had challenged Five Forts and inspired us to examine our values and further articulate our positions. We produced various creative responses including adopting the battle cry: “Clusterfuck or Die!” I wrote a long list of *Assumptions to Examine*. Ashley produced souvenir t-shirts. We provided Danni McGrath with Alina Tang’s transcribed notes for inclusion in the catalogue.

Anke Finger described Wagner’s Gesamtkunstwerk as “an idea as critique to inspire other ideas and critiques” (Finger 2011, 114). Five Forts was a kind of idea machine that continually produces more ideas. We five artists and some of our visitors’ interaction with Critic inspired us to calcify our positions and produce more work in the same vein. It would probably irritate the Critic to learn his comments inspired more mayhem. Perhaps this is a process of rolling the incident into the Katamari of Five Forts. The Critic screams, then falls silent; we grow closer to forming our own planet.



Drawing from Love Hotel with Kieron Broadhurst: Clusterfuck or Die, If you ever have one, I will send skinhead thugs to destroy your watercolour landscape painting show, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Detail from Love Hotel with Kieron Broadhurst diagram of How To Make Big Dumb Art Really Fast by Kieron Broadhurst 'Suicide Pact', 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Pink Rope

To allow visitors to ward against disorientation in Five Forts, we facetiously introduced a mechanism for the visitor to retain a link with the exit so as to find a way back out. We provided a neon Pink Rope tied to the leg of the table in the Welcome Visitor Centre. In Stephen King's *On Writing*, he quotes E.B. White from *The Elements of Style*: the reader is "a man [sic] floundering in a swamp and that it is the duty of anyone trying to write English to drain this swamp quickly and get his man [sic] up on dry ground, or at least throw him a rope" (King 2010, 124). We intended that tying the Pink Rope to a visitor could prevent such floundering in the exhibition.

On the first Friday open to visitors, Rihan Todhunter on Artbeat, an arts program on community radio station RTRFM, interviewed Kieron and I. Todhunter exposed a problem with the Pink Rope strategy:

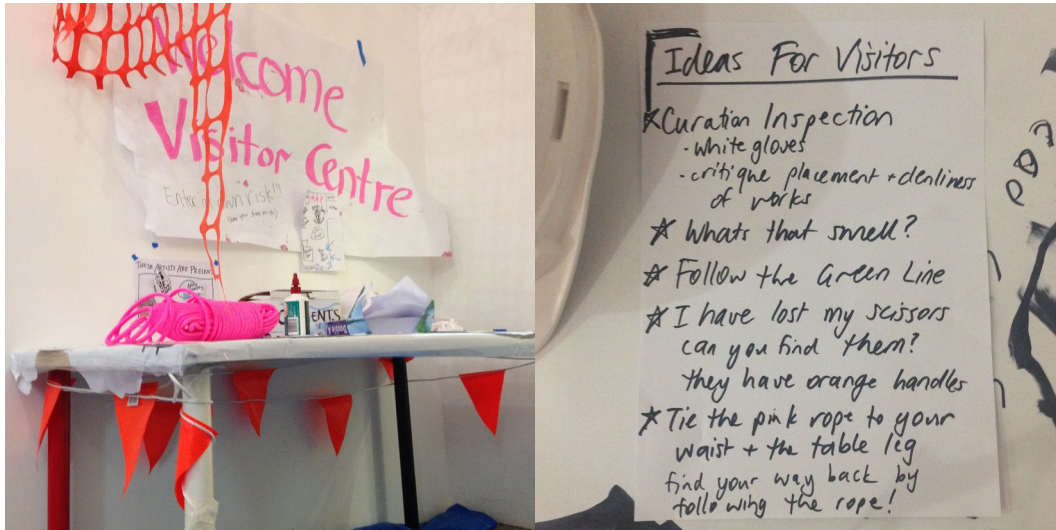
JR: um, if you're really nervous you can tie this neon-pink rope to your waist and then also tie it to the table near the door and then you can like make your way back if you're nervous about getting lost or overwhelmed too much

KB: yeah

JR: yeah

KB: yeah

RT:...way to draw attention to people who are nervous just to make them that little bit more nervous! (Richardson and Broadhurst 2014)



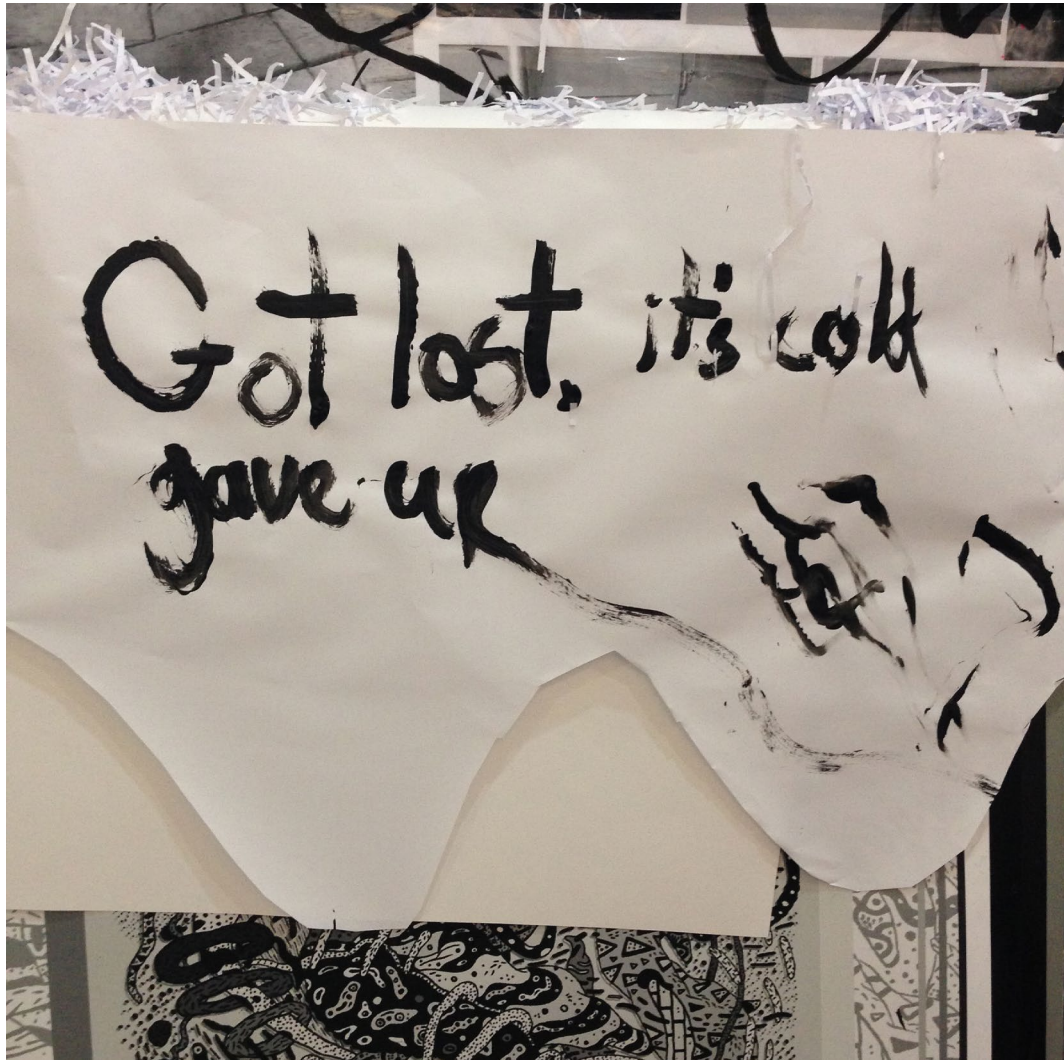
As Todhunter pointed out, this gesture could work to exacerbate the visitors' displacement, tying them in a trap and offering a restricted experience on our terms. Alternatively, if it worked, it could stand for a type of *Einfühlung*; a visitor can appreciate a complete aesthetic immersion while the rope maintains both a boundary around the self and an umbilical link to the former self prior to entering the immersive work: a critical link for navigation and protection from being absorbed into the work.

One day we found the Rope unfurled deep into the forts. Near the end of it, a note was scrawled:

Got lost, it's cold... gave up (indecipherable).

On this day, Five Forts succeeded. We can only assume the visitor became estranged and dissolved into the totality. They achieved ultimate aesthetic unity, died there, dematerialized, then ascended from there where the end of the rope lay.

Or maybe they were fucking with us.

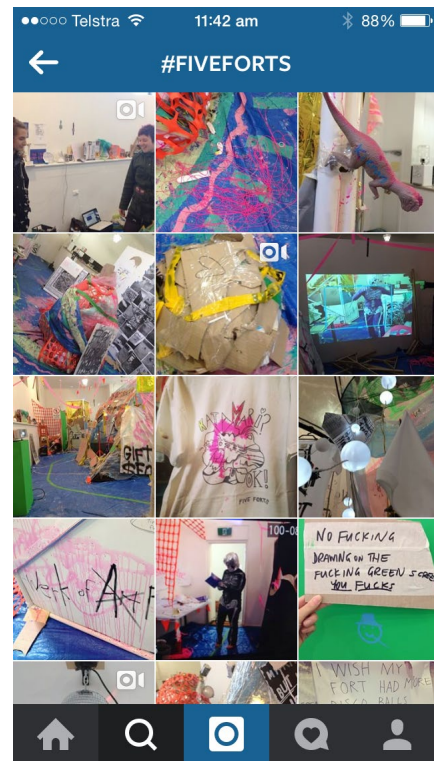


Aim from the Middle to Eternity

The critic Boris Groys wrote *Entering the Flow: Museum Between Archive and Gesamtkunstwerk* contemplating the Gesamtkunstwerk in relation to contemporary curatorial projects with particular interest in the gaze of the spectator from within multifaceted art experiences:

the gaze of the contemporary museum visitor is, by contrast, directed from the inside of the art event towards its outside: toward the possible documentation process, toward the eventual positioning of this documentation in the media space and cultural archives – in other words, toward the spatial boundaries of this event. And also towards the temporal boundaries of this event – because we are placed inside an event, we cannot know when this event began and when it will end.

(Groys 2013, 11)



Groys' visitor dissolving into the artwork is unable to see where or when it will end in space or time. Not only may visitors be potentially changed by their visit, that change could pervade other parts of their lives. On top of the anxiety around dissolving into a totality, we can add another neurosis: that feeling will never end and is boundless. Inside the work of art, the spectators' gaze moves out from within, from the middle to eternity (Groys 2013, 11).

I have no reassurances to offer. I do not know when or how it will end. Maybe like Schwitters' Merz it keeps going indefinitely. Five Forts motifs, ideas and materials are ready to be used in new work. Some have already appeared at Free Range Gallery, PSAS art space, Beaufort Street festival. We are still walking around in t-shirts that say *Clusterfuck or Die!*



Clusterfuck or Die! T-shirt by Ashley Ramsey with Laurus Nobilis tattoo by Tanya De Souza Meally and skull after FTLOG, 2014, Joanne Richardson.

Dear reader, this is years later. I look at images, feel into them and notice more and more things happening. This document retains a future potential to be interpreted as invitations or instructions reassembled using our lists of equipment. This is why I started with an End point of comprehension, made longer descriptions, then attempted looping other parts together. It is up to you to extract yourself from the middle of the Five Forts, to imaginatively leave. Pull yourself out by the Pink Rope.

What worked in Five Forts with creating better conditions for appreciation also worked in better conditions for creative production. Anticipation, accumulation of art and everyday life experiences, spending time there, drawing, having interactions and conversations with visitors, invigilators, critics and artists, linking the aesthetic experience meaningfully to various other things in everyday life and art, being prepared for it to have affect later, a time after. Nothing was lost. It is all accumulative and inclusive.

In the promotional preview for *Banksy Does New York*, a user says, “If you weren’t there you missed it”. This can only be partly true. Only Siths deal in absolutes. Arguably Banksy wasn’t there and missed it. Anyone who was there must acknowledge only witnessing a temporal fragment of the Total system. I was not there for the entirety of Five Forts. This exhibition provided the opportunity for many people to ‘miss it’. Maybe if you did visit, you might have only seen an uninspiring part. It could have annoyed you on your way to get a drink at the bar, or you may have been revolted after just one glance and left without engaging at all. This text is only a small fragment. A future edition would list texts on Five Forts from other artists and critics. That person talking about the Banksy expedition has no faith in the empathic reader, in Ingrid Schaffner’s reading room operating as invitations, and has not read Stephen King, who asserts nothing *can’t* be evoked in writing; a magical telepathy. We gave potential visitors to Five Forts the opportunity to see nothing. This is not something I can afford to do with you!

Five Forts

I think, in Five Forts, we five artists successfully achieved a state of shared Merz continual production. This was exemplified in the resolutely inclusive Katamari.

In building Five Forts, we produced not only objects but also developed useful strategies for working. I found some of these ways of working useful in organizing my written reflections on the experience.

During the exhibition and after, the creative production seemed to constantly change. Eva Meyer-Hermann describes that in Jason Rhoades' works, things were always changing, and they never stand still just as in life:

Things develop, they never stand still. [...] Because new aspects are always emerging, because no moment in life is the same as another. Because we achieve a different condition simply by experiencing the story, and this makes us sensitive to new shades of meaning when it is retold.

(Myer-Hermann 1998, 8)

Five Forts continues to shift and change post installation. The catalogue, this document, the archive of materials and ideas continue to prompt more creative work. We five artists continue to use the catch-cry “Clusterfuck or Die!” I collaborated with Kieron Broadhurst to build the Beautiful Fort for the Beaufort Street festival and Transultraspace. These works came directly from Five Forts.

During the Five Forts exhibition, there were many ways to engage in practicing *Einfühlung*. The idea of passivity in an immersive artwork, as discussed by Koss, was realized in the evidence of the visitor who dissolved into the work. Lipps’ notion of *Einfühlung* as a kind of mimesis was performed as we exchanged personas on Bizarro day. Nowak’s assertion that *Einfühlung* includes a capacity to critique was evidenced in my conversation with the Critic. The collective creative work we five artists produced is a result of Nowak’s notion of *Einfühlung* as a state of both immersion and criticality.

In Five Forts I noticed a second delayed aesthetic appreciation whilst standing on the street listening to a song called *World Sick*. This experience matched my experience of Jason Rhoades’ *My Madinah* flying into Perth as described in Part 1: *The Creation Myth*. In these moments of aesthetic appreciation, I applied an art bracket to an intense experience. These moments were composed of multiple fragments such as song, architecture, landscape, streetscape and colour. I felt a sense of discovering a unity in these fragments and a sense that there are consistencies between experiences considering my own work and in the spectatorship of other artists’ work. There are shared aspects between the appreciation of an artist creator and an artist spectator. Considering all aspects of aesthetic appreciation – corporeal presence, ubiquitous popular culture, mistakes, a future utopia, small injuries – makes for a rich experience that seems perpetually ripe with creative potential.

In Merz and in *Einfühlung*, appreciation comes from the practice of not being selective but being resolutely inclusive.

Appendix 12: Five Forts Shopping List

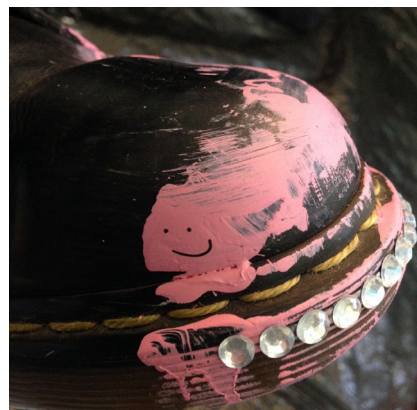
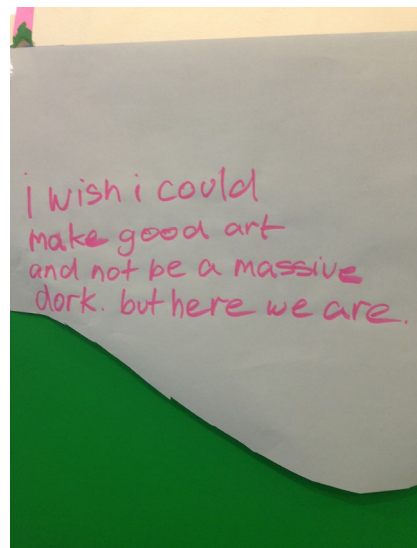
Five Forts Consumable Materials

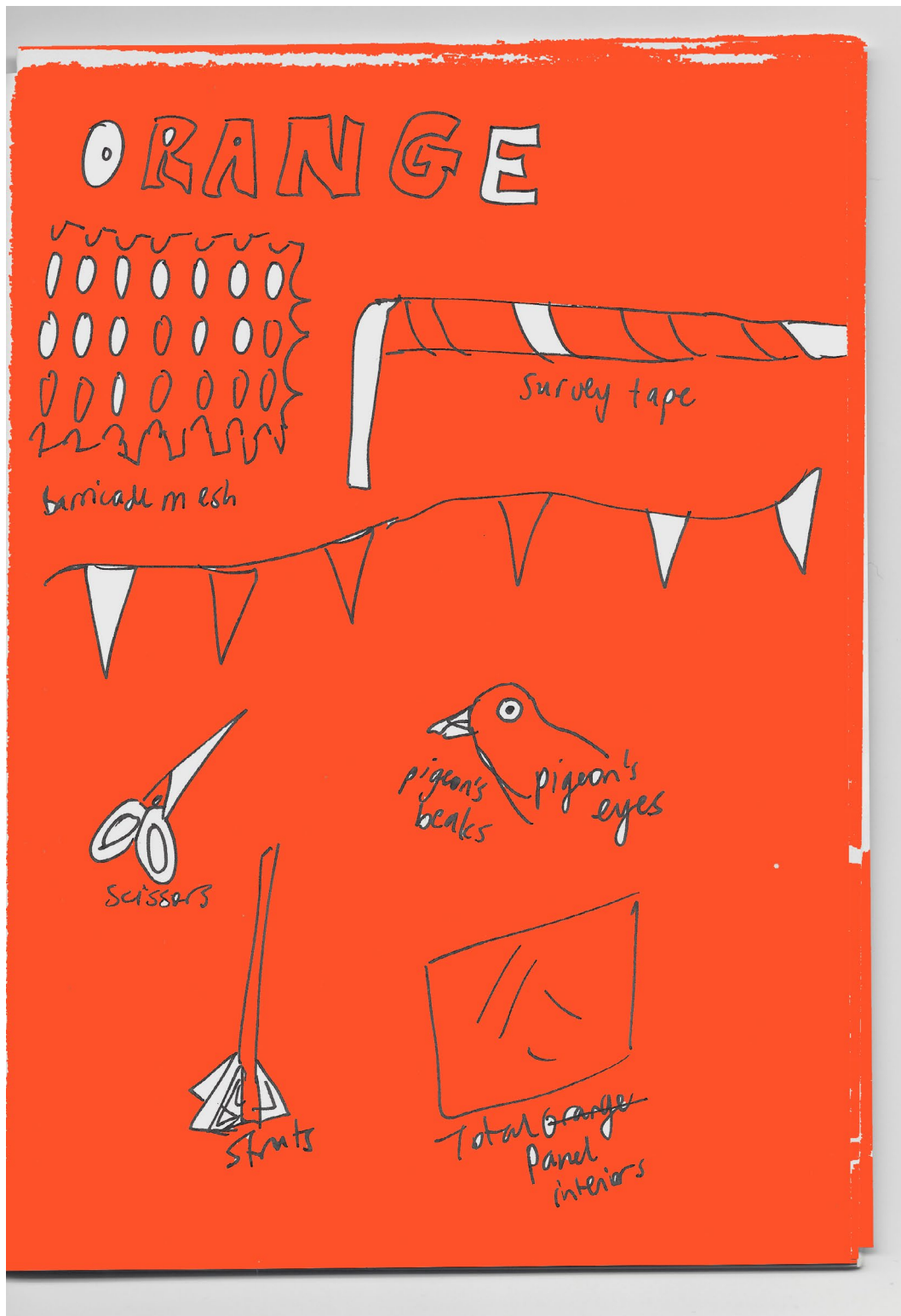
Shop	Item	Quantity	Price
The Butcher Shop			
A	Molotow Paint pens Main Kit I	12 pack	\$90.00
Buthur Shop Total			\$90.00
Bunnings			
Bu	Taubmans 3 in 1 Primer Paint	10L	\$179.50
Bu	Trade Masking Tape 18mmx50	3rolls	\$8.13
Bu	Trade Masking Tape 48mmx50	1 roll	\$8.53
Bu	Safety Tape Reflective	1roll	\$10.00
Bu	Norton Blue Tape 24mmx50m	2rolls	\$8.42
Bu	Gaffer Tape 50mmx10m Black	1roll	\$9.72
Bu	Gaffer Tape 50mmx10m Silver	1roll	\$9.72
Bu	Cable Ties	200pack	\$5.42
Bunnings Total			\$239.44
Co	Aluminium foil 30cmx150m	10roll	\$216.90
Co Total			\$216.90
Jacksons Drawing Supplies			
J	Copy Bond 914mmx50m	1 Roll	\$28.22
J	A4 Journals 110gsm 100page	4	\$47.72
Jacksons Drawing Supplies Total			\$75.94
Officeworks			
OW	Reflex carbon neutral A4 paper	5 Ream Carton	\$28.85
OW	Artline 70 Black Markers	12 Pack	\$34.21
OW	Artline Assort Ball point pens	2x 10 pack	\$6.62
OW	Staedtler HB Pencils	2x 12 pack	\$13.68
OW	Celco Small Erasers	3pack	\$1.78
OW	UHU Glue Stick 40gram	4pack	\$15.58
OW	Scotch Clear Packing Tape 20x strong 48mmx 4	1 roll	\$6.48
OW	Scotch invisible tape 19mmx33	2 rolls	\$14.52
OW	Blu Tac 75g	2 packs	\$5.44
OW	Sticky Dots Sellotape	64pk	\$3.94
OW	Staples 26/6	1000pk	\$1.06
OW	Celco Foldback clips 50mm	12 pack	\$6.04
OW	Celco Foldback clips 19mm	100pack	\$6.14
Officeworks Total			\$144.34
Grand Total			\$766.62

Appendix 13: Fort Colours

This appendix arrangement was inspired by *Color* (2012), a film by artist Tom Sachs, directed by Van Neistat.

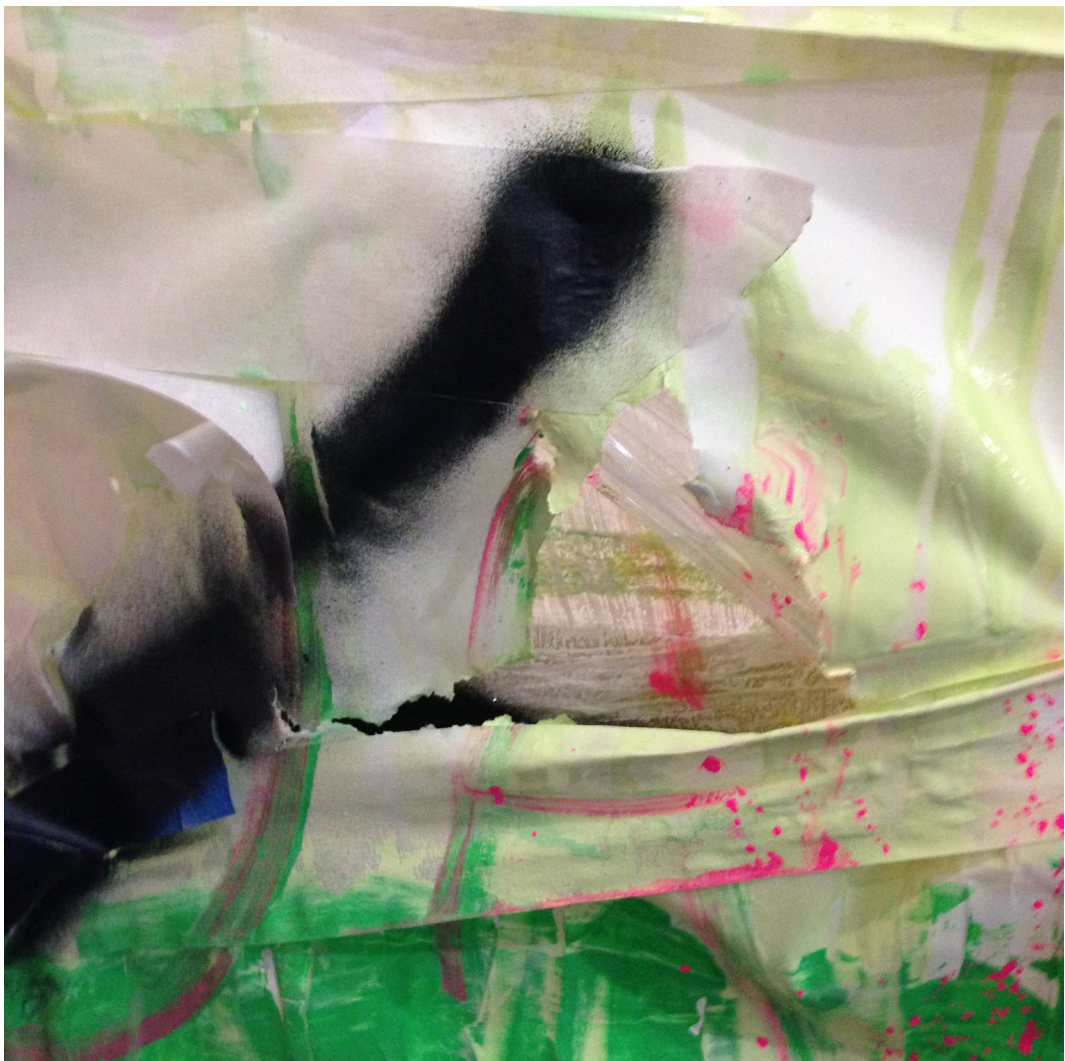


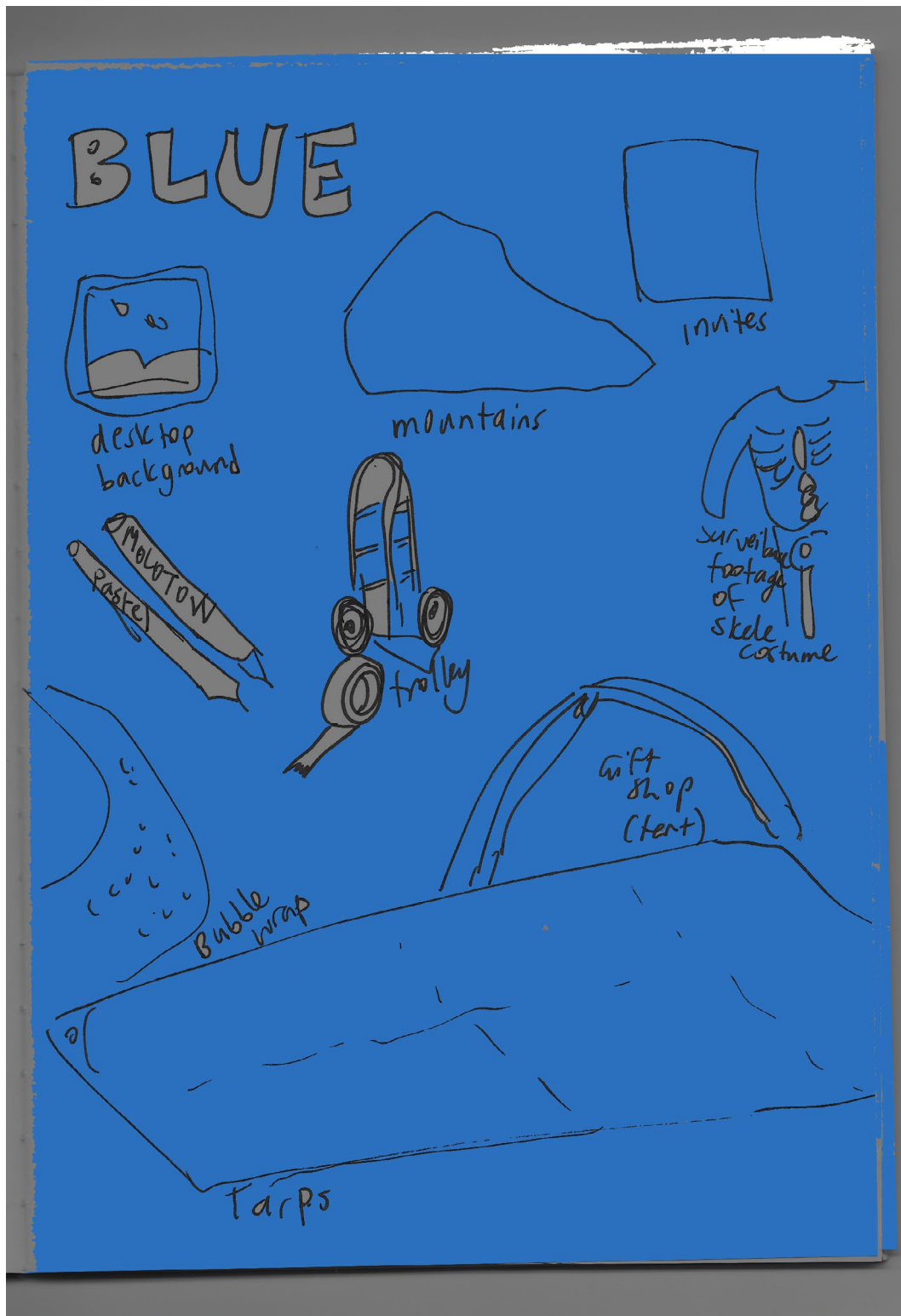


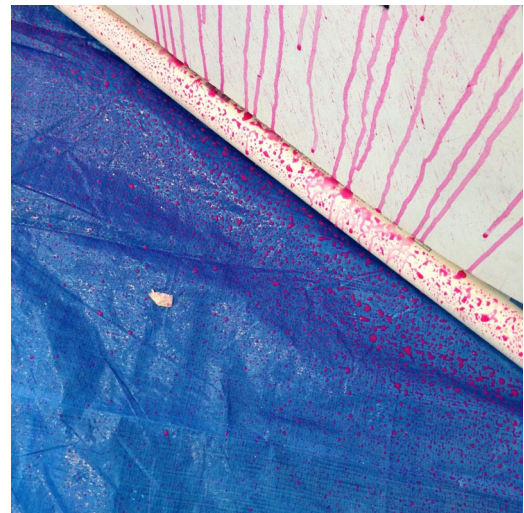
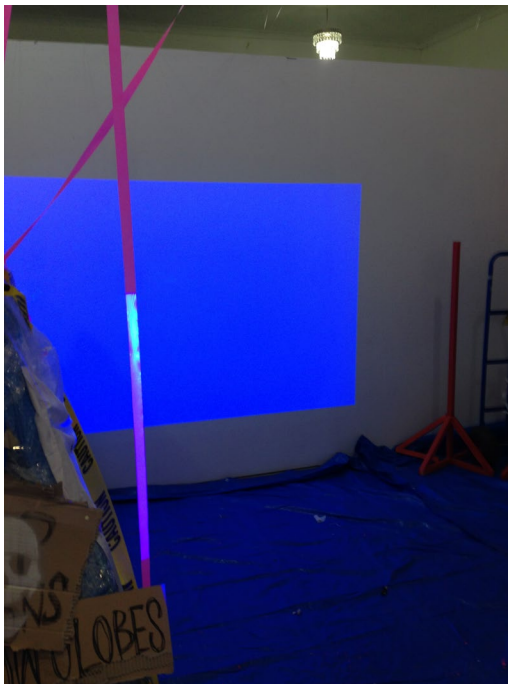


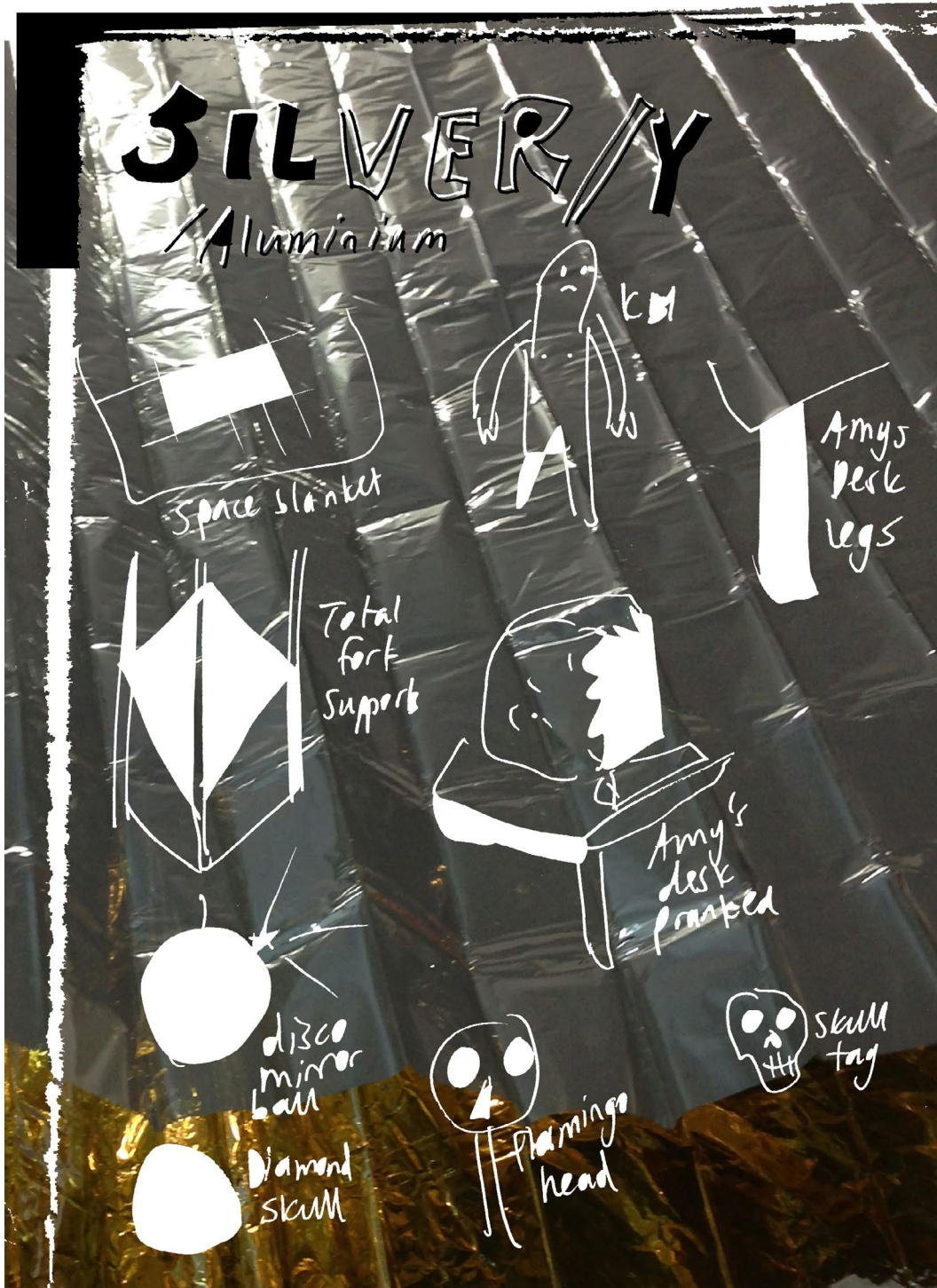










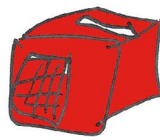








RED



speaker



scissors



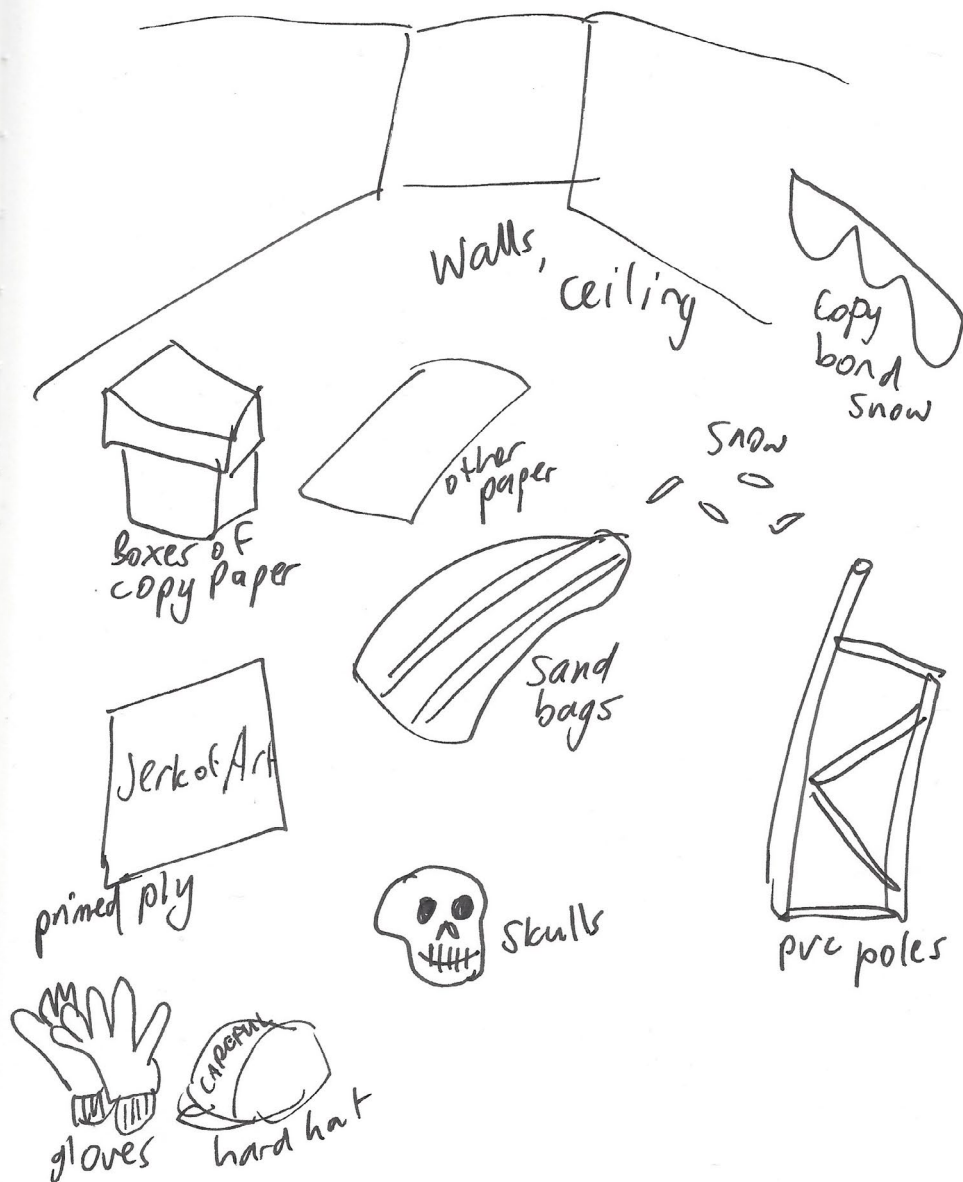
signs



caps



WHITE





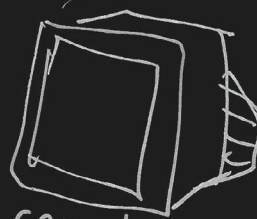
GREY and BLACK



pigeon
costume



James'
prints



computer screen



Artists
clothes



pigeons



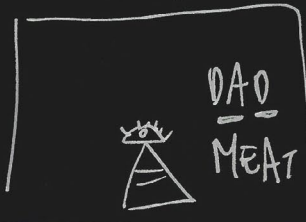
guns



Bicycle
wheel



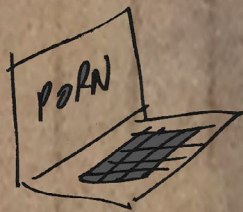
cecil



12B's
fort



BROWN / cardboard
/ woodgrain



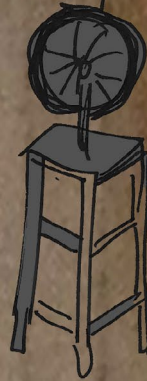
Amy's
1st computer



Space car



Cadders



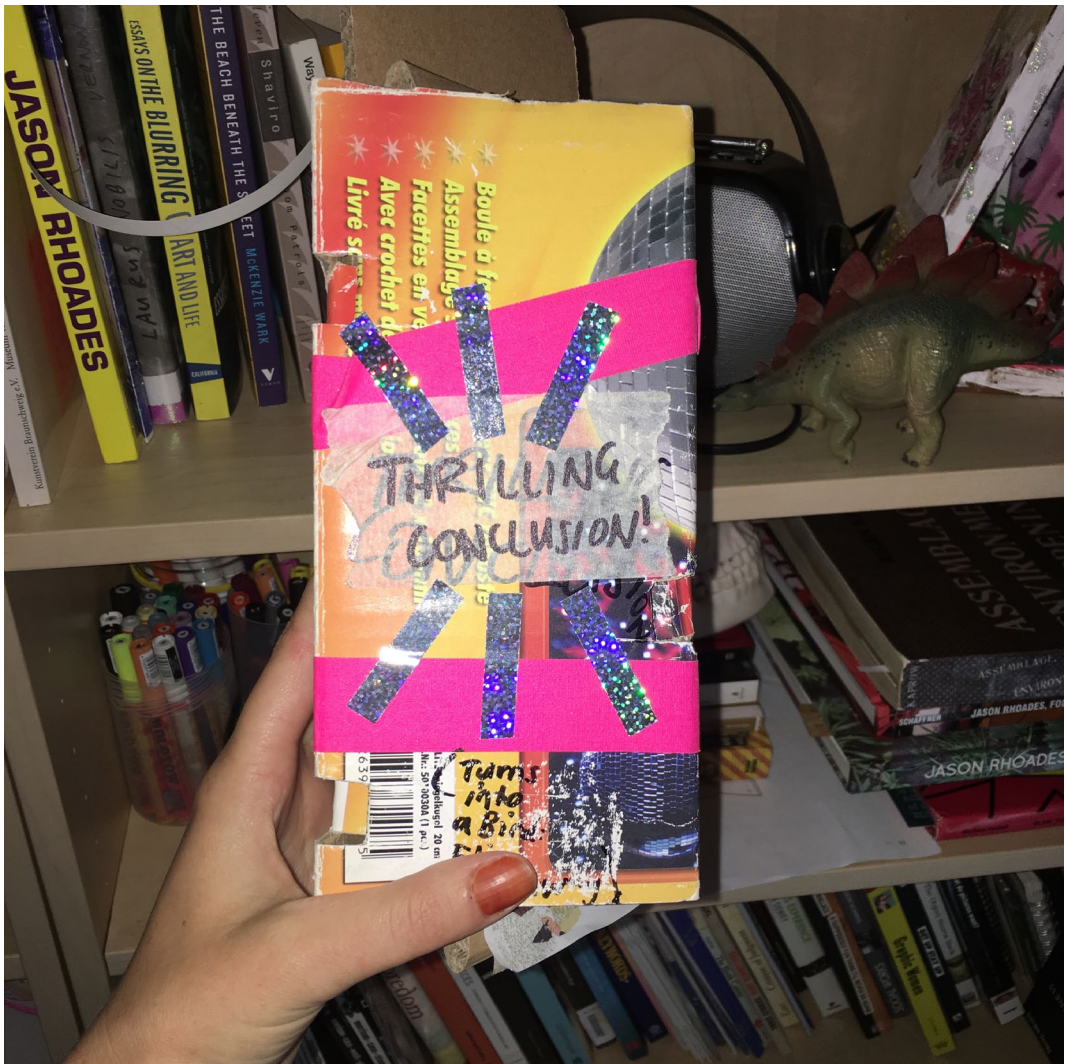
Stool



Appendix 14: Five Forts Catalogue by Danni McGrath

This catalogue is not currently available in a digital format.





Conclusion

To conclude, let's return to the beginning:

In the present exhibition [Allan Kaprow: An Exhibition, Hansa Gallery, New York] we do not come to look at things. We simply enter, are surrounded, and become part of what surrounds us, passively or actively according to our talents for 'engagement,' in much the same way that we have moved out of the totality of the street or our home where we also played a part.

(Kaprow 2003f, 11)

This thesis set out to investigate the possibility of developing talents for engagement as potentially creatively productive. In Jason Rhoades' *Volume: A Rhoades Referenz*, one work is defined as follows:

The Great See Battles of Wilhelm Schurmann.

Work of art by Jason Rhoades. First installed in the Deichtorhallen in Hamburg. This installation is a work about and for Wilhelm SCHURMANN, the collector, chemist and photographer. The piece includes a small MOTOR-BIKE, a CHEMISTRY set, and a PALM – a reminder of LOS ANGELES. The motor-bike was intended for Schurmann: if he were to ride at high speed through the collection he could simultaneously see everything and nothing (MOTION; MODERNISM, BLUR).

The wordplay 'See Battle' in the title introduces the boat as a metaphor and leads into the motif of SMOKE (EPHEMERAL).

On another level, the installation is about the finitude of things, which accumulated and which their owner can proudly survey from his small motorcycle as he rushes past. They are just as transient as smoke and all other forms of human interaction. Nevertheless, it sometimes seems that this loosely, easily, yet precisely constructed and playful meandering system of transitory components (model of the temporary GETTY MUSEUM, transparent work tables, chemistry sets) lasts for a very long time.

(Meyer-Hermann 1998, 78-79)

One of the most interesting aspects of this work is the physical and metaphoric implications of the motor bike and Rhoades' intention that it provides Schurmann the opportunity to see nothing and everything all at once. This work suggests two different moments of appreciation: one, a brief transitory moment, and the other, contemplation over a longer period of time.

Picture your eyes looking out a window and going out of focus as a train hits the highest speed it will get to before slowing for the next station. You feel a sense of motion, a blurriness and the sound of the train but this is all you have. Like a motorbike ride, this sensation will soon be over, the suburbs will get into focus again. After his bike ride, I imagine Wilhelm Schurmann would be able to reconsider his collection more slowly. Maybe repeatedly, spending years unravelling details Rhoades had temporarily made disappear.

It is interesting to consider the ambition of attempting to see everything and nothing all at once. The motorbike Rhoades adds to aesthetic appreciation travels at an inhuman (motorbike) speed, a purposefully high pace.

Perhaps a fast reverie that interjects the constant slower pace of appreciation could inspire a sideswiped unfocused blur that allows the detection of a wholeness. The idea of a fast, unfocused appreciation from the motorbike skips over nuances and details.

The motorbike pace could also operate as a parody of a dismissive museum visitor too hungry or too tired to *Einfühlung* properly. It evokes the Joker dancing around to *Party-man*, a celebration of doing it wrong. *The Great See Battles* allows us to contemplate the capacity to appreciate in both focused and unfocused ways. An ability to see everything or

a wholeness could be simultaneously utopian and hopeful and a diabolical crime, sweeping along a passive passenger failing to grasp at a greater context.

Perhaps Rhoades offered Schurmann a vision of his collection in the way a time-poor tourist may be likely to see it, briefly: in a blink. As a passing ring of smoke. We might consider *The Great See Battles* as a metaphor for looking at and/or missing a work of art. Barely perceptible in the corner of our eyes, under a thin layer of paint just after it was buffed out, below a mound of disturbed earth where it may or may not be buried, enveloped in a Katamari or an overwhelming installation.

Perhaps, in *The Great See Battles*, by exaggerating the spectator's movement, Rhoades was bringing drama and noise to the act of appreciation. Perhaps it prompts us to reconsider any moment we encounter an artwork to slowly and carefully notice tiny details as equally full of drama and noise. We should not blink or move too quickly to escape from it. We should bring purpose to the attention of spectating, of visiting and engaging in aesthetic appreciation.

In Part 1, I discuss Jason Rhoades' *The Creation Myth*, a work included along with several other large-scale installations in the 2009 exhibition, *Walking in My Mind*, in the Hayward Gallery in London. Gallery Director Ralph Rugoff wrote the Preface to the catalogue;

All art, of course, offer [sic] us the opportunity to see things through the eyes of its creator. But the works in this show go a step further: they lay out mental landscapes that we can inspect and reflect on as if we were walking around inside the artist's mind. The use of the word 'walking' in the exhibition title draws attention to the importance of our physical exploration of these works, as well as to the intimate link between bodily experience and creative thinking. It suggests that these artworks solicit both focused and unfocused ways of seeing, and that we should pay attention to the full range of our experience in responding to them. Rather than trying to find an answer to what they 'mean', we should allow ourselves to discover the different mental paths and ways of processing information that each work presents.

(Rugoff 2009)

In this passage, Rugoff tells us how to do it; how to encounter a large-scale immersive environment. Rhoades tells Schurmann how to do it. In looking at any of his works, Rhoades had an ideal spectator in mind, an enthusiastic researcher with an accumulation of appreciative experiences feeding into an understanding of Rhoades' whole oeuvre, exploring his installations as if on a pilgrimage or digging for gold.

Rugoff's suggestion the works evoke "both focused and unfocused ways of seeing", along with the act of moving through in an embodied way, resonates with the idea of Rhoades' *See Battles* motorbike. The visitor's body moving through the work, missing things, discovering things, is a view shared with the artist creator.

The moment of encountering, remembering or dreaming of an artwork is something rare to train to be ready for. Maybe you have read this on a motorbike or a train, tearing through: to get to the point, to get to your part in it, or the part you wanted to read most. Unlike a walk down the street (it is never the same street twice), unlike our lost studio (Moana), unlike a one-night event (Underground), unlike a gargantuan two-week fort installation (Five Forts); I wrote this down and printed it out so we can go back.

Or spend as long as we want on one word. Or one image.

Between the train and the platform, there is a gap. In this text I left many. One large gap is between the words and images. There is a lack of specific references to images: "see image x". This is a deliberate attempt at constructing a space for you to join several images to any point in the word text. John Berger's seminal 1972 text *Ways of Seeing* proclaims on its cover the opening sentence: "Seeing comes before words" (Berger 1972). *Ways of Seeing* is a text comprised of images and words, Section 4 is nearly entirely comprised of images accompanied by brief erratic vertical notations. In his introduction, Berger states: "We never look at just one thing; we are always looking at the relation between things and ourselves" (Berger 1972, 1). Just as a spectator walking through the 'mental paths' of Rugoff's exhibition, in my text, between each image and the next, between the words and images or between words, you are free to find your own harmony or discord. There is a lack of didactic description with each image. Honestly, some are dumb – vacant records

and illustrations – but others, despite my staring at them over and over, I am yet to see or understand what happened there and or why.

It is seeing which establishes our place in the surrounding world; we explain that world with words, but words can never undo the fact that we are surrounded by it. The relation between what we see and what we know is never settled.

(Berger 1972, cover)

There are images in this text slipping into a blurriness that leaves me guessing in a reverie. Some unveiled themselves slowly. Small incidental features in the background, in reflection, in shadow, in composition, in colour, cheerfully give more on each inspection. They haven't been categorized, they aren't exhibited here or anywhere else as Art. Yet, they also aren't all documentation. Berger notes; "Every image embodies a way of seeing" (Berger 1972, 2). Some were made following an instinct to capture a particular way of looking, a way of practiced noticing. Some were carefully planned then approximately realized as a staged event; a performed photograph. Some function as a certificate of achievement or an assurance of realizing reveries in embodied activity in corporeal spaces: thus marking a beginning of an idea. Some images are drawn as reproductions of something I saw and wanted you to see – that we might have a meeting of the minds through images. You could imagine yourself there too and guess what comes next or what might be outside the frame. I just wanted to show you something I could see.

I left a space for you to guess at these things. I would not argue against any of your guesses or disappoint you with the limitations too much didactic information provides. My aim is an attempt at creating an immersive experience in reading this thesis. I wanted to create spaces for the reader to engage actively, not just to look but also to play the role as a spectator might in a physical space encountering three-dimensional immersive environs. I invite you to consider the activity of reading as an embodied experience in which you retain a responsibility in making something of what you have read.

I set out with spectatorial propositions – questioning the moment of encounter with a work for art from the point of view of a creative practitioner. This text comes about as the result of discoveries made during the making process and encounter process. Acts of doing, moments of immediate production. Strategies include: ways of drawing, ways of interacting and, within both, ways of noticing. The more pervasive all-encompassing leitmotif is an aspiration to notice all the time. To be continually engaged in a process of noticing in a particular immersive way. To train and improve practice of this type of noticing.

In applied art making activity, art viewing and art participating, what's consistent is the idea of immersion. Immersion either within a physical art environment or as part of an imaginative process evoked by conscious 'world' construction.

The motorbike ride in *The Great See Battles* evokes the idea of both an imaginative construction of Wilhelm Schurmann's collection as a 'whole' and a sense of moving through and being physically surrounded by objects in the installation. Similar to Rhoades' installations, Allan Kaprow's participatory environments provided the sensation of being physically surrounded, and imaginatively immersed in a process of living, a lifelike process not entirely foreign to the practices of everyday life. Kaprow notes it is our talents for engagement that determine certain aspects of the experience. In Kaprow's 1982 essay "The Real Experiment", he argues there is nothing in particular that makes an event art. His artistic contemplations on everyday life situations include situations that may be better "studied by social studies, if at all" (Kaprow 2003g, 216).

But let's say that art is a weaving of meaning-making activity with any or all parts of our lives. (Though awkward and a mouthful, the statement emphasizes purposive and interpretive acts instead of mere routine behaviour, whether such acts are politics or nature walks.) This definition shifts the model for art from the special history of the field to a broad terrain embracing not only lifelike art but religious, philosophical, scientific, and social / personal exploration.

(ibid)

The distinction is in the visitor's eyes and hands, to weave their experiences into a greater scheme. The purposiveness of the interpretive acts is not the same as the rituals of the gallery space that make the experience an art experience. What defines the experience as art is an imaginative bracket in the mind of the spectator. Their work is to 'weave meaning', to ride through seeing everything and nothing all at once in a simultaneously focused and unfocused manner.

Though all four sections of this text reference art history and popular culture, Part 1: *The Creation Myth* operates as a conceptual background and contemporary context. This Part is focused on noticing and immersion without focusing on my creative production. My practice of noticing facilitated a set of experiences that led to the idea of Five Forts. Immersion in aesthetic appreciation created ideas. Part of the practice of appreciation began prior to visiting works by Banksy and Jason Rhoades. I was building an awareness, a spatial memory. I was training to pay attention in a particular aesthetic way. In this Part, I also noticed an acute delayed response to Rhoades' *My Madinah*, which was more fully appreciated as our flight descended toward Perth, well after the moment of encounter.

In *Laurus Nobilis: Chapters on Art and Life*, 1909, Vernon Lee focuses on the Bay Laurel as analogous to Art and its relation to life. The Bay Laurel is equally richly symbolic and practically useful, thus capable of various integrations with everyday lived experiences. Lee argues Art is most powerful when able to evoke a similar kind of resonance with everyday life. Lee noted a difficulty with art appreciation in a museum or gallery space. The immediate moment of an aesthetic encounter may feel somewhat lacking:

... our Faust-moments ("Stay, thou art beautiful!") of plentitude and consummation, have always come when our activity was already flowing, our attention stimulated, and when, so to speak, the special artistic impressions were caught up into our other interests, and woven by them into our life.

(Lee 1909, 235)

Lee wrote, and I found, the fullest moments of aesthetic appreciation don't always occur in front of the art object. Instead it is

1. slow magic (research)
2. repeated
3. practice keeping your attention stimulated
4. you could be bad at this
5. (you could get better)

There is no way of definitively knowing the full significance of an aesthetic experience at the time. Expectations may be built up, dashed and restored. Allan Kaprow may have read part of Lee's work as it is referenced in John Dewey's *Art as Experience*. Both works echo the idea of weaving parts of daily life experience into aesthetic appreciation. Art and Life are not separate.

In Part 2: Practice for *The Death of Starwars*, I documented the process of building a world to produce drawings. Using a variety of methods, I developed a sense of being surrounded by my interpretations of *Star Wars*. Every day rituals such as going to the toilet, choosing clothing, arranging hair, were accentuated with my ideas about *Star Wars*. I drew stickers and gifted them to people as a way of sparking conversation about the drawing assignment Oliver Hull issued. In this way I was able to explore my (and the receivers') understandings of the whole Star Wars universe.

During this project I worked in Moana Studio in Perth's central business district. When I began to carefully consider Moana's inner-city location, I began to build my awareness and reflect on what it had in common with the kinds of shifting temporal spaces available to artists in Perth. I noticed an interesting similarity between the Chinese Jianghu and the Situationist International's Dérive as each sought alternate ways of looking at and using urban spaces.

Merz creative research processes facilitated a 24-hour engagement with the idea. I constructed experiences to immerse myself in the idea. The concentrated time spent on the subject yielded ideas for works presented to Hull. I sought out incidental human contact. By

transporting my drawings outside the studio space in the form of gifts and themed t-shirts, I initiated conversations. The drawings carried my idea so as to become a conversation. These practices, these leitmotifs, continued to infiltrate the process of developing later works and aspects of my daily life. Using particular themed music, images, and choosing to walk around noticing coincidental incidents, were all efforts to construct a sense of immersion. The leitmotifs were/are conducive to creative production.

Parts 3 and 4 describe my part in larger exhibition works (thus both are incomplete records). Both exhibitions were designed as opportunities to engage in challenges to artists and visitors alike in the moment of encountering artworks.

Part 3: 21cm Underground created a version of the gallery question: What is this? A geographic underground space was used to exhibit works, offering visitors the opportunity to dig, as gold miners, seeking out a work to appreciate. It also created a special space to value the aesthetics of small potatoes. From my invigilation position, I found it difficult to determine success. Part 4: Five Forts was a chaotic art making exercise in a space normally for the exhibition of finished art objects. Both these projects identified a spatial area as a set stage – a time and a space – for spectatorial propositions to be played out.

In Five Forts, our most negative critic declared the immersive installation a room full of junk. This sentiment echoes Jerry Saltz's Clusterfuck Aesthetics. Excess materials of the immersive installation led to confusion and a perceived loss of control, a transfer of madness from the artist's mind to the viewer's mind. Why can't it be both beautiful and a fucking mess? Out of focus, fucked up and impenetrable. At the same time, organized, focused and highly detailed. If it's only seen as one or the other, perhaps we are in need of a motorbike.

Part 4: Five Forts outlines various examples of subtle antagonism to the usual mode of exhibition in the Paper Mountain space. My work, as part of the exhibition, focused on the idea of a Gesamtkunstwerk, particularly problems inspiring neurosis in visitors and artists; that the Gesamtkunstwerk is being contaminated by visitors, or contaminating the visitors. The idea of a total work of art, the one in which my spectatorial propositions might be best

analysed, is a totality is necessarily an unrealized project, an unrealizable project. Attempts at seeing the whole yield only an unfocused blur. The expense is the annihilation of all difference and detail. Five Forts was a way of testing these limits and theories.

Five Forts obscured identifiable creators, allowed art objects to continually change during the exhibition, touching each other, overwhelming the spectators. These deliberate attacks on conventional habits successfully disoriented artists and viewers alike. This realization consequently had something in common with the encounter to *My Madinah*: subtleties that only revealed themselves later. For example, recognizing an accidental colour palette and the epiphany in the street: World Sick (Stay! Thou art beautiful!). The secondary realization came in the street, in the usual habitual life, from a weaving between everyday lived experience and aesthetic experience. Note a reversal of Kaprow's move out of the street into the immersive artwork. This is about immersive noticing – a skill that can be developed – that leads to creative production and aesthetic appreciation.

'Immersive' is a term usually applied to experiencing virtual environments, or being surrounded by water. It can be used to indicate being engrossed in mental participation. It is also used to describe a method of teaching a new language in which a student is surrounded only by the new language. In ordinary use, it does not mean what I thought it did. I used the term as a way to describe being physically surrounded. I used it in the sense that it can refer to a number of Kaprow's works (e.g. *Yard* 1961) described as "immersive environments" (Schimmel 2008, 17). To be precise in this use of the term, I intend it to evoke an idea of being simultaneously physically surrounded and mentally engaged in those surroundings. The *dérive*, the *scum*, those in *jianghu*, are all physically moving around, walking through the city landscape looking with a particular state of mind. Rugoff's *Walking in My Mind* physically and mentally synchronized seeing. Consistent with applying a bracket carried in the viewer artist's mind. The environs may or may not be constructed as artworks.

To notice as an embodied act.

This exposes an underlying assumption on which the process is based, that the mind and body are not separate. This a definitive denial of a brain-in-a-jar scenario. The mind is

incapable of thinking outside a functioning body. The mind *is* a body. Or at least, is formed by a body. As Mark Johnson defines it, the “‘mind’ is an emergent process, never separate from a body. Thus experience is a series of purposive bodily activities immersed in the ongoing flow of organism-environment interactions” (Johnson 2006, 48). Vernon Lee kept journals recording the appreciation of artwork and a heartbeat. The body – of the artist, the spectator – in art is the life, and liveliness is the intersecting node of understanding, the centre of aesthetic appreciation.

There is a paradox in the idea of a text about aspiring to an ideal moment of immersive noticing, as if it’s possible. The moment is unrealized. It recalls paradoxes of the Gesamtkunstwerk. There is not an exhibition to show for this text. This manoeuvre is simultaneously more daring and much safer. We are both outside, after, looking back. It is possible to focus here. It is possible to be inclusive in spirit, to hopefully evoke the idea the whole thing is permeable and leaky, offering many entrances, many exits and service access points. Many indications toward other projects.

This project binds the consistencies between *Einfühlung* and Merz into methods for art appreciation and art production. By practicing paying attention, I discovered links between *jianghu* and *dérive* and how these might offer strategies for approaching what may otherwise be hostile environs. I found ways to advance creative potential in New York, in Perth, in an alley, in a gallery.

I learned in order to develop ‘talents for engagement’ I need to do more research: I mean, physically visit things. Notice. Part of that research could be a motorbike ride at high speed past the entire collection. Part of it would be performing a Grand Arabesque alongside the bronze cast from Degas’ model of a dancer performing the Grand Arabesque. Part of it is spending a whole day seeing, going out to lunch, then returning to convince the attendants to make more smoke rings and watching them break over the lower intestine.

Whatever we do, we do not come to look at things.

We enter. We are surrounded.

Image List

Introduction

Part 1: *The Creation Myth*

- p. 10 *Drawing after photograph by Scott Northcott, Jason Rhoades' The Creation Myth installed at Philadelphia ICA 2013, 2016, Joanne Richardson, mMTN94 spray paint and M paint paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 21cm x 29.7cm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 14 *Drawing of Jason Rhoades' Volume A Rhoades Referenz, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 21cm x 29.7cm, Archived. Meyer-Hermann, Eva, ed. 1998. Jason Rhoades: Volume a Rhoades Referenz. Cologne: Oktagon Verlag. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 15 *Abandoned drawing after pages 36 and 37 of The Creation Myth in Volume A Rhoades Referenz, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 66cm x 18cm, Hard Waste Collection. Meyer-Hermann, Eva, ed. 1998. Jason Rhoades: Volume a Rhoades Referenz. Cologne: Oktagon Verlag. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*

- p. 17 *Drawing after detail of cords, shredded paper in buckets, photograph of The Creation Myth on page 37 in Volume A Rhoades Referenz, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 19.4cm x 17.6cm, Archived. Meyer-Hermann, Eva, ed. 1998. Jason Rhoades: Volume a Rhoades Referenz. Cologne: Oktagon Verlag. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 18 *Drawing after detail of pile of wood and bucket lamp in photograph of The Creation Myth on page 37 in Volume A Rhoades Referenz, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 19.4cm x 17.6cm, Archived. Meyer-Hermann, Eva, ed. 1998. Jason Rhoades: Volume a Rhoades Referenz. Cologne: Oktagon Verlag. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 19 *Hand in directional projected arrow Ikea Warrington Cheshire UK 14th July, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.*
- p. 20 *Sketch for Ikea pathways, 2016, Joanne Richardson, ink on paper, approximately 5cm x 5cm, lost. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
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- p. 22 *Detail floor arrows Honors Studio, Honors Ghetto 4 Lyfe, Building 212 Curtin University, 2009, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.*
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- p.30 *Drawing after Jayson Musson Instagram photograph <https://www.instagram.com/p/ekvtEqrmqJ/> of Jason Rhoades The Creation Myth at Philadelphia ICA 2013, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 19.6cm x 17.6cm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 31 *Drawing after photograph of Scott explaining the engineering of Chris Burden's Porsche with Meteorite New Museum 2013, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 19.7cm x 21cm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
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- p. 33 *Visual journal sketch of intention "Tomorrow I want to lick a Banksy GHETTO", 2013, Joanne Richardson, pencil on paper, 21cm x 29.7cm, lost. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 35 *Victory photo at Banksy's Day 3: All I Ever Wanted was a Shoulder to Crayon aka You Complete Me Midtown: Chelsea West 24th Street and Avenue of the Americas (Sixth Avenue), 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.*
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p. 55 *Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: slain visitor clutching open catalogue, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. After scene from Burton, Tim. 1989. Batman. USA: Warner Bros. June 23, 1989. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*

- p. 56 *Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: Joker performs a Grand Arabesque alongside Degas' Grand Arabesque Second Time*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Burton, Tim. 1989. *Batman*. USA: Warner Bros. June 23, 1989. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 57 *Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: Joker knocks Degas, Grand Arabesque off its plinth and dances on* 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Burton, Tim. 1989. *Batman*. USA: Warner Bros. June 23, 1989. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 59 *Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: Joker saves the Bacon – Francis Bacon's Figure with Meat*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Burton, Tim. 1989. *Batman*. USA: Warner Bros. June 23, 1989. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p.60 *Drawing after Joker's takeover of the Flugelheim museum Batman 1989 film: Goons handprint Rembrandt's Self Portrait aged 63*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Burton, Tim. 1989. *Batman*. USA: Warner Bros. June 23, 1989. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 62 *Digital collage Skele sculpture proposal: Joker 1967 with no place that it would be ok to do that, no suitable surface to point the gun at May*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital collage, dimensions variable.
- p. 64 *Philadelphia city advertisements for Four Roads at Philadelphia Institute of Contemporary Art*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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- p. 66 *Lunch break*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 67 *Drawing after detail of The Prick in photograph of The Creation Myth on page 37 in Volume A Rhoades Referenz*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 21cm x 17.6cm, Archived. Meyer-Hermann, Eva, ed. 1998. *Jason Rhoades: Volume a Rhoades Referenz*. Cologne: Oktagon Verlag. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 68 *Journal sketch of The Creation Myth; The Smoke ring breaks over the stomach pipe an a snake half goes past. Woah woah woah oo a yea-ah! Two security guards/gallery attendants dance to the music and sing along. They know all the words*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, ink on paper, 21cm x 29.7cm, lost. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 71 *Drawing after photograph in the reading room Philadelphia ICA 2013 photographed in situ*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 21cm x 29.7cm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
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- p. 77 *Drawing after photograph taken from inside Untitled (My Madinah), with a view to Sutter's Mill Jason Rhoades Four Roads Philadelphia ICA 2013*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 21cm x 29.7cm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.

- p. 79 *Drawing after photograph taken from inside Untitled (My Madinah)* Jason Rhoades Philadelphia ICA 2013, 2016, Joanne Richardson, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 19.7cm x 21cm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.

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- p. 89 *The Death Hope*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital collage, dimensions variable.
- p. 92 *The Beach Beneath Barrack Street*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Title quoted from Wark, McKenzie. 2011. *The Beach beneath the Street: The Everyday Life and Glorious Times of the Situationist International*. New York: Verso.
- p. 93 Toilet wall Star Wars *characters*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, Ikea pencil on rendered toilet wall surface, approximately 66cm x 28cm. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 94 *X-wing and Millenium Falcon*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, visual diary paper, ink and masking tape, each approximately 5cm x 5cm x 5cm, lost. After spacecraft featured in Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- Self Portrait dressed as Princess Leia*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. After character featured in Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
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- p. 96 *Drawing after Star Wars Poster Style A aka Jung/Hildebrand Poster designed by Tom Jung, adaptation by Hildebrand Brothers 1977, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, 21cm x 14.8cm, lost. Poster Style A was designed by Tom Jung, redrawn by Hildebrand brothers for promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. Star Wars. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 97 *Drawing after Star Wars Poster Style C, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, 21cm x 14.8cm, lost. Poster Style C was designed for promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. Star Wars. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 99 *Drawing after one of the greatest cinematic moments of all time: Binary Sunset, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Lucas, George. 1977. Star Wars. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 102 *Drawing of musical notation of Star Wars Main Theme by John Williams 1977, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, approximately 3cm x 29.7cm, lost. After score from Lucas, George. 1977. Star Wars. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 106 *Drawing after TaunTaun scene from The Empire Strikes Back, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Kershner, Irvin. 1980. Star Wars: Episode V - the Empire Strikes Back. USA: 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 108 *Drawing after A New Hope still of Luke training in the Millennium Falcon, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Lucas, George. 1977. Star Wars. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*

- p. 110 *Portraits of various Star Wars Characters*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, various hand-sized dimensions: approximately 11cm x 6cm, lost. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 113 *Portrait of Luke Skywalker*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, approximately various hand-sized dimensions: approximately 11cm x 6cm, lost. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 115 *Portrait of Obi Wan Kenobi again*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, approximately various hand-sized dimensions: approximately 11cm x 6cm, lost. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 116 *Portrait of Mace Windu detail from The Death of Leia Skywalker as a Jedi*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, approximately various hand-sized dimensions: approximately 11cm x 6cm, lost. For Hull, Oliver. 2014. *The Death of Star Wars*, ed. Oliver Hull. <http://www.oliverhull.com/index.php/various/the-death-of-star-wars/>. In extension of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 117 *Hair 27th February*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- Hair 1st March*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- Hair 24th February*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

- p. 118 *Jedi pilot and Rebel Alliance symbol t-shirt in neon orange and black*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Floor protector stamp, coffee cup stamp and paper stencil with Permaset brand printing ink on 100% cotton Target brand large t-shirt. Spring/Summer 2014. In extension of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
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- p. 119 *Various Star Wars Rebel Alliance and Mos Eisley Cantina themed t-shirts*, 2014-2016, Joanne Richardson, Permaset brand ink on 100% cotton Target brand t-shirts, men's large tailored to fit. In extension of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- Mos Eisley Cantina scarf with Rebel Alliance symbol and long giant lizard skeleton print in neon orange*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Lino cut print with Permaset brand printing ink on 100% cotton muslin, 98cm x 98cm. Spring/Summer 2016. In extension of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 121 *Drawing after Jedi Training scene in The Empire Strikes Back*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Kershner, Irvin. 1980. *Star Wars: Episode V - the Empire Strikes Back*. USA: 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 123 *Still from 29 seconds of Skateboarding*, 2011, Joanne Richardson, 29 Seconds of Skateboarding. YouTube. Accessed January 14, 2016, <https://youtu.be/CMHReGVhFbA>. Digital screen capture of still frame by Joanne Richardson.
- Diamond Skeleton skateboarding plan for future performance*, 2011, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

- p. 124 *Rolling Technique in Five Shaolin Masters 1974*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Cheh, Chang. 1974. *Five Shaolin Masters*. Hong Kong: Shaw Brothers. December 25, 1974. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 126 *Almost an X-wing shape found on the floor. Moana Building Perth*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 127 *Drawing after Princess Yuki in Akira Kurosawa's The Hidden Fortress*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Kurosawa, Akira. 1958. *The Hidden Fortress*. Japan: Toho Company Ltd. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 129 *I wish I read less to find out this pointlessness*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Artline 70 and felt marker on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, lost. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 131 *Drawing after Real Ultimate Power: Mark jumping out of a bin*, 2016, Joanne Richardson. After image from Hamburger, Robert. n.d. Real Ultimate Power. Accessed January 12, 2014, <http://www.realultimatepower.net/index4.htm>. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 133 *Drawing after a still from a Kung-Fu movie: The Avenging Eagle (1978) Cheuk Yi-Fan recites The Moon at the Fortified Pass: 'not one famous battle in history | sent all its fighters back' by poet Li Po*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. After scene from Chung, Sun. 1978. *The Avenging Eagle*. Hong Kong: Shaw Brothers. Film. And Translated Chinese Poems. n.d. Poems by Li Po (Also Known as Li Bai A.D. 701-762). Accessed March 12, 2016, <http://www.shigeku.org/xlib/lingshidao/hanshi/libai.htm>. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 136 *Popular knuckle tattoo idea*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, digital collage, dimensions variable.

- p. 137 *Studio coffee money*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 138 *Drawing after Sol Lewitt's letter to Eva Hesse*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, felt tipped pen on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. Using reference to letter found on Whitaker, Amy, "The Friends and Family Plan: Sol Lewitt and Eva Hesse," *Art 21*, May 17, 2011, <http://blog.art21.org/2011/05/17/the-friends-and-family-plan-sol-lewitt-and-eva-hesse/> - .VTm8PVxAwdI. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 140 *There is no try! Yoda*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. After scene from Kershner, Irvin. 1980. *Star Wars: Episode V - the Empire Strikes Back*. USA: 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 141 *The Bad Art. Preliminary portrait drawings for Star Wars characters*, 2013, Joanne Richardson. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 142 *Bruise on the outer side of the limb*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 143 *Drawing after Return of the Jedi scene: You Rebel Scum!*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. After scene from Marquand, Richard. 1983. *Star Wars: Episode Vi - Return of the Jedi*. USA: 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 145 *Drawing after the Cantina scene. Obi Wan talks with Chewbacca. Wanted criminals pick a fight with Luke*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. After scene from Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.

- p. 147 *Drawing after Five Shaolin Masters learning secret hand gestures*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Cheh, Chang. 1974. *Five Shaolin Masters*. Hong Kong: Shaw Brothers. December 25, 1974. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 148 *Moana Café Hiding Upstairs*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 149 *Princess Leia saves the day by yelling: "Into the garbage flyboy!" Attempt 3 of 3*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 151 *Perth cleans itself*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 153 *its not art but it could be worth \$1000 Transperth Public Service Announcement. Although the shape of the sign implies it is pointing to something, this window was entirely unblemished*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 156 *Self portraits in the studio with studio shark series of screen captures*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital screen capture, dimensions variable.
- p. 157 *Drawings on sticker paper in the studio with studio shark series of screen captures*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital screen capture, dimensions variable.
- p. 158 *Video still from Walking Through HD, installation featuring Interrupting Horse and found tag*, 2009, Joanne Richardson, Walk through Hons Grad Show. [Digital Video]. Vimeo. Accessed January 14, 2016, <https://vimeo.com/68346380>. Digital screen capture of still frame by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 160 *Street places with studio shark series of screen captures*, 2013, Joanne Richardson, digital screen capture, dimensions variable.

- p. 161 *C3PO with No Shark Cull* in Hay street mall, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film.
- p. 162 *Imperial Stormtrooper on the corner of Hay and Barrack*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film.
- p. 163 *A New Hope Poster Style A sticker on the window of Outré Gallery with Eyesore*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Poster Style A was designed by Tom Jung, redrawn by Hildebrand brothers for promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film.
- p. 165 *Drawing after A New Hope Luke: So you got your reward and you're just leaving then? Han: That's right. Yeah.* 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, lost. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 167 *Various portraits of Princess Leia*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, various hand-sized dimensions: approximately 11cm x 6cm, lost. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 169 *Drawing after Return of the Jedi scene where C3PO tells a story*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. After scene from Marquand, Richard. 1983. *Star Wars: Episode Vi - Return of the Jedi*. USA: 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 170 *Holding Mary Miraculous (sympathy gift)*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

- Holding Portrait of Luke Skywalker*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, approximately various hand-sized dimensions: approximately 11cm x 6cm, personal collection. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 171 *Screen grab from Instagram drawing of Star Wars Poster Style A*, 2012, Joanne Richardson, digital screen capture, dimensions variable. Poster Style A was designed by Tom Jung, redrawn by Hildebrand brothers for promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film.
- p. 172 *Looking at stickers on Instagram*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Photograph portraits of actors produced by Lucas Film for the promotion of Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film.
- p. 176 *Star Wars mind map. Attempt 1 of 5*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, felt tip pens on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, lost. Digital scan by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 177 *Moana Studio desk featuring Star Wars brand Rebel Alliance toy gun*, Jason Rhoades, *Four Roads pamphlet*, *Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society artwork submission file and toys for 21cm Underground*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 178 *Drawing after Leia's Message scene from A New Hope*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. After scene from Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
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- p. 184 Appendix 5: The Death of Uncle Owen, 2014, Joanne Richardson, Molotow paint pen on waterproof sticker paper, 7cm x 21cm, personal collection. After characters created by Lucas, George. 1977. *Star Wars*. 20th Century Fox. Film. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
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- p. 199 *Newsletter 2 reproduced with permission from Martin Kippenberger Appreciation Society, all other information confidential*, 2013, MKAS. Digital scan by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 200 *Visual diary notation proposal*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital scan, dimensions variable.

- p. 201 21cm Underground *Visual diary notation proposal*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital scan, dimensions variable.
- p. 206 *Homage to Disco Bomb in transit*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 207 *Diamond Skele doing the dishes*, 2010, Joanne Richardson, performance. Photograph by Scott Northcott.
- p. 214 *We Knew the Mine Was Full of Treasures. Drawing after 1945 archival photograph Lt. Dale Fort and Harry Ettlinger with Rembrandt's Self Portrait with Beret and Red Cloak c1645*, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Palomino Blackwing 602 on paper, 29.7cm x 21cmcm, Archived. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 215 *Burying mask*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 218 *Installation: Kieron digging a hole using the post-hole digger*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
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- p. 240 *Studio documentation of a retrieved and named object 'nail', 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.*
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- p. 246 *Holding Grayson Perry's reliquary from Tate St. Ives, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.*

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Five Forts Catalogue (2014) by Danni McGrath in my backyard 2016 Aerial view, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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- p. 308 *Geodesic Dome join in PVC pipe inspired by Landry and Drury for Igloo Building 3.0 at John Curtin Gallery*, 2011, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Inspired by Drury, Curt, "Geodesic Dome Greenhouse," *Bonsai Club of New York*, n.d., <https://sites.google.com/site/cnybonsai/geodesicdomegreenhouse>. And Landry, Tara, "Dome Calculator," *Desert Domes: Making the world a "Fuller" place*, n.d., <http://www.desertdomes.com/domecalc.html>.
- p. 309 *Sketch for a fort using found materials at Moana Studio Hay Street Perth*, 2013, Joanne Richardson,
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- p. 312 *Fort plans sketched in Pantone Universe 18-3949 (blue) sketchbook, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital scan, dimensions variable.*
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- p. 316 *Drawing after Superman Fortress of Solitude, 2016, Joanne Richardson, Ironlak, MTN94 spray paint and Molotow paint pen on primed (former fort) 3 ply board, 29.7cm x 21cm, Archived. The Silver Age Fortress of Solitude, from Superman #187 (June 1966). Art by Curt Swan and George Klein viewed from Wiki, Superman, "Fortress of Solitude," Wikia, n.d., 2011, http://superman.wikia.com/wiki/Fortress_of_Solitude. Photograph by Joanne Richardson.*
- p. 318 *Cutting up PVC in the sculpture workshop at Curtin University Bentley, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.*
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- p. 320 *Mirror ball and motor test with Space Blanket at Moana Studio Hay Street Perth*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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- p. 321 *Gun Shapes: Sculpture Workshop Curtin Campus Bentley*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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- p. 322 *Sketch for a fort using PVC pipe rectangles reinforced with silver rods my backyard in St James*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

- p. 323 *Collage combining Sketch for a fort, Workshop photograph and Disco Light packaging at Moana Studio Hay Street Perth*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

- p. 324 *Total Work of Fort Mirror Ball working detail*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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- p. 325 *Total Work of Fort Collage detail on barricade mesh including Cecil B Demented, Andy Warhol's Stadium (1982)*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. Reference to sets and characters in Waters, John. 2000. *Cecil B Demented*. USA: Artisan Entertainment. Film
- p. 326 Video still from *Reading A Journey Round My Room (1871) in The Total Fort of Art including part of drawing after True Detective and Super Chrome silver by the young Marxists*, 2014, digital video, Northbridge: Paper Mountain Gallery Space. Digital screen capture of still frame by Joanne Richardson.
- p. 328 *The Green Line*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
- p. 330 *The Green Line early days*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
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- p. 336 *Private Star entrance*, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
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- p. 347 *The Shelf*, 2014, Lance Ward, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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- p. 372 *Ashley Ramsey's souvenir postcard: FIVE FORTS: WE WISH YOU WERENT HERE*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
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- p. 386 *Bizarro Day group photograph by Kieron Broadhurst using timer*, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
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- p. 418 *Clusterfuck or Die! T-shirt by Ashley Ramsey with Laurus Nobilis tattoo by Tanya De Souza Meally, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable. With reference to Lee, Vernon. 1909. Laurus Nobilis: Chapters on Art and Life New York: John Lane Company.*

- p. 423 *Appendix 12 Five Forts Shopping List, 2014, Kieron Broadhurst, James Cooper, Amy Hickman, Ashley Ramsey and Joanne Richardson, Microsoft Excel spreadsheet, dimensions variable.*

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- p. 440 *Grey and Black*, 2015, Joanne Richardson, digital collage, dimensions variable.
- p. 441 *James Cooper in Pigeon Costume throwing bread to pigeons in the park*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.
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Conclusion

- p. 445 *Thrilling Conclusion (turns into a bird, flies away)*, 2014, Joanne Richardson, digital photograph, dimensions variable.

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